

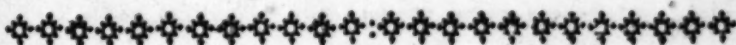
Eliz Pratt

MEMOIRS

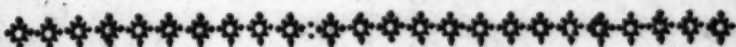
OF A

MAN of QUALITY.

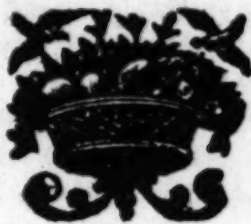
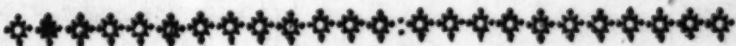
Written originally in the *French* Tongue
by himself, after his Retirement from
the WORLD.



VOLUME I.



SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

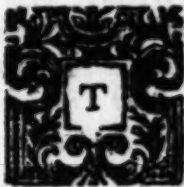
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M DCC XLII.

Cup. 404. b. 32.



P R E F A C E.

 **T**HE following MEMOIRS have already been so well receiv'd in the World, that there is no occasion to make any Apology for introducing them to the Reader in an English Dress. A Number of People who are now living have seen their Author, and they all own that, as to his Person, he was one of the handsomest Men of his Age. The Reader will find the other Part of his Character described in the following Pages; where he will see a brave Man struggling with the Storms of Fate: He will see Virtue oppress'd, but never over-power'd; and Villainy prosperous, but never happy: He will there perceive, that the principal ingredient of Happiness does not lie in exterior Circumstances, but in the inward Composure of Mind. As this is the great Maxim which this Author lays down, there is scarce a Page of his Book, but what proves this important Truth; and, at the same time, that the best and the most virtuous Passion may border upon Vice, when carried too far, and when not directed by Reason and Religion. The understanding Reader will easily discern, that the Author has been a Man of Passions, so strong, that they have sometimes transported him beyond the strict Bounds of both; but at the same time he will admire how a Man amidst such a Multitude of Events, and such a Variety of Pressures, should always find Resources in his own Courage, and superior Capacity, which have extricated him out of Difficulties, under which a Man of less Virtue and Patience would have sunk, or, by yielding to the Torrent, have exchang'd the solid Pleasures of Virtue, for the gay Trappings of Vice. The Moral convey'd to us by every Incident of his Life, is such as may be expected from a Philosopher, and a Christian. We every where find the Satisfaction arising from Villainy transitory and delusive, and the virtuous Man rising in the home-felt Joy of Mind and Conscience, in proportion as he sinks in the Eye of the Vulgar and the Mean.

P R E F A C E.

The Translator has taken the Liberty in several Instances to soften, but never to contradict the Author's Meaning. The Reason of this will appear to an English Reader, who considers the Author as a Man strictly adhering to the Religion in which he was educated, and sufficiently conscious of the Superiority which his Birth gave him over the Generality of his Readers in his own Country: So that the Dress in which the following MEMOIRS now appear, may suit every Man, whatever be his Religion or Quality. It may be perhaps proper to acquaint the Reader, that in his Introduction to these MEMOIRS he says, that he had the same Reason for writing them, as Ovid had for writing Verse;

*In Verse I seek the calm Content of Mind;
Bless'd, if in Verse the healing Balm I find.*

OVID.

And, notwithstanding what is advanced by the French Editor, they certainly were design'd by the Author for the Publick, since we every where find him applying to the Passions, and appealing to the Reason of his Readers. Besides, the Style is every where chaste, lively and polite; which seldom or never is found, when the Account is no better than a few hasty Notes, put together by an Author. In short, the Translator may venture to affirm, That of all the numerous Productions of this kind, no Author has, equally with the MARQUIS, found the Secret of reconciling the Marvellous with the Probable, the Pathetic with the Noble, and Variety with Use. The Great may here view how transitory their State may prove; the Oppress'd may learn, that there is no Condition of Life so abject, but what Virtue and Patience may soften and retrieve; the Lover may here find, that nothing but Merit can lay a solid Foundation for Happiness; and every Man, be his State and Condition of Life ever so low or high, may perceive that nothing is so valuable as Sincerity and Truth.

M E.



MEMOIRS

OF A

Man of QUALITY, &c.



THE Reader will, at least, find in my History, a melancholy Proof, that a Man may be wretched, tho in possession of all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune, when his Heart has not a favourable Byass. Both these Circumstances fell to my Share ; I descend from a Family eminent for producing several great Men , my Ancestors were for many Ages posselt of an Estate in a Country bordering on *France*, to which Crown (after having been long a Part of the *Spanish* Monarchy) it came to be annext : As they held considerable Employments under the Kings of *Spain*, upon this new Revolution they found themselves oblig'd either to part with them, or their Estates ; but not being able to think that their Engagements to their Sovereign ought to be cancell'd by any reverse of Fortune, three out of four Brothers determin'd themselves intirely in favour of *Spain* ; the fourth dazled with the Success which at that Time attended the *French* Arms, offer'd his Service to *Lewis XIV.* and commanded a Company of Horse in the first Campaign he made ; as his good Fortune gave him several Opportunities of distinguishing his Courage and Conduct, he soon found

B

himself

himself at the Head of a Regiment, and in possession of the Esteem of both Court and Army, which he long enjoy'd; at last, considering himself as the only descendant of his Family in that Kingdom, he concluded that the Respect he ow'd to our Name, ought to induce him to quit the Camp, and betake to a more settled State of Life, so he resolv'd to petition the King for his Dismission: That Prince, who never fail'd in Generosity to those who had serv'd him bravely, having heard his Motives, allowed my Father to sell his Post, which he did to the best Account, and retir'd to the Country where his Estate lay: In short, he married there a Lady of Quality, and of a Fortune suitable to his own, which was at that time very considerable, by a voluntary Renunciation which his Brothers in the *Spanish* Service made of their Right to the Family Estate in his favour. Thus finding himself in a Condition to make a Figure equal to his Rank, he reviv'd in his own Person the Title of our Family, and resign'd to a Son, that he had in the first Year of his Marriage, the Name which till then he himself bore; so the first went by the Title of Count, and the other by that of Marquis; he lost his Lady in Child-birth of this Son, who being my Father, it will be necessary for me to take some Notice of his Adventures since they gave Rise to mine.

The Marquis as he grew up, reviv'd in the Count all the Affection he had entertain'd for the Mother; he neglected nothing which might contribute to his Education, and had the Satisfaction to observe that he answer'd his fondest Expectations; he sent him to *Paris*, where he made such a Progress in all his Studies, particularly such as are suitable to a Man of Quality, that when I was at the same Academy twenty Years after, I had the Pleasure to hear him talk'd of there, with a great deal of Respect and Esteem. And as the Knowledge of Men, as well as Books, is necessary to form a compleat Gentleman, he finish'd his Education by cultivating an Acquaintance with the most polite People both in Court and City. Thus he
set

set out into the World with all the Advantages which Fortune, Nature, and Education could give him, happy had he known how to have improv'd the Esteem which these procur'd him ! but Fortune threw Obstacles in his way, that all his Merit could not surmount.

The Fondness of a Father for such a Son is both natural and justifiable ; the Count cou'd not resist it, nor the Inclination he had to see him, and the Marquis upon receiving a Letter to that purpose, came to his Father's Seat, where he found all the Persons of Quality in the Neighbourhood assembled ; the Reception he met with may be easily imagin'd, there were Charms in his Person and Conversation, which recommended him to the Love and Friendship of all.

There was a Gentleman, a younger Brother of a Family in *Normandy*, who had been the Count's Lieutenant when he commanded a Company of Horse ; an important Piece of Service he had done my Grandfather in an Engagement, gave rise to an Intimacy between them, which continued the rest of their Lives ; and improv'd into a Friendship, which on the Count's Part was as generous as uncommon : For after the Advancement of his own Fortune, he could not think himself happy till the *Chevalier* (for that was the Name by which this Gentleman went) should share it : Not satisfied with furnishing him the Necessaries and Conveniencies , he even procur'd him the Comforts and Pleasures of Life. First, a quiet Retreat along with himself, then gave him a House of his own, which he furnish'd and fitted up at his own Expences ; and at last, an Estate to support the Charges of the change of Life, into which he engag'd him to enter by Marrying, promising at the same time, if he had any Children, to take care of their Fortunes : Of two which the *Chevalier* had, one, a Son, dy'd in his first, the other, a Daughter, was then in her 17th Year.

It may be easily suppos'd, that the *Chevalier* was not among the last who came to pay their Compliments to my Grandfather after his Arrival, he had been scarce

3 or 4 Days at Home, when the *Chevalier* propos'd a Hunting-Match in the great Forest which form'd a Part of our Estate; his Design in this, was to carry the Company to his own House, where he had provided a handsome Entertainment. His Daughter curious to see my Father, of whose Merit she had heard so much, neglected nothing to make her natural Charms appear to the best Advantage; nay, such was her Impatience, that she stept into a Coach with some young Ladies, and came into the Field where they were Hunting, under Pretence of seeing the Diversion: I am not sure, but that this Forwardness might proceed from a secret Desire to appear agreeable to my Father; if this was her Motive, her Success was greater than she could reasonably have expected. The Hunters were dispers'd over the Forest, and the Marquis by chance came up to the Coach: If the first Appearance he made did not finish the Conquest of the young Lady's Heart, his own was certainly captivated at the very Instant in which he first address'd her; never did Love make swifter Progress in a Soul. I have heard him many times own, that till this time he had never entertain'd a real Flame, and that he trembled with as it were a secret Presage of the Misfortunes into which he was to be plung'd by the sweetest of Passions; but the *Byass of his Heart* render'd all the Reflections that sprung from this, ineffectual; every Moment he continued there, he found new Charms in the Lady's Person, and something so engaging in her Conversation, that he left her Father's House, the most enamour'd Man in the World.

As this was the *Æra* of our Domestick Miseries, I hope the Reader will pardon a few Reflections upon this Head; it is an Indulgence I sometimes cannot refuse my self, when I call to Mind my Misfortunes.

There is no Man more convinc'd than I am, of the reality of the first Crime which render'd Mankind wicked, weak, and unhappy. It is the Foundation of Christianity, and I think nothing is better establish'd:

But

But if in consequence of this first Fault, all our Passions depend upon our selves, and spring from our own Hearts, why are we not equally carried to every Object that can engage them? I shall explain what I mean; why for instance shou'd a Passion for one Woman, which strikes of a sudden, and before Reflection, be oft-times stronger than that general Inclination which is impress'd on our Nature for the whole Sex, and is what Divines call Concupiscence? I wou'd conclude from this, that extraordinary Passions (such as was that of my Father) have some other Principle, which co-operates with the Disorder that was introduc'd into our Nature by the first Transgression: This, Providence permits for Reasons unknown to us, but ever worthy of it self. There is nothing in this Speculation inconsistent with the Holiness of God, Love, where the Object of it is lawful, and when it does not divert us from performing the Duties we owe to Heaven, is far from being criminal. A Father therefore ought to apply a friendly Hand in reclaiming a Son, who is hurried away by an almost irresistible Passion, and a contrary Conduct is commonly attended with the most fatal Effects.

Could the Count have acted thus, how happy had it been for my Father! But Ambition blinded him when these Reflections were proper, and when his Eyes were open, they were too late. The *Chevalier*, who soon guess'd at the Situation of the Marquis's Heart by his frequent Visits, and a thousand tender Assiduities which always betray the Lover, found himself in great Perplexity how to behave; he had Experience enough to know, that the young Lover's Passion was of the most violent Nature, and his Interest led him to imagine, that it would be a very advantageous Match for his Daughter; but his Generosity hindred him from taking Advantage of the weakness of a young Man, and his Honour, from abusing the goodness of his Benefactor. The Method he took, was, to discover the whole Affair to the Count, and ask his Advice in what manner he should behave:

My Grandfather, after approving of the *Chevalier's* disinterested Conduct, call'd for his Son, and ask'd him in a haughty manner, How he came to be trifling away his Time at a Village, in the fooleries of Love, when he ought to be pushing his Fortune, and making a Figure in the World. The Marquis, who had a Soul above Dissimulation, own'd the whole Truth; but told his Father at the same time, that if he would procure him a Commission to serve in the next Campaign, he would soon convince him, that his Love for the Lady had rather heightened than abated his Passion for Glory.

The Count jealous of the Interest of his Family, was not satisfied with this Answer, his Design was to deprive his Son of the least possibility to continue his Intrigue, and he insisted, that he should instantly set out for *Paris*, till the Campaign opened; this Order appear'd so harsh to the young Lover, that all the Respect he ow'd to his Father, could not prevent his shewing some Reluctance to obey it: I see (says the Count, who was of a positive Temper, and at that time a little heated) what detains you, and the meanness of your Conduct only confirms me in my Resolution to disown you as a Son, if you pretend to pursue an Amour so inconsistent with my Views for your Interest and Honour. In short, you have your Choice either never more to visit the *Chevalier's* Daughter, or prepare to set out immediately for *Paris*.

A Thunder-bolt would have less confounded the poor Marquis, Duty for some time oppos'd his Love; but this last was too violent not to bear down all other Considerations; he communicated his Grief to the young Lady, who was under as great a Consternation as himself; for the *Chevalier*, finding the Count's Reluctance to the Match, had discharg'd his Daughter from entertaining the Marquis any more; this Restraint serv'd only to give new Flames to the Passion of the young Lovers; they met once more together, and exchang'd mutual Promises of inviolable Constancy: Mean time, the Count sensible how weak paternal

ternal Authority is, when oppos'd to the Dictates of Inclination, thought the most ready way to break off their Amour, was to provide a Match for the *Chevalier's* Daughter, and for this Purpose he gave her a handsome Portion. The *Chevalier* being acquainted with the Proposal, a Husband very soon offer'd, the Terms were agreed on, and the Marriage-Day was appointed.

The Despair that seiz'd the Marquis at this fatal News, could only be equall'd by that of the Lady, they met once more to deplore the Cruelty of their Fate, and in this mournful Interview found new Charms in each other, and renew'd their Protestations of eternal Fidelity; but how shall they avoid the Danger that threatned the utter Ruin of their Loves; the time they had was short, and their Resolutions must be quick. They thought of a thousand Expedients; but at last they determined to leave the Kingdom, and Marry when ever they were out of Danger! My Father trusted none with the Secret but his Valet, who was a young Man of good Sense, and approv'd Fidelity; he order'd him to get every thing ready for their Journey, and in the mean time he himself affected a great Air of Tranquillity: The better to disguise his Intention, he borrow'd several Sums of his Friends, and when every thing was ready, stept into his Chaise, as if he had been to pay a Visit in the Neighbourhood, but drove directly to his Mistress, who waited for him at a Place appointed; thus favour'd by Darknes, and conducted by Love, they set out on their hazardous Journey.

By break of Day they found themselves at a Village out of the Territories of *France*, where they were Married; but as it was of the utmost Importance to the Marquis not to stay too long in a Place where he might be known, they went to *N—*, a fine populous City, and changing their own Names for those of *Mon.* and *Mad.—* *Monsieur* hir'd an Appartment ready furnish'd, of a rich Merchant, from whose Friendship and Probity he reap'd afterwards great Advantage! Here they first tasted the Pleasures of undisturbed

turbed Love ; and the Passion of the Marquis, far from diminishing, seem'd to be heightned by Enjoyment. My Birth was the first Fruits of their Marriage ; and I shall relate something that was diverting in its Manner. I came to the World in *April 16.*— My Mother was seiz'd so suddenly with her Pangs, that there not being time enough to bring a Midwife, *De Brie*, my Father's Valet, and her own Chamber-maid, with some small Assistance from the Count, did that Office, and by their means neither Mother nor Child suffered ; I was idoliz'd in our little Family, my Father call'd me the Child of his Love, he was never easy if I was a Moment out of his Sight, and at home his Eyes were ever fix'd on his Wife and his Boy : Some Months before my Birth, my Father sent *De Brie* into *France*, to learn secretly what Alterations his Flight had occasion'd, and what the Count's Sentiments were on that Head. *De Brie* return'd with the most melancholy Accounts ; my Grandfather, who naturally inclin'd to be passionate, and was rather more so as he advanc'd in Years, had given several very furious Proofs of his Anger, upon his first hearing of the Marquis's flight ; after the more violent Transports were over, his Rage subsided into a settled calm of Passion, and enraged to see all the fine Schemes he had been laying out for the Grandeur of his Family vanish into Smoke, by the bad Conduct of his Son, he disinherited him by a formal Act, protesting to his Friends, that he would die with Pleasure, cou'd he have the Satisfaction to plant a Dagger in the Heart of so unnatural a Monster ; and to compleat his Revenge, he married a Girl of 18, tolerably handsome, who, notwithstanding the Count's advanc'd Age, bore him two Sons.

My Father was deeply affected with these dismal Accounts ; for tho' he well knew the Violence of the Count's Temper, he did not expect it would have carried him to such Extremities, and he still reckon'd, that after the first Sallies of his Fury were over, his Affection wou'd get the better of his Resentment His Pangs were still augmented, when he reflected, that
perhaps

perhaps he was the Object not only of the Hatred, but of the Curses of a Parent; but what wound him up to the highest pitch of Grief was, when he considered the Situation his Wife, his Son, and perhaps other Infants, who by his means might yet come into the World, wou'd be in, if he was not able to provide for them in a Manner suitable to their Station and Birth; that he himself was yet but 20 Years of Age, and how soon might he want even the common Necessaries of Life, and then the Miseries of an helpless Old Age—.

These terrible Ideas tormented him so cruelly, that he cou'd no longer stifle them within his own Breast, they were easily discern'd by the Impressions they made on his Countenance.

If at any time my Mother shew'd an Uneasiness at this Alteration, he would affect an Air of Tranquillity, and even reproach her for her groundless Apprehensions; but he had no reserve with a Friend he had made since he came to N——, this was his Landlord the Merchant, whose Name was *Monsr. Paget*; by this time, my Father was perfectly satisfied of his Integrity and Discretion, and one Day while they were together, this worthy Man ask'd to know the Reason of the deep Melancholy, in which for some time he had seen him wrap'd; my Father ingenuously told him all the Circumstances of his unhappy Life, except what related to his Birth and Place of Nativity, he even did not dissemble the Apprehensions he was under with respect to the future, and his Fears for his poor Wife and Family; Monsieur *Paget*, who had a very tender Heart, shew'd the greatest Sympathy with his Afflictions, he Reproach'd my Father with not having trusted him sooner, he show'd the sincerest Disposition to concern himself in whatever might alleviate his Misfortunes, and ended with a Protestation, that he was ready to share his Estate with him, which was at that time reckon'd to be very great. Says the good Man, I am a Batchelor, and old enough to be your Father, and I shall esteem it the greatest Happiness of my Life, if
after

after this Day, you allow me to look upon you, and treat you as my own.

The Surprise my Father was under at so uncommon a strain of Generosity, render'd him for some time at a loss for an Answer, which at last he made him, acknowledging the Sense he had of his Friendship, and told him that the Reason of his letting him into the Secret of his Misfortunes, was not to draw him into so unexpected a Mark of Tendernefs, but into some Compassion and Sympathy for his hard Fate; as for what related to his Circumstances, he reckon'd, that if they proportion'd their Expences in the same manner they had hitherto done, there would be enough left to keep them for some Years from tasting Misery; because he had the Precaution to bring some Money along with him; and he hop'd before that was spent Heaven wou'd provide some Employment for him, either in the Camp, where he might have Opportunities to distinguish his Birth and Courage, or in some other way which he did not indeed at present foresee; but that he wou'd never distrust the Goodness of the sovereign Master of the World, who never abandons oppress'd Innocence. I easily see, replies Monsieur *Paget*, that you think me unworthy of the Honour you pretend to do me, however I shall be satisfied, if you assure me that you are sensible my Offer proceeded from no other Motives but Esteem and Friendship: But give me leave to suggest another Expedient to serve you, and which may be more agreeable to your taste; I have a Trade which in a few Years has considerably enrich'd me, you shall enter Partner in it with me, not that by this I propose you shou'd become Merchant, but that you shou'd trust a part of your Stock with me, and leave me to turn it to the best Account. My Father cou'd not decently refuse such an Offer, he plac'd in the Hands of Monsieur *Paget* 2000 Crowns, which was about a 3d part of the Money he had remaining, and such was his good Luck, or rather the Zeal of his generous Benefactor, that in the first Year, he made 6000 of his 2000 Crowns; his

his Stock increas'd so fast, that he soon clear'd six thousand Livres, and kept 1200 Crowns employed in Commerce: Nay, such was his good Fortune, that since I came to the Years of Reflection, I have been many times tempted to believe, that a good part of the Gain has been Monsieur *Paget's* own Money, tho' that Gentleman always refus'd it.

This Alteration in our Fortune, made one likewise in our way of Living; our Equipage was increas'd, and our Table serv'd with greater Plenty and more Elegance; as for me, who was by this time too old to be reckon'd a Child, I had a Lackey allow'd to attend me where-ever I went, and my Father and Mother extended their Acquaintance to all the People of best Fashion in the Town, by whom they were entertain'd with the greatest Esteem and Respect. Their Story had by this time taken Air, for either by the Indiscretion of Monsieur *Paget*, or *Le Brue*, or a certain Air and Manner which always attends Persons of Distinction, and which cannot be conceal'd, it was whisper'd all over the Town, that they were two Lovers of Quality, whom an Amorous Adventure had oblig'd to quit *France*. This Knowledge of their Circumstances drew the Compassion, as did the Acquaintance with their Persons, the Love of all they convers'd with. We at that time pass'd our Lives very agreeably, tho' the most agreeable Scene of our Pleasure lay at Home, where a mutual Tendernefs diffus'd it self thro' the whole Family; my Father and Mother grew every Day more endear'd to each other, my Sister discover'd Qualities which claim'd all the Affection I cou'd shew her, and there was a Sympathy in our Tempers, as well as an Equality in our Years, which form'd the strictest Friendship betwixt us. The distance of that Time from the Time in which I now write, will clear me of Vanity, if I venture to say, that there was something amiable in our Manners, which was taken Notice of by the whole Town. I have still the Image of my Dear *Julia* so freshly engraven on my Heart, that I cou'd draw her Picture, were it not
that

that it would give my History too much the Air of a Romance.

We were educated with the utmost Care ; my Father, tho he provided the best Masters for us, in every Branch of Education, and sent me to the Jesuits Lectures in the *Belles Lettres*, took Care himself to inspect the Progress I made, and form'd both my Sister and me, by his own Instruction, in whatever related to our Sentiments, or the moral Conduct of our Lives. He caus'd me to read over some of the Classics ; his favourite Authors were the Satires and Epistles of *Horace*, and the Philosophical Works of *Cicero* ; he not only open'd their Meaning, but let me into their Spirit, and illustrated their Difficulties. When I came to Philosophy, he taught me the moral Part of it, not in the dry, tedious, and trifling Manner of the Schools, but by laying before me the Social Duties, with whatever tended to mend the Heart, and make Mankind wise and happy ; he proceeded from those Principles to shew the reasonableness and necessity of the Christian Dispensation, and its tendency to bring human Nature nearer to Perfection : In order that nothing should be wanting to finish my Education, I went through a Course of Mathematicks. I had almost forgot to mention that my Sister had Orders from my Father to be present at all the Lessons he gave me of Philosophy ; this was very agreeable to her, as she was naturally desirous of whatever tended to improve her Judgment.

We were now at the Age for which my Father impatiently waited, that he might put in execution a Project he had been long a forming. As I remark'd before, the Ideas of his Father's Anger had made a very melancholy Impression upon him, which was not worn off by the advantageous turn of his Affairs ; he had regularly sent *De Brie* every fix Months into *France*, to enquire if the Count was still alive, and by these Means still entertain'd some faint Hopes of one Day regaining his Affections : The knowledge he had of the Count's inflexible Temper deterr'd him from any personal Application to him, which he had several times

times resolv'd on, and as he imagin'd his two Children improv'd in good Qualities in proportion as they advanc'd in Years, he determin'd to employ us for that Purpose. My Sister had a Person which attracted the Admiration of all who saw her, and I were pretty tall for my years, which was at that time 17. My Father thought we had Capacity sufficient to enter into his Designs, and one Day took us apart for that Purpose.

He began with telling us the true Story of our Birth, and the real Name of our Family; this deliver'd us from a mortal Uneasiness we had always entertain'd on that account, tho' the Respect we ow'd to our Parents prevented our discovering it; he then gave us a Detail of all the Circumstances of his Love, his Flight, and his Marriage, and at last open'd by Degrees the whole History you have read above; and concluded all with communicating the Design he had form'd to make us instrumental in a happy Reconciliation with the Count his Father; hoping we wou'd shew no Reluctance to a Project, on the Success of which our Interest, Honour, and Duty, were as deeply concern'd as his own.

I answer'd him in the most submissive Terms, that we knew so well what we ow'd him as a Father, he need but Command and we wou'd Obey; but that in the present Case, our own Inclination was a greater Motive to our Obedience, than even his Authority: Upon my Sister's agreeing with me in my Answer, my Father embrac'd us tenderly, and told us he did not doubt, but that Heaven wou'd crown Dispositions so virtuous, and a Conduct so dutiful, with suitable Success. You shall go, my dear Children, (continues the transported Marquis) when ever I have acquainted your Mother of our Design, and given the necessary Orders for your Journey: He accordingly left us much overjoy'd, and went to inform my Mother; but the natural Tenderness of her Sex gave the Alarm to her Fears, which could not be allay'd notwithstanding all we cou'd say to compose her; she wept, she sigh'd, she trembled, as if she had foreseen the Misfortune that

threatned us, nor cou'd be prevail'd on to allow us to go, till three Days after the time we first propos'd. We were attended by *De Brie*, who had been my Valet for several Years, and another Servant, and my Sister had a Maid who rode in the Berlin with us, the two Men being on Horseback.

In five Days time we came to a very fine Estate of my Grandfather's, upon which he liv'd; my Sister and I agreed on the Manner how we shou'd address him, and concluded it was necessary we shou'd know his Sentiments of our Father's Conduct, before we shou'd discover our selves; we chose to halt at an Inn, from whence I sent *Scoti* to know if the Count wou'd admit of a Visit from two young Persons of Quality; the Answer was extremely polite and civil, and we went strait to the Castle, where we found the Count waiting for us in a Low-Parlour. I was struck with the Resemblance betwixt him and my Father, and the Emotions I felt almost betray'd me; tho he was then in his 70th Year, he enjoy'd a Freshness and Vigour uncommon at that Age; after the first Compliments were over, I told him, that our Acquaintance with a Person who concern'd him very nearly, had procur'd us the Happiness of that Interview, and that as we were setting out to make the Tour of *France*, we were charg'd by the Marquis de N— (here I nam'd my Father.) Ha! cries the Count in an extreme Surprize, is my Son still alive, is it possible! And he not to let me know so for 18 long Years! Unnatural Wretch! He has justified all my Severity by his Ingratitude—but no more of such a Monster, abandon'd as he is to all the Sentiments of Duty and Nature. However, *Monsieur*, don't think that your Acquaintance with him shall make you the less Welcome here, No! the Pleasure of your Company makes amends for the Uneasiness which the Remembrance of so undutiful a Wretch has given me.

I affected a great Air of Astonishment at this Answer, and told him, Sir, I little thought you wou'd have found the Commission I was charg'd with so disagreeable;

disagreeable ; but it must be equally so to me, shou'd I return with such an Answer to the Marquis, to whom I know all the Pleasures of Life are insipid, till he regains your Affections, and who languishes out a wretched Being, in Wishes for your Happiness ; mean time, allow me, Sir, to say he deserves another Fate ; the Marquis is possess'd of all the Virtues and Qualities that can render a Man amiable, and the Constancy with which he has born the Storms of Fortune, proves him to be worthy the Honour of being your Son ; as such, Sir, it is impossible he can continue longer to be unhappy : No, I have already seen too many good Qualities in the Count *de*— to suffer me to doubt of his returning the Tenderness and Affection of a Son who has so much Merit. *Monsieur*, replies the Count, you are yet young and open, Mankind is deep and deceitful, and we too often allow our selves to be impos'd upon by the tinsel appearances of Virtue. Ingratitude to a Parent, is a Vice that can subsist in no Breast where one Spark of Virtue glows, and has not he, whom I once with Pleasure call'd my Son, been guilty of that to me, by leaving me overwhelm'd with the most sensible Grief at his Departure, which has encreas'd ever since by his obstinate Silence ?

I was overjoy'd to find the Count's Resentment turn upon this Point, and imagin'd, that when once he was convinc'd of the Marquis's Respect for his Person, it wou'd be no difficult matter to procure Forgiveness for the Fault he judg'd him guilty of : I was not so young, but I knew that when-ever any Passion begins to vary in its Object, it is a sure Proof that that Passion may be easily vanquish'd. This was the Count's Case, his Resentment which at first proceeded from the Marquis's Marriage and Flight, was now chang'd into a charge of Disrespect for his Person ; this I thought wou'd be no hard matter to get over. I began with drawing as lively a Picture as I cou'd of the melancholy Situation of the Marquis, ever since he had fall'n under his Displeasure ; his Uneasiness, his Anguish, the Alteration it had made on his Temper, his Manners, and Health

which was daily impair'd by his tormenting Reflections ; I told him he was so far from being wanting in his Duty, that he had regularly every six Months sent a Servant into *France*, to enquire privately about his Father, and that this cou'd be done from no other Motives, but what were dictated by filial Affection ; and that even after he understood he was disinherited, it made no other Impression on him, than Grief to reflect that his Father thought he deserv'd to be so treated : That this cou'd proceed from no mercenary Views, because Fortune had put him above the Fears of Misery from her : That his Grief had communicated itself to his whole Family, and had equally affected his Wife and Children. Here the old Man interrupted me : Ha ! cries he, Has my Son Children ? Yes, Sir, says I, falling with my Sister on our knees, you see them at your Feet, with all the Weight of a Father's Affliction added to their own, and imploring your Pardon both for their Father, and your Son ; my Sister spoke nothing but by her Tears, which were more moving than the most artful Eloquence, and touch'd me so much, that I cou'd not prevent my being affected in the same Manner. In short, the Tenderness of this short Scene is beyond the Power of Words to describe ; we rose, and threw our selves about our Grandfather's Neck, who seem'd depriv'd of Motion by the Tumult of Passion which wrought within him. At last, recovering from his Astonishment, and tenderly embracing us, Ah ! my dear Children, (he cries) I have till this happy Moment been insensible of the force of Nature, how dear you are to me, witness those Tears ! here he shed a Torrent of Tears, in which we join'd him : But hold ! my Joy is so excessive, I can scarce support it ; he then took each of our Hands, which he tenderly held betwixt his own, and made us sit by him to give him an Account of whatever related to our Father since the fatal Separation ; I begg'd of my Sister, who had not yet spoke, to perform this Part, which she did with a wonderful Grace and Spirit. We were then introduc'd to the
Count's

Count's Lady, who seem'd to be a Woman that understood the World very well, she was mighty Civil; but I easily saw her Caresses proceeded rather from a Complaisance for my Grandfather, than any real Affection for us; she brought her two Sons to us, they seem'd to have had a good Education, especially the youngest, who was mighty agreeable for his Years, which did not exceed 11 or 12, and who, at that Age, conceiv'd such a Sympathy for me, that it gave rise to a Friendship which was of very great Advantage to me in the remaining part of my Life.

Mean time, not only the Count's Family, but all the Neighbourhood seem'd to share in the happy turn of our Affairs, the Night was spent in all the Demonstrations of Joy which are usual on such Occasions, and were at last communicated to the *Chevalier*, to whom we design'd to have paid a Visit next Day; but we had scarce sat down to Supper, when we were surpriz'd to hear he was coming up Stairs. The Interview we had with him was (if possible) more moving than even that which we had with the Count, we supp'd all together and the two old Men, who never took their Eyes from *Julia* and me, gave us no Respite in informing them of whatever related to my Father or his Family; we gave them all the Satisfaction we cou'd, accompanied with such Marks of Tenderness and Respect, that they appear'd charm'd with our Behaviour.

It was late before we parted, and it may be easily suppos'd that I was but little inclin'd to Sleep, my Brain was so busy in reflecting on the happy Event of our Journey, however I fell asleep being a little fatigued with my Journey: But good Heav'ns, into what a Condition did I find my self? I thought I was surrounded by a Crowd of Phantoms, and that the Ground on which I trod was cover'd with rotten dead Bodies of Men and Women. My Eyes were entertain'd with nothing but frightful Objects, and my Ears with nothing but the most dismal Yells; I imagin'd that I enter'd into a Forest which appear'd all of a sudden, where my Feet were rooted into the Ground; my

Cloaths turn'd into the Bark of a Tree, my Arms into the Branches, and my Body into the Trunk. The Imagination of my being Inanimate prevented for some time the painful Sensations the other Objects gave me, but in a little time I thought they return'd with more Terrors than ever, and that one came to cut down my Branches, which he did, notwithstanding all my Entreaties to the contrary; in the midst of my Distress I imagin'd I saw my Sister all in Tears, running to my Assistance; but that upon her Approach, the Spectres which till then had haunted me, left me to surround and seize her; the Effort I made to rescue her was so violent, that I actually toss'd my self out of the Bed upon the Floor, the force of the Fall awaken'd me, and I was agreeably surpriz'd to find my Adventure was all a Dream: Scotti who lay in the Closet adjoining to my Room, upon hearing the Noise I made when I fell, rush'd in, and was frightned to see me on the Ground bath'd in Sweat, and with all the Marks of the most violent Agitation. I order'd him to make a Fire, and having put on my Night-Gown, slept into my Sister's Chamber; I found her waking, she ask'd what made me rise so early, and if I was well? I told her part of what had happen'd, and how glad I was to see her safe after what I had suffer'd in my Sleep on her account; she assur'd me that she had rested very well, and laugh'd at my groundless Apprehensions. I began even to be asham'd of them my self, and bore all her Raillery till we parted. It was still pretty early, but I wou'd not go again to Bed; I sat down and wrote a full Account of our Journey, and the happy Event which had attended it, to my Father, begging at the same time he wou'd lose no time in coming to the Count, who was in the utmost Impatience to see him; I referr'd the rest of the Particulars to *La Brie's* Information, whom I immediately sent off Post with my Letter.

I went strait into the Count's Chamber, where I found the *Chevalier*. The first was seiz'd with a violent Pain in his Side, which had tormented him all Night.

Night, and notwithstanding that he caus'd himself to be blooded, and us'd all proper Precautions, he fever'd about Noon; the Distemper was so gentle for 3 Days, that we were not much alarm'd; but after that, it increas'd to such a Degree, that we easily perceiv'd he had but a short time to live. The Count was amongst the first who was sensible of this, and having formally revok'd all the Deeds he had made in Prejudice of my Father, he very composedly went thro' the Sacraments, and shewed no Regret for leaving the World, any farther than as it depriv'd him of the Pleasure he had propos'd to himself in the Company of his Son and Grand-children; when his Strength permitted him he spoke to me with the utmost Tenderness, and absolutely forbid that the Marquis should be sent for, saying, It was foolish to give him the Trouble of a needless Journey, and cruel, to increase his Grief by having the Object of it before his Eyes; at last the Fever rose to such a pitch, that he died about Midnight, having given my Sister and me his Blessing very affectionately.

Our Grief for this sudden Loss was augmented by that which we knew it wou'd give my Father; but as if Fortune had a mind to discharge all her Storms on us at once, I receiv'd a Letter that same Day from him, informing me that the only Reason which prevented his waiting on the Count, his Father, was a dangerous Illness my Mother was seiz'd with, and from which she was yet far from being free. I was distracted upon this News how to behave, to leave my Grandfather's Corps unburied, wou'd seem undecent, and not to see my Mother in such a Condition, was unnatural. I understood that the Marquis had sent him two Letters along with that to me, the one for the Count, the other for the *Chevalier*; I went immediately to consult this last, who had likewise receiv'd the Accounts of his Daughter's Illness; he told me he was preparing to go Post to see her, and that it wou'd be proper I shou'd stay and take care of the Count's Funeral; I agreed willingly to this Proposal,

sal, and as soon as the Ceremonies were over, my Sister and I set out in our *Berlin* with the utmost Impatience, once more to be with the Persons in the World we held most dear; but how different were our Dispositions in our return from those we had brought with us; there was nothing of that liveliness of Conversation, and gaiety of Humour, our Reflections were all turn'd upon our Loss, and the Fears of a yet greater one; these melancholy Ideas still recurr'd notwithstanding all we cou'd do to divert them; our Discourse always insensibly fell on dismal Subjects, and I shall never forget the Manner in which my dear *Julia* reason'd: Why, (said she) shou'd we look upon Death as so terrible an Evil, and why shou'd we be more afflicted at the necessity of Dying, than a thousand other Necessities to which Humanity is subject? For my share, I have always consider'd it as a Debt to Nature, and that it were as unjust as weak, shou'd we grudge to resign it when call'd upon by the Being who has a right to demand it. I have no Reason (continu'd she) to be weary of Life, yet I shou'd find a greater Difficulty to part with you my dear Brother, than with it. Upon saying this, she gave me a most tender Look, and I, willing to divert the Subject, told her that these Suppositions cou'd at present only serve to keep us uneasy, and that it wou'd be proper to change the Conversation. She agreed to this, but still some melancholy Presage sprung in my Breast, which might have put me on my Guard, had it not been decreed. I shou'd be the most wretched of Mankind, and that the Hour was at Hand in which my Misfortunes were to commence.

We were now near our Journey's end, when the third Day about Noon our Coach was stop'd by six Men on Horseback in Masks, one of which presented a Pistol to *Scott's* Breast, as he called out to me, who had not yet perceiv'd them; other two stop'd the Coachman, and three more came up to the Coach, ordering us to come out of it: I desir'd my Sister not to stir, and step'd out with my Sword drawn, which

was

was the only Arms I had about me; If you want our Money Gentlemen (said I) you shall have it without any Difficulty. No, (answers one who seem'd to be Master of the rest) so far from that, we are ready to serve you in that Respect if you want it; but where is the Lady? In saying this, he alighted and came up towards the Coach Door; I ask'd him, taking hold of his Arm and stopping him, what he meant, I told him if he advanc'd a Step farther, it must be thro' my Body: At the same time I directed my Sword to his Breast. But the Villain coldly answer'd me, I ought to consider better, and reflect that the Match was very unequal; upon this he went to take hold of my Sister, who push'd him back with a great Cry; I then lost all Patience, and directed a Thrust at him, which he endeavour'd to avoid, but receiv'd it in his Arm; one of his Ruffians seeing his Master wounded, discharg'd his Pistol at my Head, and by the most fatal of all Misfortunes, shot my dear *Julia* about 3 Inches below the Breast; she cry'd she was wounded, and fell into the Arms of her waiting Maid; at this sight I abandon'd all Concern for my self, and run to search for her Wound; the Villains too offer'd their Assistance, which she refus'd with the utmost Marks of Horror; and fixing her Eyes on mine, she told me, in a Tone which shew'd her Death to be very near, that she was mortally wounded; but that she had Reason to thank God, she went out of the World without having her Honour violated, and conjur'd me, since the time she had to prepare her self was so short, that I wou'd take care to have a Service perform'd for her Soul, and hop'd I wou'd never forget I had once a Sister to whom I was so Dear, that she valu'd me more than her own Life; she had scarce finish'd these Words when she expir'd. The Villains finding she was dead, put Spurs to their Horses and rode off; but *Scoti* heard one of them cry out, "What an unhappy Wretch am I!" As for my own part, I had fallen upon my Sister's dead Body, where I continu'd for some time without Motion or Sense. I recovered, but it was to a
State

State of such Despair and Agony, when I perceiv'd the breathless Body, that I have neither Words to describe it, nor can I conceive how I surviv'd that fatal Moment. I threw my Eyes to Heav'n, and begg'd it to revenge so barbarous a Murther. I embrac'd all that remain'd of my dear *Julia*, and such was my Frenzy, that I cou'd scarce believe but she was still alive: Mean time, the faithful *Scoti* begg'd me with Tears to go into the Coach, that we might reach a large Village which was but a few Leagues off: I suffer'd my self to be perswaded, but always held the Body in my Arms, and when we arriv'd at the Village, I order'd it to be put into a Bed in the Inn, at which we all alighted, still flattering my self that I felt some remains of Heat about it. I then sent for the Curate of the Parish, and a Surgeon, who came; but all which the latter cou'd do was to encrease my Despair, by informing me I had nothing to hope: The Curate, who was a Man both of Sense and Piety, was surpriz'd, and even terrified at the Despair into which he saw me plung'd. After he found me deaf to whatever cou'd serve to give me any Consolation, he very wisely proceeded upon other Topics: I own, Sir, (says the good Man) the Cause of your Affliction is but too just; I am so far from dissuading you, that I even join you in it; but as she was so dear to you in Life, why should you abandon her in Death, when she has the most occasion for your Assistance; she is now before an impartial Judge, with whom all these Emotions of Grief are but accounted as so many Weaknesses: It will not be your Passion, but your Piety; not the Fits of Despair, but a Course of Prayers and Devotion, that can procure her Mercy from that awful Tribunal; these are the Exercises you ought to be employ'd in, if you have the Tenderness and Love you profess for the Person you bewail. I am here ready to assist you, and think it is the truest Mark I can give of the Concern I am under for your Loss.

His Words touch'd me, and reviv'd in me all the Sentiments of Piety I had receiv'd from my Education.

I remember'd the last Request of my dear *Julia*, and begg'd the Curate to send for another Clergyman to assist us, he told me we might have his Vicar, and if I had a Mind he wou'd get one out of a Convent of *Recollects* which was hard by : I willingly consented ; and besides the Vicar, there came the *Pera Gardien*, Father Guardian of the Convents, with another Priest, and we spent the Night in Prayers for the Soul of my dear *Julia*.

Next Day I sent for a Physician and two Apothecaries, who brought along with them Perfumes, and every Thing that was proper for embalming the Body, which I caus'd to be put into a Coffin of white Iron, (there being no Lead one to be got in that Place) which was enclosed in another slight one of Wood, cover'd with black Velvet. Before all this cou'd be done, I was oblig'd to pass that Day and the following Night in the Village ; I continu'd all that Time without Eating, Drinking, or Sleeping, which made such an Alteration in me, that I did not look to be the same Person : I made ready for my Departure on the 3d Morning, but was in the utmost Confusion when I reflected in what Manner I shou'd address my Father and Mother ; I had but a short time to consider, for I had wrote from my Grandfather's House, the Night before we set out, that we were to proceed on our Journey next Day, and it was to be suppos'd by this time they were very much alarm'd about us, which wou'd be still more so by a longer Absence, and how can they bear the Sight of a breathless Body of a darling Daughter ?—This Reflection had such an Impression upon my Spirits, that it threw me into a violent Fever ; but my Concern for my self was but slight in comparison of that for my Parents. I begg'd the Father Guardian to go before, and dispose them to receive the fatal Accounts, and had him mounted upon a good Horse, that he might make the greater Dispatch ; as for me I threw my self into the Coach with the Remains of my dear *Julia* : As soon as I came near N—, I stop'd at a Village, where I appointed the

the Father Guardian to meet me: I was not long before I saw him appear with my Father in his Company, I advanc'd a few Steps to meet them, and threw my self at my Father's Feet, who rais'd me up, pouring forth a Torrent of Tears, and embracing me tenderly without being able to speak one Word: But he was surpriz'd when he endeavour'd to raise me up, that I was Motionless, having fallen into a Swon: They had some Difficulty to recover me, and we went all together into the Inn where I had stop'd. My Father's Grief, upon seeing his Daughter's Coffin, was such as might have melted the most obdur'd: But it was not such as diverted his Cares from the surviving, he told me he was displeas'd to understand from the Father-Guardian, that I had taken no Sustenance for 3 Days, and at the same time order'd me to eat somewhat, I obey'd without the least Reply. We then deposited the Coffin in a Convent, till we shou'd get Things in readiness to carry it to *France*, where it might be laid in the Burying-place of the Family. Heavens! What Pangs did I not feel when parting from the Body of a Sister more dear to me than my own Life!

In the mean time my Mother was in a very dangerous Condition, they took Care she shou'd be kept ignorant of the Death of her Daughter, and of the Fever which had never yet quitted me, or even that I was arriv'd: Every one who has any Experience of the Affections of a Parent, will easily know it was impossible to keep her longer in Ignorance, especially as she had expected us for some Days from my Letter: In vain did my Father invent the most plausible Pretexts for our delay, in vain he told her I had fall'n Ill on the Road, and even counterfeited my Sister's Hand, to assure her that it was but a slight Indisposition; these Pretences serv'd for a few Days, but after that his Anxiety redoubled, with her Indisposition: She begg'd to be put into a Coach, and convey'd where she might see her Children. She was so positive in this Resolution, that there was no other way left but to discover the whole melancholy Truth. My
Father

Father took this mournful Office upon himself. He at first hinted it darkly and at a distance ; but it's hard to impose upon a Mother, jealous of whatever concerns the Welfare of her Children. The Reader will pardon me if I draw a Veil over the dismal Scene that follow'd. My Grief will scarce allow me to tell, that the poor Marchioness relaps'd to such a degree, that she dy'd the 10th Day after, with the Name of her dear *Julia* in her Mouth.

D

BOOK



B O O K II.



Y Grief for the Dead was now chang'd into a filial Regard for the Living; the Loss the Marquis sustain'd in the Death of a Father, a Wife, and a Daughter, almost all at the same time, render'd him Inconsolable: He retir'd to the Oratory, with a Resolution to leave the World, which was so fix'd, that he was Deaf to all my Tears and Prayers to the contrary. All I cou'd gain upon him was to return to *France*, and pass some time at the Estate which devolv'd upon him by the Death of the Count his Father. I thought this might prove some Diversion to his Melancholy which every Day augmented, especially during the time of our Journey, when the dead Bodies, which we transported along with us, were always in our Eyes: When we arriv'd on the Estate, every Object, and every tender Scene of his former Passion, reviv'd all the Ideas of his Love, and increas'd all the Pangs of his Grief: He shut himself up, and refus'd to see any Company for six Weeks. During that time he was employ'd in the Offices of Religion, and when it was expir'd, in putting the Affairs, which related to his Succession to the Estate, in Order. At last, one Day he call'd me into his Chamber, where he made this Speech, which had too great an Impression upon me ever to wear out of my Memory. " I know (says he) my dear Son, your Affec-
 " tion for me as a Parent, and to prevent any fatal
 " Effects that may follow from it, upon the unaltera-
 " ble Resolution I have taken, I have sent for you to
 " put you on your Guard: When you saw your Mo-
 " ther

“ ther and Sister buried, you saw all that cou’d make
 “ your Father in Love with Life, except your self,
 “ laid in the same Grave with them. Life is now but
 “ a Burthen, which wou’d be insupportable, were it
 “ not that Religion forbids me to end it, informs me
 “ that the most proper way to pass what yet remains of
 “ it, is in a Retirement, where every Object, which
 “ may awaken my Love for a World I detest, may be
 “ remov’d. Adieu, my dear Son, dear to me, not-
 “ withstanding my severe Resolution, which I abso-
 “ lutely forbid you to oppose, lest my Tenderness as
 “ a Father makes me discover a Weakness for which
 “ I ought to blush as a Man.” All the Answer I made,
 was to throw my self at his Feet, in which Posture he
 embrac’d me in the most moving Manner, and then left
 me without allowing me Time to discharge my self of
 any part of that Load of Grief which swell’d my
 Heart, burthen’d my Soul. Tho’ I made no Doubt
 of the firmness of his Resolution, yet I did not ima-
 gine he wou’d put it so soon in Practice; for I was sur-
 priz’d to the last Degree, to understand next Morning,
 that he had set out by three a Clock for a Religious
 House of the Order of the *Chartreuse*, about 3 Leagues
 and a half distant. I was asleep when *De Brie* came
 into my Chamber, and told me with Tears, that he
 was just return’d from conveying my Father to the
 Convent, where he had shut himself up, after having
 order’d him to give me the Key of his Cabinet.

I started up in the wildest Consternation at this
 News, I hurried on my Cloaths, and drove to the Con-
 vent in the same Chaise which had convey’d my Fa-
 ther thither; I desir’d the Porter to let him know I
 wanted to see him, and waited a full quarter of an Hour
 without receiving any Answer; my Impatience was
 such, that I wou’d have broke down the Door, cou’d
 my Strength have serv’d me; at last the Prior ap-
 pear’d; Father, cry’d I, must a Man of my Quality
 wait so long at your Gate? The Prior excus’d him-
 self, and told me that the Porter, startled at the impe-
 tuous Air with which I spoke, was for some time in

doubt how to behave. However, I still continu'd with some Heat to demand a fight of my Father: I am sorry, answer'd the Prior, that is the only thing in which I cannot oblige you. The Marquis, your Father, requires as a Mark of your Love and Duty, that you will forbear interrupting his Devotions by any Visit, during the time of his Novitiate, which will be for 12 Months. Upon hearing this, I lost all the Respect I ow'd to the Place I was in, and to the Prior's Character. What! (cry'd I) will you refuse me the poor Satisfaction of seeing my Father? is this the Effect of the mean Arts you have practis'd to persuade him to this cursed Retirement? but nothing shall deprive me of that Pleasure. I pour'd forth a Torrent of ill Language along with these Expressions, to which the Prior oppos'd nothing, except a modest Behaviour, and a respectful Silence, which gain'd upon me to such a Degree, that I was ashamed I had treated a Man of so much Merit in that manner: So, altering my Tone, I told him gently, that I wanted, if possible, to see my Father, and begg'd he wou'd be so good as to let him understand I was there, and in the utmost Impatience to know if he thought I had done any thing that deserv'd his Hatred or Contempt. I will willingly go (replies the good Man) but I can assure you before-hand, his not seeing you proceeds from neither of these Causes. I waited in the most violent Agitations till the Prior came back, which he did in half an hour, with a Letter from my Father, which I can easily give the Reader from the Original, which I still preserve.

“ If the Design of your coming to this Place is to
 “ endeavour to divert me from the Resolution I have
 “ taken, to make a Sacrifice of my Life to Heaven,
 “ you will be disappointed in your Aim; if it is to
 “ give a Proof of your Affection, I am already sensible of that; but you cannot do it in a more effectual manner, than by submitting to the Command
 “ which the Reverend Prior will deliver to you from
 “ me. I desire you wou'd pass some time at an Aca

“ dem

“ demy in *Paris*: I do not forbid you to think of me,
 “ but to do it without an unreasonable Affliction on
 “ your Part. The time of my Novitiate is but a
 “ Year; in the mean time suffer me to take Heaven
 “ for my Portion, since we ought to have so little De-
 “ pendance upon what we enjoy upon Earth. Adieu.”

I knew my Father too well to attempt to divert him from his Resolution after such a Letter; I return'd immediately home, with very melancholy Impressions upon my Spirit, where I prevail'd with my self to stay for some Weeks without visiting the Convent. The solemn Air which that venerable Building diffus'd, the unaffected Sanctity of the Prior, join'd with my Father's Example, and aided by the Situation in which I found my own Heart, made me entertain some Thoughts of following my Father into his Solitude. I communicated them to the Prior, who was a Man of good Sense, and great Integrity: He told me that I ought not to take a heated Fancy, and a discontented Mind for the Dispositions that qualify a Man to retreat from the World; and that, if I wou'd do a thing agreeable to Heaven, I ought to obey my Father's Orders, which were to go for some time to *Paris*. I suffer'd my self to be perswaded by the good Man, and set out in a few Days for *Paris*, attended only by *La Brie* and *Scoti*, who equally gave me daily Proofs of their Fidelity.

I arriv'd at *Paris* in the beginning of the Year 1680, at which time *Louis* the XIVth acquir'd the title of *Grand*, which he deserv'd not only by an uninterrupted Course of Success, but as he shew'd himself the Patron of Arts, and the Restorer of Learning. No Day past, but gave some new Demonstration of his Subject's Loyalty, all *Paris* was full of Entertainments of one kind or other, and the *French* thought no Honours too extravagant for a Prince who had rais'd their Grandeur to such a pitch; but all these Shows were insipid to one whose Mind was so full of melancholy Ideas as mine: I took up my Lodgings at a retir'd Place in the *Fauxbourg de St. Germain*, and

never stirr'd abroad but to attend my Exercises at the Academy. I thought I had learn'd to Ride, to Dance, and to Fence tolerably well at N—, but soon found that the genteel Air, and fine Address, were only to be gain'd at *Paris*. My Musick-Masters attended me at my own Lodgings, and the rest of my Time was employ'd in other Studies, especially that of History. In this manner I liv'd for four Months, without contracting any, either general, or particular Acquaintances, which made me be look'd upon by most People as a Person of gloomy Dispositions, and little fitted for Society.

One Day, while I was at the Academy, I observ'd a Gentleman, who had something in his Air and Dress which spoke him to be above even the *vulgar Great*, that look'd very attentively upon me, as if something in my Features had struck him. I saw him afterwards slip aside, and whisper one of the Masters of the Academy, his Eyes being still fix'd on me: I observ'd all this, but was at very little Pains to make any Reflections on that Head, till *Scoti* one Day told me, that the same Gentleman had accosted him very civilly, and after having inform'd himself of my Name, proceeded to enquire more particularly about me, and ask'd if my reserv'd Behaviour was the Effect of any Misfortunes I had met with in Life, which had given me a distaste of Mankind, or if my natural Inclinations were averse from Society: *Scoti* told me, that having let him know as far as he thought proper, he next enquir'd where I liv'd, which he likewise told him: I imagin'd all this proceeded from meer Curiosity, but was surpriz'd next Day, when *Scoti* told me, before I got out of Bed, that the same Gentleman was at the Street-Door in a Coach asking to see me; I order'd *Scoti* to make an Apology for me, and desire him to walk in: he enter'd the Room immediately, and putting on a most agreeable Air, he said he was come to ask my Friendship, and to offer me his. I am certain, Sir, continues the Stranger, it will be no hard Matter for us to contract an Intimacy that may be

be of Use to us the remaining part of our Lives; your Air, your Face, your Manner, have engag'd me to make this advance. If mine have not the same Advantages, I hope in a short time to make up, by my Zeal and Assiduity, any Defect I may otherwise labour under.

So obliging an Address claim'd the utmost Civility I could shew; I rose, and having put on my Night-Gown, order'd Chocolate, and after a Quarter of an Hours Conversation upon indifferent Subjects, he told me there was something in my Behaviour which had pre-possess'd him so much in my Favour, that he cou'd not but think there was a Similarity in our Circumstances, as he was perhaps still of a more solitary Disposition than my self; that all this had engag'd him to think, that a Communication of our mutual Misfortunes, wou'd at least bring some abatement to our Afflictions; that it was in Misfortunes where the Friend was deepest felt, for that the full Tide of Prosperity was apt to swell the Heart with Qualities incompatible with the more disinterested Virtues of Friendship. At last he told me he was Nephew to Cardinal *Janson*, and that having fought a Duel, where he kill'd his Man, he had liv'd for a long time in Banishment, and persecuted by Fortune, all the Interest of his Uncle not being sufficient to procure his Pardon. The natural Affection (continues he) which one bears to his native Country, has prompted me to return to *France*, under the Name of the Marquis de *Rosambert*, where my Life is continually in Danger, tho' that gives me but little Pain, when compar'd with some other private Causes which give me Reason to hate it. He then promis'd to give me an Account of his Adventures, when ever our Friendship had improv'd into a Familiarity sufficient to make such a Recital agreeable.

There was something so noble, and so touching in the Address of the Marquis de *Rosambert*, that I cou'd not refuse him the most sincere Marks of my Friendship. From that Hour we became inseparable; we

were

were united in our Interests, our Diversions, and Inclinations ; the same Objects gave us Pain or Pleasure ; the same Books afforded us Amusement and Instruction, and there was a Resemblance in our Characters and Humours, which naturally tended to improve this Harmony. How often did we bless the happy Moment that brought us together ! We spent our time in a mutual Satisfaction, and never parted, but we impatiently long'd to renew our Meeting : Our Discourses were ever turning upon some Point of History, Religion, or Morality, on all which Heads the Marquis express'd himself with a great deal of Ease and Solidity : Such were the Employments which at once diverted our Melancholy, and improv'd our Judgments : We paid no Visits, except to some solitary Retirement, or, noted Library. We generally went to St. *Victoire* on the Days when the Library was open, and the Librarian seeing us frequently there, at last took so much Notice of us, that he treated us as Persons of Learning, and even allow'd us to borrow what Books we had a mind to read at Home. One Day, as we were walking and reflecting on the Pleasures of Solitude, I put the Marquis in mind of his Promise, to give me an account of his Adventures ; he comply'd readily with my Request, and did it in the following Words, which made too deep an Impression on me ever to forget.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Marquis De ROSAMBERT.



Shall not repeat what I told you before about my Birth and Education, in which there was nothing Remarkable. The Grandeur of our Family was almost entirely owing to the Distinction and Merit of my Uncle. As I was the eldest Son, the Views he had for the further Advancement of his Family were all center'd in me; which probably would have answer'd his Expectations, had not my ill Stars gain'd the Ascendant, and blasted all his Endeavours.

The Marquis *de Forbin*, my Father, who was Governor of the *Antibes*, where he generally liv'd, sent me over to *Paris* in the Year 1673, to enter into the Life-Guards Musqueteers. I was then but 18, an Age when the Passions have the most absolute command of our Reason, and are apt to hurry us to the most inexcusable Excesses. It was in this Situation that I may say I serv'd an Apprenticeship to Extravagance, till I met with the following Adventure, which had well nigh cost me my Life. Two of the Life-guardmen, who conceal'd Souls capable of the foulest Treachery, under a fine Address and noble Appearances,

ances, took all Opportunities to gain my Friendship; they look'd upon me as a raw young Fellow, who was very proper to serve their Ends, and to be made a Bubble of; my Vanity wou'd not suffer me to find this out, till after we had been acquainted for three or four Days; they invited me to Dine at one *Francis*, who they told me was a famous Vintner in the *Fauxbourg St. Honore*. I went along with them, and we were indeed elegantly regal'd. After Dinner, one of my Companions walk'd once or twice about the Room, and opening the Window, as if by chance, says to his Friend, "Ha! I see *Chefnay* passing this way, what wou'd you think to call him up? With all my Heart, answers the other; but is he alone? There is no Body with him, replies the first, except two Gentlemen who are his Friends; but, as he is an agreeable Fellow, let us call him." *Le Chefnay* did not want two Invitations to come up Stairs, with his two Friends; we all sat down together, and call'd for the other Bottle. A quarter of an Hour after, says one of those who had come along with me, Hang drinking! Can't we contrive to spend our time to better Purpose; Come will you give me my Revenge of the four Games at Piquet you gain'd of me last Night? The other consented, and to Cards they went: We diverted our selves for some time with looking on: At last, *Le Chefnay* weary of being a bare Spectator, propos'd as there were four of us idle, that we should play a game at Quadrille; I was not against it, and we play'd for Six-pence a Fish, I was a Gainer in the first and second Games, and then we doubled the Stakes; I still continued to gain. At last my two Life-Guardmen pretended to remember an Appointment, and left us, promising they wou'd return within half an Hour; we kept on playing, and I still gain'd, till *Le Chefnay*, who seem'd to be out of Humour with his bad Luck, propos'd to change the Game, and fall to *Lan-squennet*; as I was the Winner, I cou'd not refuse, and in less than an Hour, lost not only all I had gain'd, but twenty Pistoles of my own Money.

Money, which was very near all I had about me: A certain Sneer I observ'd go round them, made me first suspect I had fallen into the Hands of Sharpers; however, I dissembled my Uneasiness, and seeing no Appearance of my two Companions returning, I took my Leave, and went down Stairs: *Fracin* who had seen me pass thro' the Court, met me at the Street Door, and put a Paper in my Hand, Upon my asking what it was, he told me it was the Bill of Entertainment, for my self and my two Friends, who were gone. I told him I had nothing to do with their Reckoning, and they would come back to clear it themselves, and ask'd if they had not told him so: Just the contrary, says *Fracin*, they told me you was to be so good as to pay all: I then easily found how I had been bubbled. I immediately pull'd out my Watch, which was worth about 12 Guineas, and giving it to *Fracin*, told him I would come back to-morrow and relieve it by paying the Bill: I then flung out of the House in the utmost Fury, and what added to it, was, that I heard *Le Chesnay* and his Companions in a loud fit of Laughter at me from the Window: I went straight without taking any notice of this Insult, to the Street where I knew my two Friends lodg'd, but after a fruitless Search miss'd them both; this heightned my Vexation, and I resolv'd to seek them all over *Paris*: At last I spy'd them as it were going to the Play-House; As soon as they saw me they made up to me, and began to excuse their Rudeness in leaving me, with such trifling Pretences, that I was more incensed than before; I told them they were mistaken in imagining that I would tamely allow my self to be imposed upon, and that I requir'd instant Satisfaction from them both, one after another: After looking upon one another for some time, they said they were going to the Play, and had no thoughts of fighting at that time, but that if I would go along with them they would pay the Money I had expended upon their Accounts: I was no longer Master of my Passion: Villains, cry'd I, your Cowardice is equal to your Treachery; but

but I shall find a time to do my self Justice : Upon this I left them, and went to my Chamber, where I endeavour'd to get some Repose, being pretty much fatigued : I had not slept an Hour when my Valet brought me a Letter which, he said, he was charg'd to give me without loss of time, and it contain'd these Words.

S I R,

“ A man of real Courage will never attack another
 “ in the open Street, where they are sure to be parted ;
 “ but if you are in earnest to fight, you will be in
 “ the Chartreuse Garden at 8 o Clock next Morn-
 “ ing, where you shall be expected by,

Sir, Yours.

This Note was sign'd only by one of the Villains, and that too, by him who had spoke least when I met them going to the Play. I imputed his Silence to his having more Courage than the other, who had bullied so much, and went next Morning to the Place appointed, where I came a quarter of an Hour before 8, without dreaming of the Misfortune I was to meet with ; my Antagonist appear'd soon after, and having made some Passes at one another, I heard a Noise behind me, and soon perceiv'd I was attack'd by *Le Chefney* and the other Life-guard-man. I then easily understood how matters went, and summon'd all my Force, that I might sell my Life as dear as possible : Cowards, cries I, what 3 to one, but I shall not perish unreveng'd : In the mean time they continued to push very hard at me, and had thrown in some Passes which all my skill could not parry ; and I must have been infallibly kill'd, if Heav'n had not interposed. A Captain of Horse, two Lieutenants of the Guards, and an Officer of the Finances had been playing a Match at Mall : and in searching for a Bowl they had lost, happened to come where we were engag'd so unequally : The Villains upon their advancing run off and left me lying on the Ground, without so much Strength as serv'd me to hold my Sword. They immediately apply'd
 their

Handkerchiefs and Cravats to bind up my Wounds, and stop the Blood, which I lost in great Abundance; I had five Wounds in my Body, of which one went quite thro' it, and a sixth in my Arm: They carried me to the House of the Officer of the Finances, whose Name was Mr. *Olivier*, and who by good Fortune lived hard by: Surgeons were immediately called, who having consider'd my Wounds, judg'd them to be mortal, and that I had not two Hours to live: however they omitted nothing that their Skill could suggest, in case there was a possibility of my living longer, and I began to gather some Spirits, tho' the great quantity of Blood I had lost, made it very improbable that I could live any time: As soon as I came to my Senfes, I thank'd my generous Deliverers, and told them in as few Words as I could, who I was, and the Treachery of the Villains; I then called for a Priest to prepare me for Death, and take my Confession; while I was about this, *Monf. La Brie* the Captain I mention'd, remembred an old Gentleman who rode in his Troop, that had an admirable Secret for the Cure of Wounds. He went out immediately and brought this old Gentleman, but the Priest, who happened to be a Man of great Severity in his way, oppos'd my taking any farther Concern about Life, since I had just made my Peace with Heaven; my Friends oppos'd this Doctrine so warmly that the Priest at last consented the Cure should be apply'd, provided he was let into the Secret of what it was: The Gentleman after some Dispute told him the whole; but the Priest, disgusted at some Forms which he understood were necessary to be observ'd in the Operation, would not give his Consent till the Matter was laid before the Bishop of *Vence*, who was at that time in *Paris*, and chanc'd to be a particular Friend of my Father's; when this Prelate heard my Name, he not only consented, but came to *Monf. de Olivier's* House to see the Cure performed; which the Chevalier set about by the Assistance of no other Medicines but a little Oyl of Olives and White wine, and some Cere-

monies which he went through, rather, I suppose, to amuse the Spectators, and to impress the Patient with a stronger Apprehension of his Cure, (which in these Cases goes a great Length) than any Belief he had of their Efficacy: Be that as it will, after he had dress'd my Wounds for about a quarter of an Hour, he told me with the greatest Assurance that I might rely upon being as well in eight Days time as himself: He then called for Linnen to make Bandages and Compresses, and bound up my Wounds with as much Address as any Surgeon: I was so pain'd and fatigued during the Operation that I could not speak a Word; but by the Assistance of my Physician who attended me very regularly, in three Days, time I found my self so well, that I began to entertain some Hopes of Life. In short, within eight Days I was so well recover'd that I was able to return my generous Deliverers Thanks, particularly Mr. *Olivier*, in whose House I was, and Mr. *La Brie*, who had procured the Medicine to which I ow'd my Life. Then talk'd of leaving Mr. *Olivier's* House, lest I had been troublesome; but that Gentleman oppos'd this with such Affection and Warmth, that I consented to make use of his Friendship till I was perfectly cur'd: I then sent for my skilful Physician, to whom I gave 100 Crowns, with an Assurance that whenever I was Master of my own Fortune he should be put above Want: I remained for fifteen Days in Mr. *Olivier's* House, where I met with the most tender Treatment, and in that Time found my self able to walk abroad without any Danger.

Monf. *Godeau* the Bishop of *Vence* still continued to visit me. This illustrious Prelate was then in the highest Repute, both upon account of his great Probity and consummate Experience, which he gain'd by a long Converse with the Manners and Passions of Mankind; it was to him I was oblig'd for the first solid Principles of Religion, it was he who open'd my Eyes, and made me sensib'e of the false Delicacy in point of Honour, which the more fashionable part of

of Mankind affect: and by his Assistance it was that I began to look upon most of the Pursuits in which I had been hitherto engaged, either as downright Madnesses, or at best, trifling Amusements. The approach of Death, and the Exhortations of this good Bishop, rung a Peal to my Conscience, which awakened it to the most lively Remorse; while I was in Danger, he was continually reminding me of Eternity, and of the necessity of abandoning all Thoughts and Concerns which might obstruct my Reconciliation with Heaven; and when I began to recover, he open'd up the Duties of Christianity, and laid down Rules for the future Conduct of my Life, of which till that time I had no Notion: To soften the Severity of these Exercises, he made me enter a little into the Spirit of Poetry; and as he had a very fine Taste himself, and had composed several Pieces which shewed a true Genius, I soon acquir'd by his Instructions such a smattering, that before I was perfectly cur'd, I had wrote some Things that seemed not to displease him.

However, I must own to my Shame that these Dispositions were but instantaneous, and wore off with my Distemper; whenever I came into the World again, my former dissolute Inclinations recurr'd with greater Violence than ever, and my natural Bent to Pleasure soon effaced all my former Resolutions; I contracted an Intimacy with *Monf. La Broye*, who was a Man of Fortune and Pleasure: His Address and Manners were extremely polite, but he had a most unfortunate Byass to Gaming; in the beginning of our Acquaintance, I followed him entirely from Complaisance to the Gaming-houses, for at that time I had not the least Inclination for Gaming, but after I was a little habituated to this way of Life I began insensibly to contract a liking for it, and I thought every Day lost in which I did not venture something at Play; Basset was at that time the Mode, and for five or six Months I abandoned my self so excessively to it, that I was employ'd in nothing else,

but during that time, I neither gain'd nor lost any thing that was considerable; at last I was so fortunate that in a Week's time I won fifty thousand Franks. This good Fortune had an Effect upon me very uncommon; instead (as it usually does) of enticing me to dip deeper in Gaming, after I had gone home, I began to reflect upon the Situation of Mind I had been in during the time I was engag'd in Play, I called to Mind the Tumult of Passions, the Agitations of Hopes, Fears, Fury, and sometimes Despair, which a Man is subject to, while perhaps his Fate is depending upon a lucky Cast of the Dice, or the Chance of a single Card; I consider'd, that my Circumstances were now such as exempted me from the Influences of all these Passions, and that it would be the greatest Impotence of Mind to tempt Fortune any longer, but to make the best Use of the Kindness she had now shewn me; and to assume Dispositions more benevolent, to prosecute Enjoyments more rational, to court Pleasures less fatiguing, and a Satisfaction less precarious: by the help of a little Resolution and Practice I soon acquir'd all these Advantages, and instead of the Pursuits of Life I tasted the calm Content of Soul.

After having liv'd in this manner for some time, I experienced the truth of this Maxim, That a Variety of the Objects which engage our Passions is necessary, in order to prevent the Stream of Pleasure, in which the Life of a Man in my Circumstances at that time, must run, from stagnating, and palling upon his Taste. The tender Passions were the only ones I was yet unconscious of. It was some time before I could find an Object worthy of them: at last I met one at *Versailles*. I seldom fail'd to be at Court and see the King sup: One Night I observed an old Lady, who look'd so attentively on the King, that I could not forbear asking her if she had ever been there before. The Lady, in a very obliging manner, for Answer gave me the following Account of herself: That tho' she had always liv'd at *Paris*, yet she entertained so little of the Curiosity natural
to

to her Sex, that she never had once seen the King before that Time, and probably had not then, but that she had condescended to the pressing Solicitations of her Daughter, who came along with her, but since she came to *Versailles*, had fallen so ill of a Cholick, that she was oblig'd to be put to Bed, where she grew better, and in a little Time fell asleep; and I took that Opportunity (continued the old Lady) to divert my self by slipping out, and having committed the Care of my Daughter to a faithful Servant, I came here.

The agreeable Air which the Lady discover'd during our Conversation, engaged me to entertain her till she was going away; I offered to wait on her to the Inn where she lodg'd, she accepted of my Compliment, and when we came to the Door of the Inn she was for parting, but I insisted to know how her Daughter was: she consented, and I went up Stairs, where we found the young Lady sitting in an Undress by the Fire: She blam'd her Mother for introducing a Stranger to surprise her in her Dishabille, but if I was pleas'd with the Politeness and Civility of the Mother, I was charm'd with the Beauty and fine Air of the Daughter; I stay'd about half an Hour, during which time she engaged my Esteem by her Wit, as deeply as she had done my Heart by her Beauty: At last I took my Leave, and went away very well satisfy'd with my Adventure.

Next Morning about ten o' Clock I went back to the Inn, and enquir'd for the Ladies, but was surpriz'd to understand that the young one's Indisposition having increas'd after I left them the Night before, her Mother had carried her to *Paris* very early: The Uneasiness which this News gave me, was what made me first suspect my Concern about her proceeded from some other Motive than a bare Complaisance, and that my Heart was actually touch'd, but thought it was in so slight a Manner that I had no great Occasion to be alarmed, or to take any Precautions to oppose the infant Passion; however, I felt a strong Inclination to be at *Paris*, and I ac-

cordingly set out for that City next Day, that I might at any rate inform my self of the Name and Quality of a Person, who began to grow so dear to my Thoughts.

I rambled about *Paris* for fifteen Days in a fruitless Search ; at last happening to be at the Church of *St. Louis*, hearing the famous Father *Bourdalou* preach, I perceiv'd both Mother and Daughter standing within three Yards of me ; my Eyes and Attention were soon diverted from the Preacher, and employ'd upon another Object. The old Lady happening to turn her Eyes to the Place where I stood, I took that Opportunity to make her a profound Bow : I observ'd she knew me again, and entred into Discourse with her Daughter, who upon her Mother's speaking to her, had look'd pretty attentively upon me, and you may be sure I did not fail to salute her with profound Respect. After the Sermon was over, I rally'd them in the genteelest Manner I could, upon the hasty Retreat they made from *Versailles*, and assur'd them they should not escape me this Time so easily. As we were going out of the Church I offer'd my Hand to the old Lady, and help'd both her and her Daughter into their Coach, where without any farther Ceremony I took a Seat also ; After we had drove some Turns without the City for an Airing, we went to their House, which was in the Entry of the Street de *Fauxbourgeois* ; they gave me an Invitation to sup with them, which I accepted of with the greatest Pleasure. Their House was very genteely furnish'd, the Servants decently dress'd, and in good Liveries, and our Entertainment, if not splendid, was elegant, and in a good Taste : I understood from the old Lady during Supper, that she had been married to one *Moni. Coleman*, who had been Treasurer of the *Marine*, and had been dead for several Years ; that he had left her very rich, and that the young Lady I saw, was their only Child, and that ever since her Husband's Death, she had been employ'd intirely in her Education, and had been so intent upon it, that she was not personally known even to her nearest Neigh-

Neighbours : However, she spoke several Times of some Persons of considerable Quality, who I understood were both her Relations and Acquaintance, and of others with whom she even liv'd familiarly. Upon this Discovery I could not do less than inform her of my Name and Family, and the Business that had brought me to *Paris*. When I came to talk of the Adventure that had been the Occasion of my being acquainted with her and her Daughter I spoke of it with a Transport, and in such a manner as might convince them of the Sincerity of my Esteem and Friendship : Thus, the Evening past with a Satisfaction, which, by their Behaviour, I had reason to think was reciprocal. I observed, whenever I cast my Eyes on Mademoiselle *Coleman*, a certain Softness in her Look, which intirely depriv'd me of any small remains of Liberty I yet possess'd. It was very late when I parted with my charming Company, and I had a great way to walk from their House to my Lodgings : The Police at that time was very ill regulated at *Paris*, and few Days past without bringing Accounts of some barbarous Murther in the Streets : Struck with this Reflection I drew my Sword, and walk'd along with it naked in my Hand, prepar'd for all Events. After I had walk'd thus for some time, I perceiv'd three Women, as I thought them, sitting upon the Steps of a Portico ; who when they observ'd me, kept a profound Silence. Seeing they were Women, I advanc'd pretty briskly to them, when one of them, in an angry Tone, asked me what I wanted. I answered, Nothing ; but that finding them in that Situation at such a time of Night, I could not forbear to offer them my Service. One of them, whom I knew by his Voice to be a Man, desir'd me to be gone : Piqu'd at the manner in which he spoke, I answer'd, it was a pretty odd way for a Lady to treat a Gentleman, who had no other View than to do her Service : If you be a Gentleman (says another with a softer Voice) I beg you as such to tell us who you are : I am a Musqueteer, Madam, answer'd I. If you are a Musqueteer, answers the same Person, then you

are

are probably a Man of Honour, and as such I conjure you to give me some Assistance. I was much touch'd by these last Words, they were spoke in so moving a manner: I then heard the same Voice which I took for a Man's, say softly to her, What! are you mad, Madam, to trust yourself in the Hands of a Stranger? Take Courage, we are got more than half of the Way: I cannot advance a Step further, answers the Lady, I am so spent with Fatigue ——— What shall I do! ——— If Monsieur the Musqueteer is a Gentleman, he will never take advantage of my Distress. My Honour was at that time pretty Romantic, and I made no Scruple to assure her that I wou'd stand by her to the last Drop of my Blood, and that she might command all that was in my Power. She then told me, the only thing she begg'd at that time, was, that I wou'd convey her to a Place where she might be safe and retir'd, and that she did not doubt soon to convince me, that my Pains were not bestow'd upon one who was undeserving of, or ungrateful for them: I answer'd that I cou'd think of no Place so convenient for the purpose she wanted, as my own Lodgings; that I had two Chambers and a Closet, which were tollerably well furnish'd; besides a Room for my Valet and Footman, who were lodg'd over Head: And that the Situation of the House was extremely proper for her Circumstances. The Lady willing embrac'd my offer, and took hold of my Arm to help her along, and supported her self on the other Side by the aid of her two Attendants. We came Home without any Misfortune: But you may judge of my Surprize when looking on the two Attendants, I saw one of them was a Cordelier: He observ'd my Surprize, and begg'd I wou'd not be alarm'd. Whenever Mademoiselle, said he, recovers Strength enough to go thro' with it, you shall be inform'd of the whole History. I order'd immediatly some Wine, and whatever I had in my Lodgings most proper to Recruit her Spirits, to be brought her, and we sat all down together

together before a large Fire. I observ'd the Distrest Lady, notwithstanding her Paleness, had a very blooming Complexion, and a set of very regular Features.

The Concern which appear'd painted in her Eyes, did not hinder them from discovering a good deal of Vivacity, mixt with a Languishing Softness that was vastly agreeable: I spar'd no Assurances and Protestations to let her know she was perfectly safe, and that I wou'd do all in my Power to serve her; I caus'd them to make ready the Bed which was in the Closet, for her use, as it was the most remov'd from Noise, and begg'd she wou'd take some Repose. I wou'd wrong you (answers she) shou'd I suffer you to continue in Ignorance, that you not only have sav'd my own Life, but that of an Innocent who is not yet come into the World; and who, together with my self, was to have been the Victim of a barbarous Fury. Allow me for this Night to conceal my Name, and be content to know that I am a Daughter of one of the most considerable Families in *Paris*, and that I have a Lover, who if he is unfaithful, deserves a thousand Deaths, but if Innocent, the Grief which my Misfortunes must occasion to him, can never be sufficiently regretted. My Weakness made me consent to give him the last Proof of my Love, and I have now in my Womb the Fruits of our mutual Passion. My two Brothers in whose Power I have been ever since my Father's Death, jealous of whatever concern'd the Honour of our Family, perceiv'd the Misfortune which I in vain endeavour'd to conceal, and fir'd with Anger, form'd the Design of a cruel and unhuman Revenge: That good Man continued she pointing to the Cordelier, will tell the rest; as for me I will accept of the Freedom you allow me and retire: When she had said this, she rose, and making a very graceful Curtesy, went into the Closet attended by the other Woman, who prov'd to be her Chamber-maid. When she was gone, I begg'd the Cordelier to tell me the

Particular

Particulars, of a History, which appear'd so affecting. And he begun by telling me that he thought that Night shou'd have been the last he had to live. That he had never been in so great Fear, and that he never had so great Reason: That he was a Cordelier in a great Convent, that it had been his Employment long to direct the Consciences of People; who flock'd in great Numbers to him in order to confess which had made his Name famous over all *Paris*. After I rose this Night (continued he) to go to Mattins, the Porter of the Convent told me that there was one waiting for me at the Gate in a Coach, to carry me in all haste to Confess the Duke *de Brisac*, who was suddenly seiz'd with an Apoplectick Fit. I put on my Cloaths without the least Distrust, and went to the Gate. As I had a general Order to go out or in upon these Occasions, I had no need to acquaint the Father Guardian; I went into the Coach, and we drove on at a great Rate: Tho' it was almost Dark, I could easily perceive we went a great Way farther than the *Hotel de Brisac*, and that we were got into the Suburbs of *St. Germain*; but as I had not the least Suspicion, I imagin'd the Duke might have fallen ill at some other House than his own: At last, after several long turnings and windings, the Coach stopt at a great Gate, which opening, four or five Men in Masks came up to me, one of them with a Handkerchief in his Hand, and having seiz'd me gently, begg'd I wou'd suffer my self to be blindfolded before I left the Coach; upon my showing Reluctance at this Proceeding, I was told I had nothing to fear, that Resistance was all in Vain, since some Circumstances made it absolutely necessary, that I shou'd submit to what they requir'd; upon this I allow'd my self to be blinded, but not without the greatest Dread upon my Spirits for the Event: When I came out of the Coach I was led up and down for a good Time, my Conductors still telling me I had nothing to fear. At last they unbound my Eyes, and I found my self in the middle of

of a large well-furnish'd Hall: One of the Men then came up to me, and desir'd me to slep into a Room adjoining that in which we were, where I wou'd find two Women, whom I must immmedlatly confess, and that afterwards I should be conducted back to my Convent without the least Harm: I accordingly went into the Room they shew'd me, where I found the two Women we have here, bath'd in Tears, and with all the Signs of the deepest Affliction: Whenever they saw me they threw themselves at my Feet, begging I wou'd pity them, and at least grant them their Lives. I answer'd them, that I wish'd it were in my Power, but that I had receiv'd Orders to Confess them, which was all I knew of the Matter! What, replies the young Lady, do the Barbarians speak of Confessing our selves? Ah! *Mariamne*, turning to her Chamber-maid, my cruel Brothers are resolv'd to put us both to Death. Upon this they began their Lamentations a-new with the most pitiful Outcries: The Men in Masks hearing the Noise return'd, and far from being touch'd, these Wretches insulted upon the Grief of their Sister. Have done with this Bustle (cries one of them) you ought now to think of nothing but making your Peace with Heaven, since you have not above a Quarter of an Hour to live: Upon these Words he look'd on his Watch, and they both went out of the Room, swearing they wou'd return to put their Threatning in Execution, within a Quarter of an Hour: I own their Behaviour touch'd me so much, that far from exhorting my Penitents to prepare for Death, I ask'd them softly if there was no means of Escaping. We are alone, says I, pray where do these Windows look into; by bad luck they look'd into the Garden: However, I learnt that the Garden border'd with the Street, and from this Circumstance conceiv'd some hopes of escaping, from that cursed House: In short we went down into the Garden without making the least Noise, having had the Precaution to barricade the Door of
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the Chamber in case of a Surprize ; tho' it was needless : When we got into the Garden the Chambermaid caused me to observe a moving Stair, that the Gardeners use in pruning and ordering their Trees, which stood against the Wall ; I mounted this without loss of Time, and gave my Hand to the two Women, who follow'd me with an admirable Resolution. When we were got upon the top of the Wall, the difficulty lay in getting to the Street ; but Danger made us bold, and I slid down to the Ground without any Hurt, and receiv'd both the Women, one after another, in my Arms. We walk'd as hard as we cou'd, and were just taking some Rest when you came up to us : My Design was to carry the Ladies to one of my Friend's Houses near our Convent ; but I am glad that she has fallen into the Hands of a Man who has so much Honour as you seem to possess.

This Relation gave me a real Affliction ; I perswaded the Cordelier to throw himself above my Valet de Chambre's Bed ; and I went to my own, where I reflected on the Circumstances of so uncommon a History, till I fell asleep : After I awaked, I began to reflect seriously what the Event of such an Adventure might be. I thought it was pretty comical that a young Fellow, of my Age and Profession, should give Protection to a Cordelier and two Women at the same Time, within my own Roof. I began to consider them as forming a Community, of which I look'd upon my self as the Head ; I rose with these Reflections, and when I understood that the young Lady was to be seen, I entred her Room with such a respectful Behaviour, that she was confirm'd in her good Opinion of my Conduct. I renew'd all my Offers of Service in her Behalf, and was answer'd by a most grateful Acknowledgment of the Obligations she lay under to me, begging I would call the Father Cordelier, who came immediately : And after thanking him for the Danger he underwent on her Account, and the Trouble he had been at, she conjur'd

jur'd him to let her Adventure remain an inviolable Secret within his own Breast; which the good Priest promised her, by a formal Oath, he would do; and went directly to his Convent, being afraid his long Absence from it might make his Adventure look suspicious: I continued in my own Lodgings with the Lady, who after telling me her Name, Sir, said she, it is an uncommon Proof of the good Opinion I entertain of your Virtue and Discretion, that I intirely trust myself in your Hands in the Situation I am in at present; tho' your Behaviour hitherto has been such that I don't suspect I shall have the least grounds to repent of my Confidence; but as you have so successfully begun, I hope you will not stop till you have generously finish'd my Deliverance: The Ignorance my Lover is in of my Misfortunes, is what at present gives me the greatest Uneasiness; Alas! if his Heart is not chang'd, what will not his Grief be when he is inform'd of my Misery, and what I suffer upon his Account? he is Captain in the Regiment of N_____ and has been in Garrison these two Months past by Order of the Court. I conjure you to fall upon some Expedient to let him know my State, and engage him in my Deliverance, by flying to my Aid, and affording me at least some Consolation by his Presence. I answer'd, that a Lady of so much Merit as she possess'd, cou'd not fail to fix on a Lover who was worthy of her Esteem, and wou'd answer her Tenderness: And that I did not doubt, but upon the first Knowledge of her Condition, he would fly to her Relief. That in order to avoid any Miscarriage of a Letter to him, I wou'd send off my own Valet with the ordinary Post, who shou'd deliver him a Letter from her own Hand. Nay, if she thought there was any Occasion for it, I wou'd willingly do her that Piece of Service myself. She return'd me a great many Thanks, and having wrote a Letter of four Pages gave it to my Valet, who went off as soon as the Horses were ready. While she was writing, I had leisure to make some serious Reflections on her whole Ad-
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venture,

venture, and particularly on this Step; as I had a sincere and disinterested Desire to do her all the Service that lay in my Power, I began to consider, that if her Lover was of any Delicacy in matters of that Nature, he possibly wou'd not be too well pleas'd to find her lodg'd with, and in the Power of a Musqueteer: I made no Scruple to impart my Thoughts to the Lady, who seem'd very well pleas'd with my Sentiments, and we agreed, that she shou'd be lodg'd in a Chamber in the same House, but separated from my Apartment. I went and propos'd the Affair to the Landlord, who let us have a Room very convenient for our Purpose: I return'd to the Lady, and made her an Offer of my Purse, which she made some Difficulty to accept of, although she stood in need of all the Necessaries of Life. She told me that as she expected soon to see her Lover, she wou'd be supply'd with Money from him. I did not press any farther, but when I was going away, I left a Purse of 100 Louisd'ors on her Table, which at that time amounted to about 2000 Franks: And order'd her Chambermaid at the same time to buy what she stood in need of.

Whatever Diversion this new Adventure gave my growing Passion, it was not of force enough to efface from my Heart the Image of the Beautiful Mademoiselle Coleman. The first moment I cou'd get rid of my new Acquaintance, I went to see her, and resolv'd to delay no longer to lay before her the Situation of my Heart, where she reign'd absolute Mistress: As she had been educated in a kind of Solitude and Retirement from the ordinary Modes of the World, I thought it wou'd be needless for me to stand upon the Regularity of my Attacks, and the Niceties of Punctilio, which Prudes make a Trade of, and Coquets have reduc'd into a kind of Science. I knew that Nature had no share in these sort of Addresses, and that they were intirely useles in my Approaches to a young Person, who was taught to judge of things as they really were, and who follow'd the Dictates
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of solid Virtue : I went up to her Chamber with as much Familiarity as if I had been long acquainted with her, and found that by good fortune, her Mother was not yet up : I laid hold of this Opportunity, to tell her amiable Daughter, all that a sincere Passion and a true Esteem cou'd inspire. I cou'd observe her blush and seem uneasy at my first Address, but my Love furnish'd me with Language so moving, that she soon lost her Reserve, and melted into all the Softness of her Sex. Monsieur says she, when I had done with my Discourse, I wish that what you say may proceed from the Heart. At this Instant her Mother came into the Room, and prevented any farther Satisfaction which I promis'd my self, from so agreeable a Beginning : She came for her Daughter that they might go to Mass together ; I attended them there, and return'd to her House, where we din'd all together, and I tasted all the Pleasures which commonly attend a growing Passion. You shall see, continues the Count *de Rosambert* why I enter into so minute a Detail of all these Circumstances.

After I parted from my charming Company, I went home, where I found the young Lady had remov'd to her new Apartment. I conceal her Name out of respect to her Quality ; I begg'd the Favour that she wou'd allow me to sup with her, and I own I found her so soft in her Manner, and so delicate in her Turn of Wit, that I had Occasion for all the Honour I was Master of, to keep my self from making certain Declarations : Our Discourse insensibly fell upon the unhappy Consequences of our most darling Passions. She told me, she had foreseen all that had attended hers, but that she was ruled by so irresistible a Byass, that she gave them loose Reins ; that all her Comfort was, that she had trusted her Honour with a Man, who had so much himself, that she cou'd not suffer too much to deserve him ; but that she was assur'd she had not above 3 or 4 Months to live, and that she waited for her Fate with an entire Resignation. I

was struck with these Words, and ask'd her, why she spoke of her Death as a thing so certain. Because, answers she, I am sure I cannot survive my Delivery, my Nature has an invincible Abhorrence at that fatal and shameful Circumstance, which attends our Sex: I never can reflect upon it without the utmost Detestation, and a Horror, which gives me Pains worse than those of Death: Besides, I am of so delicate a Constitution, that I cou'd not survive it upon that Score: I have laid my Account with losing my Life in a short time, I made a Sacrifice of it to my Lover, when I gave him all I had to give. I know I am capable of entertaining no Passion but in Extremes; and never were Misfortunes so little a Surprize, or more willingly born than mine. Upon this I took the Liberty to hint, that I wonder'd she had not endeavour'd to check the Progress of a Passion, which she foresaw wou'd be attended with so terrible Effects. I can easily conceive (continues I,) that a Heart, such as you describe your own to be, once it is touch'd with the least Spark of Love, is apt to catch the Flame; but I am surpriz'd you did not take Precautions, to fortify all the Avenues by which any Tenderness might enter: I have always believ'd that tho' Persons of your Sex are aptest to plunge into the most inconvenient Consequences of Love, when once it was admitted, yet that it was in your Power to render your selves inaccessible to the Passion it self. She answer'd me in these Terms: If you have always believ'd so, you are mistaken; I judge of other Women by my self. The very first Emotions of our Souls are all Tenderness, and we are born with a Softness which is still encreas'd by the Education we receive from our Parents. If a Woman, as you say, continues all her Life-time to be unaccessible to Tenderness, she must fortify all the Weaknesses of her Nature with Pride; which cannot be done without a continual Struggle with her Inclination. For one who succeeds, how many thousand fail in so painful an Opposition!

sition ! The daily Observations I have made, confirm me in these Thoughts. As I hinted before, we receive from Nature a Softness, which degenerates into Weakness ; from our Education, Diversions, and Notions from Reading and Conversation, which improve into Folly. Thus when I was but 12 Years of Age, I form'd an Idea of Perfection in a Lover, who cou'd make me happy : This Fantom haunted me Night and Day, and gave me Sensations in Imagination, little short of those I afterwards felt in actual Enjoyment. In short I made it a Standard of Perfection in my own Thoughts, and examin'd every Man I convers'd with, by approving or disapproving of him, as he more or less approach'd that Darling of my Romantick Fancy : When I met with the Man whom Fate had design'd for my Lover, I felt Emotions which gave a Prefage of my future Passion ; I thought I saw in his Person the very Lover that for 5 or 6 Years had been so dear to my Thoughts : His Protestations of Love, and his Conversation, daily confirm'd me in this Belief, till in a short time the Idea and the Man were one and the same thing : The Vanity I had in seeing him at my Feet, made him buy his Conquest pretty dear ; but that once over, I abandon'd my Heart to the Impression of the most violent Passion that ever Lover felt : Yet, dear as he is, I cou'd tear him from my Soul, had I the least Proof that he is capable to betray me.

This Conversation took up a considerable Time, and I endeavour'd to comfort her with the near Prospect of seeing her Lover, and of the Satisfaction that must ensue from such an Interview : And indeed, I cou'd not imagine that there cou'd be a Man in the World so compleat a Monster, as to abandon a Woman who had suffer'd so much for him : I cou'd have almost answer'd with my Life for his Constancy, and waited with Impatience for his Arrival, promising my self as much Pleasure from his Friendship, as she did from his Love. During all this time I

constantly sup'd with her, and took Care to observe the strictest Decorum, and as she now grew very big, consulted every thing that might best suit with her Character and Conveniency: But never fail'd to pay a Visit to Mademoiselle Coleman every Day. Within a Week's time I saw my Valet alight at the Gate, but was a good deal surpriz'd to find that he was alone; I ask'd him if the Gentleman was along with him, and when he wou'd arrive. He answer'd me only with a Shake of his Head, which made me guess at some Part of the unhappy Truth: He took a Letter out of his Pocket, which I immediately carried to Mademoiselle ———, who no sooner broke it up, and had read the first two Lines, but she fell in a Swoon motionless at my Feet: Her Fall was so violent, that I fear'd the Consequence might prove fatal to one in her Condition. However, I run to her so very quickly, that I prevented her continuing any time in the Swoon; but when she recover'd her Senses, it was only to a State worse than Death it self. In spite of the Weakness of her Condition at that time, she rose, and with a surprizing Force and Agility catch'd hold of my Sword, and before I could prevent her, drew it out of the Scabbard, and had infallibly plung'd it into her Bosom, if I had not wrench'd it out of her Hand; I had occasion for all my Strength for this Purpose, and had great Difficulty to oblige her to sit down in an easy Chair, still holding her Hands fast, lest she shou'd attempt any farther Violence. In this Posture I held her for upwards of half a Quarter of an Hour, without speaking one Word: After that the Tears begun to gush from her Eyes, and she begg'd me with a very softned Voice that I wou'd quit her Hands, promising to make no further Attempts upon her Life: I conjur'd her to let me know the Occasion of such a Transport, and blam'd her for her Distrust of me. Sir, says she, I do not design to conceal the least Circumstance of my wretched Condition from your Knowledge.

Knowledge. In one Word, my Lover is perjur'd, and never did the Sun behold so base, so black a Villain; but Heaven which owes me that Justice will surely punish him. In the first Transport of my Rage I own I wou'd have kill'd my self, but your kind Cares prevented me from committing that most inexpressible of Crimes. The Sight of your naked Sword, upon the return of my Reason, having awak'd me to a just Sense of the Guilt, my natural Timidity recurred, and I shudder'd with the Thoughts of its being buried in my Bowels: This produc'd a Train of Reflections, and never did I crowd so many Thoughts into so short a Time: In fine, you see me not only resolv'd to live, but to renounce Love, Hatred, and, if it be possible, even the World itself: And as this is the only Method that is left me, I beg you wou'd assist me in my Design, and thus generously save my Life a third Time: I have an Aunt in the Abbey of *Port Royal*; I don't doubt but by her Means I shall be receiv'd into that Abbey: As I us'd to be very dear to her, I will go there, and confess to her all my Weaknesses, I will let her into all my Misfortunes, and beg her Advice and Assistance how to retrieve them; and I hope Heaven, who doubtless inspires me with this Resolution, will remove all my Difficulties in the Execution of it. What do you think of it? continues she, looking attentively in my Face. I answer'd I cou'd not sufficiently approve of her Design, or admire her Dispositions; but, Mademoiselle, continues I, will it not be better if you cou'd get rid of your Burthen, which may otherwise be some Obstacle to your being admitted into a Convent? Right, answers she, and it is upon that Point that I want your Advice; we must consult together upon the Means that will be most proper to dispose my Aunt to receive my first Visit, for my Brothers have without doubt, given her very bad Impressions of my Conduct. But in the mean time, I beg you wou'd allow me the Liberty of taking some Repose, after
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the Fatigue which the Agitations I have suffer'd have given me.

Who wou'd not after such a Behaviour have thought as I did, that the young Lady had given over all her desperate Resolutions, and that she was sincere in her Protestations? I thought it impossible that a Woman, whose Passions had such a Command over her, cou'd carry her Diffimulation so far: I left her, having recommended her to the Care of her Chambermaid, to all appearance very compos'd. After she had gone to Bed she order'd her Maid to retire, and that no Noise shou'd be made in the House, because she wanted to sleep: I had gone by this time into my Closet, and was reading, when the Landlady came in with the Chambermaid, both as pale as Ashes: Ah! Sir, cried they, some Misfortune has happen'd to Mademoiselle. As we were sitting below in the Room, where she lodges, we perceiv'd some Drops of Blood fall from the Cieling, we went up Stairs, and knock'd at the Door, but got no Answer: Upon this I run to the Room, and after knocking pretty rudely in vain, broke it open: When we entered we were struck with the most terrible Sight in the World, the poor young Lady was lying extended on the Bed without Life or Motion, and the Blood run in Streams from the Bed-cloaths along the Floor, from the Wound that she made in her Breast, with the Knife, with which she us'd to cut her Meat: I pull'd the Knife hastily out of the Wound, and upon the two Women making terrible Out-cries, told them that the Noise they made, might prove fatal both to them and me; and ordered them to fetch Water to wash up the Blood: In the mean time, I cast my Eyes upon a folded Paper which lay upon the Table, and finding it was address'd to myself, open'd it, and read these Words:

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“ **T**HE only Regret I find for leaving the
 “ World, is, that I have abus’d your gene-
 “ rous Confidence: But I found that I cou’d no
 “ otherwise execute the Design that I had unalterably
 “ resolv’d on, which was to die. The blind
 “ Friendship you always entertain’d for me, a
 “ Wretch! hinder’d you from perceiving that Death
 “ was the only Means to deliver me from the
 “ terrible Situation in which I found my self: I
 “ have pierc’d my self as near the Heart as I cou’d,
 “ that if it were possible the innocent Infant may
 “ be sav’d. Adieu!

This Letter fill’d me with Pity, Admiration and
 Horrour; I was so struck that I did not know how
 to behave, but the Danger was pressing, and the
 Time short. I immediatly sent for a Surgeon in the
 Neighbourhood, ordering the Servant to desire him
 to bring along with him all the Instruments necessary
 for a dangerous Operation. When he came I made
 him swear an inviolable Secrecy, before I allow’d
 him to come into the Room, and then told him the
 whole History, and he began the Operation in my
 Presence; it was very happily perform’d, and the
 Child had just so much Life as to let us know our
 Precautions were not usefess; it liv’d for half an
 Hour. I order’d both the Bodies to be carried to the
 Churchyard of *St. Nicholas*, we got them over the
 Wall by the help of a Ladder, and had them buried
 in the same Grave.

This fatal Adventure made terrible Impressions on
 me, and I was tempted to renounce all Commerce
 with Women: I began this Resolution with changing
 my Lodgings, which I remov’d to the *Fauxbourg de*
St. Germain. For the first eight Days, I kept my
 self entirely shut up in my Apartment, employ’d in
 reflecting on the Tragical Event, which I had been

a Witness of: But my Fate destin'd me to Variety of Adventures, which I was yet to encounter.

I began to be acquainted with the Marquis de *Servigny*, Son to the famous Marquis of that Name. He was about my Age, and we entred into a strict unre-served Intimacy, our Inclinations and Diversions had very near the same Tendency, and we made an Appointment for a Party of Pleasure the very Day after that in which we were acquainted. He brought along with him *Monf. Racine*, who at that time had gained a great Reputation by his Dramatick Writings, and *Monf. Cogan*, who pass'd for a very fine Wit. *Monfieur Racine* was to be admitted a Member of the *French Academy* within 2 Days, and read over the Harangue he was to make at his Admittance. We criticis'd several Passages in it, and he had the Complaisance to approve of our Judgments, by altering them: The Marquis de *Servigny's* Wit was of a very fine and agreeable Turn, he had a Politeness of Manners, and a Delicacy in his Raillery, which charm'd every Body, and gave a Grace to his most indifferent Expressions. He was passionately fond of an Actress, who drain'd his Purse by running him into extravagant Expences. He propos'd after Supper, when it was about Midnight, that we should pay a Visit all together to his Mistress; accordingly we went, and found her just alighted from her Coach, which she kept by the Liberality of the Marquis. In Spite of the Obligations she lay under to the Marquis, she appeared much dissatisfied that he had surpriz'd her with a Visit from three Strangers, at that time of Night. The Girl's mad (replies the Marquis) dont you know I bring along with me a Man who has more than once made you a Princess; a Musqueteer who pays down his 15 Sols for the Pit very regularly; and an Abbé, who acts almost as well as your self? Come, *Monf. Abbé*, suppose this the Stage, Mademoiselle acted an *Iphigenia* Yesterday, and you act an Ecclesiastick every Day, and both pretty much upon the same Terms: Pray each of you give us a Cast
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of your Craft. This humorous Speech made us laugh, and brought the Actress into a better Temper: The Abbé consented to be dress'd in a lac'd Coat, and long Wig, and went thro' the Part of *Titus* along with her, she acting the Part of *Berenice*. The poor Abbé who had never repeated any thing, except perhaps a wretched Sermon, mouthed the Part of *Titus* in a very ridiculous Manner, which gave us great Diversion all the remaining Part of the Night; at last we parted, promising to Monsr. *Racine*, that we would be present next Day at his Reception into the Academy. We were as good as our Words. The Hall was crowded by the great numbers of Persons of the first Quality, whom the Fame of the Candidate had assembled: *Racine* made a fine Figure, his Person was handsome, and his Delivery graceful. After his Discourse was over, he could scarce answer all the Compliments which were made him on that Occasion, every one striving who should first give him Joy of his new Dignity. I whispered in his Ear, that I expected he would sup along with us: He promised he would, and I invited Messieurs *Boileau* and *Moliere*; the first of whom I was personally acquainted with, but employ'd the Marquis de *Sevigny* to invite the other. He brought along with him Monsieur the Chevalier de *Mere*, and the Abbé *Genert*, so that we were the most agreeable Company in the World. *Boileau* told us of a very diverting Encounter he had with *Mocolieri*, the *Venetian Envoy* whom he had met the Day before at *Versailles*: This last reproached him for treating the famous *Tasso*, the finest Wit of *Italy*, as little better than a Rhymster: Monsr. *Boileau* at first talk'd of the Matter in a joking Manner, but the Envoy told him very seriously, that the Gentlemen of the Academy *del Crusca*, at *Florence*, had a mind to have admitted him into their Body, but after examining into the Affair, they thought it would dishonour the Nation, to bestow such a Mark of Respect upon one who treated their finest Writer so disrespectfully. *Boileau*, piqued at this Discourse, answered

answered very tartly, That if he had treated *Tasso*, whom the Gentlemen *del Crusca* owned for the finest Genius of their Nation in such a Manner, he left his Excellency to judge what an Opinion he must have of themselves, who were so much inferiour to *Tasso*: And concluded with telling him, That it was very indifferent to him what Opinion the Gentlemen of the Academy entertain'd of either his Person or Writings. *Mocolieri* upon this took Fire, and called *Boileau* a little proud Poet, and *Boileau* answered that he was a little proud *Italian*, 'till some Persons of Distinction, who were present, were obliged to interpose, and put an end to the Quarrel. We applauded *Boileau's* Conduct, and our Discourse insensibly fell upon the Inundation of bad Poets, who had over-run *Paris* at that Time: We even did not spare *Pradon*, *Boursault*, and *Perault*; and the Chevalier *de Mere* told us very gravely, that he thought it was not enough, that there was a publick Licenser of Books before they were allow'd to be printed; but that there ought likewise to be a Censor, who shou'd judge of the Capacity of the Authors before they were allow'd to write.

This Project was approv'd of, as one that wou'd be of great Service to the Republick of Letters; and *Moliere* was employ'd to draw up a Memorial to be presented to the Chancellor for this Effect. In this agreeable Raillery we spent the Night, and next Day Monsieur *Racine*, with whom I was now pretty intimate, propos'd that he and I shou'd walk to the Abbey of *Port Royal de Champs*, where he had a very near Relation and several Friends. As he observ'd in me a natural Desire of being inform'd, he took a Pleasure to instruct me in all the Divisions in the *Gallican Church*, and I own his Discourses had such an Effect upon me, that when I left him, I was half a *Jansenist*. Mother *Agnes*, who was the Relation whom I mention'd of Monsieur *Racine's*, labour'd very hard for my intire Conversion: Her Conversation had a very sprightly Turn, and her Wit was of the solid Kind, without any Mixture

of the flashy. She begg'd that I wou'd come from time to time and see her : And some Months after, when I fell under a Misfortune which oblig'd me to disappear, I chose that Abby for the Place of my Retreat.

When I return'd to *Paris*, I receiv'd a Letter without a Name ; which by its Contents I found came from *Mademoiselle Coleman* ; it was fill'd with reproaches that I had been much a Stranger to their House, and had given her so much trouble to find out my Lodgings : Whatever Resolutions I put on as to Woman-kind, the Remembrance of this deserving Creature quitte effac'd them, and reviv'd in my Mind all the former Ideas of her Charms ; besides I reflected that it look'd very impolite to break off all Correspondence with her so suddenly, and that I must certainly condemn my own Conduct if I did. The Sentiments of her Heart were painted on her Face in the Joy she show'd at receiving me, nor did her Mother fall short of her Kindness, and I had the Weakness to relapse into all the Love I had formerly entertain'd ; but as I was not born to be happy, all the Satisfaction arising from this was but of short Duration : I visited *Mademoiselle Coleman* for two Months with a great deal of Assiduity ; and every Day had new Proofs of her Wisdom and Discretion, and the Pleasure of seeing my Love repaid by its Object. In the mean time, I was all of a sudden seiz'd with the most terrible and fatal of all Passions, I mean that of Jealousy : A young Abbe, whose Name was *Levin*, found means to introduce himself into *Madam Coleman's* Family. I every Day saw more and more into his Designs ; his frequent Visits, his tender Looks, and a Thousand other Circumstances left me no Room to doubt that I had a Rival in him. I look'd upon it as an Affront that a Man who I imagin'd was so far beneath me, durst have any

Pretensions where I had bestow'd my Heart : In the mean time I thought it was beneath me to suspect that he shou'd meet with any Encouragement from *Mademoiselle Coleman* : But my Jealousy at last got the better of my Pride, and one Day I drew the Abbè aside, and ask'd how he came to have the Presumption to visit with any such Views in the same Place with me, assuring him at the same time that if ever I found him at *Madam Coleman's* again, I wou'd cane him. The Colour mounted into his Face, and he answer'd that if he had a Sword I durst not talk to him in such a Manner : Upon this I own that my Passion got so much the better of my Reason, that I actually gave him several Blows with a Cane I had in my Hand, and he went away without speaking a Word, which I imputed to his Fear. I thus pass'd some Months in all the calm Satisfactions of Love ; *Mademoiselle Coleman* was grown now so dear to my Thoughts, that I resolv'd to marry her ; but it was necessary to consult my Father on this Head, and I did not doubt of obtaining his Consent, since Riches commonly make amends for the Inequality of Birth. Some Days before that on which I had resolved to make the Proposal, my Servant came and told me that a Gentleman whom he did not know, wanted to speak to me : I was not dress'd, but desired the Servant to show the Gentleman up, who was no sooner entred than I recollected his Face, and discerned under the Habit of a Man of the Town, the very Abbe whom I had affronted some Months before : Sir, says he, in a resolute Tone, if you know me, you can be at no Loss to know what brings me here ; I have quitted the Church on purpose to have Satisfaction of you, and desire you would chuse your Time, Place, and Weapons. This Behaviour seem'd brave and generous : Sir, answer'd I, there is all the Reason in the World you should be satisfied ; nothing but Blood can wash out such an Insult to a Man of Honour : and I think this very Moment the properest Time for

for deciding our Difference; as for Arms, if you please, we shall use our Swords, and I leave the Choice of the Place to your self. We then agreed to part, and meet by different Ways on the Banks of the *Seine*, hard by the *Grenouilliré*: We came upon the Spot almost both at the same Instant, and fought about a Quarter of an Hour without either of us receiving any Advantage over the other. At last I was wounded slightly in the Leg; but after a Pass or two more I run my Adversary thro' the Body, and he fell, crying he was kill'd. I believed he really was so, and was just going to throw his Body into the River; but finding he was yet breathing, common Humanity oblig'd me to see what could be done for his Recovery, I run towards the Houses which were hard by, and meeting with some People, begg'd they would come and assist a dying Person; and immediately retir'd for fear I should be known, but my Enemy at his Death had not the Generosity to conceal my Name, and before Night it was reported all over *Paris*, that I had fought a Duel, and kill'd my Man. Upon this my Friends advis'd me to make the best of my Way out of *Paris*, which I did, putting on the Habit of a Peasant, and without letting any one into the Secret, went to the *Abbey de Port Royal*, where I was very kindly receiv'd. *Monf. Arnould* was still there, I told him of my Misfortune, and he reprimanded me severely for the unchristian Action I had committed; he cited a great many Passages from the Scriptures and Fathers to prove the Unlawfulness of Murder. I grant you the Unlawfulness of Murder, answer'd I, but not of taking a just Satisfaction for an Affront; this is what the Laws of Honour allows, and what no Man in the Circumstances I was then in could get over: Say rather the Laws of Christianity (replies *Monf. Arnould*) the Laws of Honour are meer Chimera's if not founded on them; by your own Confession you gave the first Affront, and the true Law of Honour consisted in your asking Pardon

for your Offence. If you imagin'd that the World would think the worse of your Courage for this Submission, you might have undeceiv'd it, by serving against the Enemies of your Country; there alone true Courage is shewn, and the shedding of Blood lawful; the World, unjust as it is in that Point, will never reflect upon an Officer who puts up with a private Quarrel, while he behaves bravely in the Publick, which is undertaken to defend his Country and his King. Cowardice is easily distinguish'd from that just Reserve a Man ought to entertain, when guided by the Dictates of Religion and Wisdom. Should such a Man, having given undeniable Proofs of Courage in the Field, refuse a Challenge, would he be reflected upon as a Coward? No! In short, the only brave Man is the honest Man, and the good Christian. I own, that should a Rake and a Debauchee refuse to draw his Sword in a private Quarrel, he may justly be suspected for a Coward and a Scoundrel, because the Man, who violates the Laws of Society and Humanity in a Company, can never be suppos'd to act up to those of Duty and Loyalty in the Field. In short, the Ties of Christianity and Honour, when rightly consider'd, are the same.

Such were the Maxims of the Gentlemen of the *Port Royal*, where I continued for upwards of two Months; being frequently in Company with *Monf. Arnauld*, and some other Ecclesiasticks, who were look'd upon as the Oracles of *Janfenism*, and led very exemplary and regular Lives, so that I was neither without Instruction nor Company.

During this Time my Friends were employing all their Interest to procure my Pardon. Had my Uncle the Bishop of *Marjeilles* been then in *France*, they had succeeded better, for he had a great deal of the King's Ear; but he was in *Poland*, Ambassador in favour of *John Sobieski* the Crown General, who was at that time a Candidate for that Throne. I had however Friends who had a good deal of Interest, and who

at last perswaded the King that my Affair was only an accidental Rencounter, that I had been attack'd returning from Hunting, and had kill'd my Adversary in my own Defence. As the Subject of our Quarrel was iutirely a Secret, this Excuse was admitted ; I had Liberty to return to *Paris*, and at last obtain'd a formal Pardon.



BOOK



B O O K III.

THE Count *de Rosambert* proceeded in the Account of the remaining Passages of his Life, of the famous Duel, in which he again had the Misfortune to kill his Enemy, his Exile, his Wandrings, his Adventures in Foreign Countries, particularly in *Germany*, where he serv'd under the Emperor. He gave me a Description of the Siege of *Vienna*, where he was in Person, the Taking of *Buda*, and the Defeat of the *Ottoman* Army: In short, he gave me a Detail of all the other Circumstances of his Life to that Day, which I shall not insist upon at present, because they may be found in his Memoirs which have been publish'd since his Death. I shall only observe that the King, who was inexorable on the Head of Duels, would never pardon him: The greatest Length he could be brought, was an Assurance to his Uncle the Bishop *de Beauvais*, afterwards Cardinal *Janson*, that if his Nephew continued peaceably in *France*, under a borrow'd Name, there should no Search be made after him to bring him to Justice. The Count ended his Relation with telling me that he design'd to serve in the Army in *Italy*, and that he hoped the King would grant him a Commission; which afterwards he obtain'd in those foreign Troops in the *French* Pay, who went to serve under *Monf. Catinat*. It was some Months before he left *Paris*, and we enjoy'd our selves as usual in visiting only such, whose Reputation for Learning and Piety had render'd famous, and whose Conversation tended both to amend our Lives, and inform our Judgments. We often
visited

visited Father *Bouhours*; he was a Jesuit in the College of *Louis le Grand*, and entertain'd us with that Politeness so peculiar to himself. I should here be unjust to his Memory did I not mention that all the times I was in his Company I remarked a certain Turn of Piety, which run through his Discourse, and always charmed me to listen without Satiety. One Day as I was in his Library, and turning over some Books, he asked me for what kind of Reading I had the greatest Taste: I answer'd it was for Books of Morality, where the Human Passions are describ'd, their Conduct regulated, the Beauties of Virtue explain'd, and the Advantages of a regular Life set forth; in short, for a Book whose Subject was recommending the real Happiness of Mankind. I am charm'd, replies the good Man, that you have so true a Relish: It is a sign, my Son, that your Heart is bent upon Virtue, and that you have attained a title beyond all the Distinctions that human Greatness can bestow, which is that of an honest Man. This Character here, is the greatest Step to that of being a Saint hereafter. I replied laughing, Your Opinion of me is too flattering, I know my self better; all the Notions I have of Virtue and Wisdom are merely in Speculation; whenever I come to apply them to Practice, I find unsurmountable Difficulties. I am not a bit surpriz'd at that, answer'd he; at the Age that you are of, Nature will always have a Struggle with Principles; too often she is successful, and baffles all the Efforts of Reason and Religion; but whatever Conquests she may boast over these two great Rules of Human Conduct, she will never be able intirely to efface the Impressions they have made upon a Heart, such as I read yours to be. For instance, (continues he) I shall desire you, from the Knowledge I already have of your Character, to be ever able to enjoy yourself with Satisfaction amidst Riot and Disorder, your Heart will regret the Loss of Virtue, and Conscience throw a Damp upon

upon your Spirits, even in the Commission of the most sensual Crimes.

I gain'd a very agreeable Acquaintance by means of the Count *de Rosambert*, I mean *Monf. Racine*, I never saw a Man whose Genius had so fine a Turn, and whose Manners were so polite. I learned from himself that the most affecting Touches of Nature in his Works, were owing to the reciprocal Tenderness betwixt him and his Spouse; and that when he would express a Sentiment, which he wanted should be felt, or work up an Interview more than ordinarily interesting, the nearer he copied the enchanting manner of that charming Spouse, and the Softness which sprung in his own Heart, during these endearing Moments, the better he succeeded. He read us some Passages of the History of *Louis the 14th.* and tho' we could not refuse to do Justice to the Beauty of his Style, the Praises of that great Monarch were so intermixt with the Relation, that we concluded, that After-ages would rather read it as a Panegyrick than a History.

After the Count *de Rosambert* had got his Commission, and was gone to the Army in *Piedmont*, I felt a sensible Regret for his Absence, and had certainly followed his Example had I been at Liberty, but I was oblig'd to wait for the Expiration of the Year of my Father's Novitiate, that so I might put my Affairs in some Order; after that I design'd to attend my Friend, and learn under him the first Rudiments of War, but Providence had dispos'd otherwise, a long Train of Adventures separated us for many Years, as will be seen by the Sequel of these Memoirs.

I understood by the Father Prior of the *Chartreux*, with whom I had, ever since our Acquaintance, kept a secret Correspondence, that the Time of my Father's taking the Habit approach'd. I went into the Country that I might assist at this mournful Ceremony, and us'd all my Interest to have an Interview with him before he took that irrevocable Step, having still some faint

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Hopes, to dissuade him ; but he was determin'd, and let me know, that all my Intercession was in vain, and that it would only give both him and me a needless Trouble, if I should see him till the Day after his Profession ; so I was oblig'd to desist. I went however to assist at this melancholy Solemnity. Curiosity had brought together a great Multitude of Persons of all Ranks, who crowded the Church : I could not forbear shedding Tears, when I saw a Father, who was so dear to me, advance with his Visage pale, and his Body already emaciated with a Course of Penitence ; But, good Heav'n ! what Pangs did I not feel when I heard him pronounce the fatal Formula ? They were so violent, that I was oblig'd to leave the Church by a back Entry. My Father was the only Person there that appear'd with Indifference ; You might have seen in his Looks a noble Contempt of the World, and the Composure of his Behaviour was such, as made him both look'd upon, and talk'd of with Admiration.

The Day after that one,

Quem &c.

Semper honoratum, sic Dii voluistis, habebo,

he consented to see me by myself : I threw myself at his Knees, which I kept long graspt in my Hands ; At last, he rais'd me up with a smiling Countenance, and plac'd me in a Seat near himself. The Prior would have us all to dine together, and during Dinner all our Discourse run upon the Pleasures of Solitude, the Advantages of a Religious Life, and the Contempt of the World. The Father Prior, who was a truly pious well meaning Man, was very liberal in his Instances of several great Persons, who like my Father had preferr'd the Service of Heaven to all the temporary Advantages upon Earth : This naturally led us into talk about St. Bruno ; and I told the Prior, that my Belief was very much shock'd in the three Apparitions to that holy Man. The Prior answer'd that he had met with several People who doubted these Facts, but that he thought the
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Reasons for believing them were much more cogent than the contrary; that the Reformation of the Manners, and Change of Heart, in so profligate a Man, manifested the Power of God, as much as an Apparition from the Dead can be suppos'd to do; and that it would be a great Blow to human Credibility in general, if no Facts were admitted for Truths, but such as we could account for, and that God may have Reasons unknown to us for permitting the most extraordinary Events. Upon this he told us the following Story, which he said he had heard only a few Days before:

In a Village of this very Province (says he) there was a Widow Lady in very good Circumstances, but was pretty much advanc'd in Years; she had only one Son, on whose Account she had refused all Offers of a second Marriage, and to whom she had given a most regular pious Education. As soon as he had attained a certain Age, she plac'd him with an Attorney, that he might acquire as much Knowledge of the Law, as might serve him to manage his own private Affairs. One Day his Master gave him some Papers, which he told him were of the utmost Consequence, desiring he would take Care of them, not having Time to look them up himself. The young Man, for the greater Security, put them in a Place where he could not find them again: Some time after, the Master ask'd him for the Papers, but after a long and a fruitless Search they could not be found; The Attorney flew into a Rage, cry'd he was ruin'd, threatned the young Man with the utmost Severity of Law, and at last actually threw him into Prison, designing to pursue him for his Life as a Felon, being join'd in the Prosecution by some Persons, who were considerable Sufferers by the Loss of the Papers. The Mother hearing of her Son's Misfortune was inconsolable; she pray'd to Heaven, and invoc'd all the Saints, but in vain. The Son protested he was innocent, and only culpable in forgetting the Place where he had laid the Pa-

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Papers ; but as Justice is deaf to all Considerations of Intention, he was in a Day or two to have got his Sentence. As the afflicted Mother was going to solicit the Judge in favour of her Son, she met with a well drest Man, who ask'd her where she was going, and why she wept so immoderately. Having told him the Occasion of her Tears, If that is all the Subject of your Grief (says the Unknown) I can easily redress you : Upon this he caus'd her to return home, whither he attended her, and wrote a Letter, which he deliver'd to her, desiring she would give it to the Judge, who, he said, was his particular Friend, and would deny nothing he should ask of him. The Lady went immediately to the Judge, whom she found all alone in his Closet, and as soon as ever she came in she presented the Letter. The Judge had no sooner read a Line or two of the Letter, than he fell in a Swoon, which alarm'd the Lady to that Degree that she call'd out ; The Servants ran immediately up Stairs, and finding their Master in that Condition, would have treated her very ill, as if she had been the Cause of it ; but the Judge, in the mean time, recovering, order'd them to desist. She is by no means guilty (cries he) but I have met with one of the most surprizing Occurrences that ever happen'd : This very Letter you see in my Hand is wrote by my Father, who has been dead these ten Years ; I am too well acquainted with his Writing, to be impos'd upon ; he tells me that I was upon the Brink of committing a most horrible Murder, without my knowing it to be so : He says, that this Lady's Son is innocent, and for a Proof that he is so, desires me to search such a Place in the Room, where he had laid the Papers, and where they will still be found : If they are there, as I don't doubt but they are, we must acknowledge the immediate Interposition of God, who has sav'd me from committing a most detestable Crime. They went directly, and searched the Place, mark'd out by the Letter,

Letter, where they found the Papers lodg'd; upon which, the young Man was acquitted with Honour.

The Prior told us this History with an Air which shew'd he was perfectly perswaded of its Truth; I did not dispute it, and we pass the remaining part of my visit very agreeably; my Father gave me several Instructions for the future Conduct of my Life; allow'd me to visit him from Time to Time, and about eight o' Clock I took my Leave.

The Countess, who was the 2d Wife of the Count my Grandfather, had ever since her Husband's Death dwelt in the Castle. Altho' the Property of it was devolved upon me, yet as I was very willing to live in Friendship with her, I was so far from hinting to her that she ought to chuse another Habitation, that I in a manner boarded with her, shewing the greatest Tenderneſs both for her and her two Sons, and she, on the other hand, was extremely civil and complaisant to me. During the first two or three Weeks of my staying there, I was intirely taken up in regulating my Affairs, and putting in Order the Papers which belong'd to the Estate, except sometimes that I went to see my Father, or the Chevalier, my Grandfather; and when the Hurry of Business was over, I employ'd some Hours of the Afternoon in Hunting: While I was in this Course of Life, I pass my Time very happily; but when I began to take the Management of my Estate into my own Hands, and look'd a little narrowly into the Accounts of the Family, and the Affairs of my Tenants, *La Brie* came one Morning and told me, that Madam my Mother in Law was preparing to leave the Castle, with her Children, in order to go and live with her Father, who possess'd a small Estate near mine; I was surpriz'd with this News, but was conscious I had given her no Provocation by my Behaviour for her to take such a Step; however, I comforted myself with reflecting, that as I had done nothing to deserve such a Treatment, the World would throw all the Blame of our Separation upon her; I seem'd as if

if I had been entirely ignorant of the Affair, and alter'd nothing of my former Behaviour to her. The Evening before she was to set out, she came to my Chamber with her two Sons; and there thank'd me for all the Kindnesses I had shewn her and her Children; but hop'd that I wou'd excuse her if she left my House, her Father being very earnest that she shou'd come and live with him; that the Respect she ow'd him as a Parent oblig'd her to comply with his Request, which she design'd to do next Day. That in parting with me she shou'd never be the less grateful for the Favours I had shown her, nor less willing to serve me. I answer'd her, that I was very much surpriz'd at the sudden Resolution she had taken to leave the Castle, where while she stay'd she shou'd always be Mistress. That I sometimes saw Monsieur her Father, who cou'd bear me Witness that I had never fail'd in the Respect I ow'd her. As for what related to the Succession to my Grandfather's Estate, she need be under no Apprehensions upon that Account; since I wou'd grant her all that she cou'd ask. After this I embrac'd my two Uncles, especially the Chevalier, who was a most lovely Boy. Then I took my leave of the Countess, and that was the last Time I ever saw her; her Visit was short, for she pretended she had a great many Things to put in order, being to set out early the next Morning; which accordingly she did, before I got out of Bed. I went the next Day and told this Passage to my Grandfather, who was as little concern'd on that Head as myself; but about three a Clock in the Afternoon having done with Dinner, I observ'd *Scoti* galloping towards us upon one of my Horses. I was well acquainted with his Discretion, and concluded that it must be something more than ordinary that occasioned his Haste. He came up Stairs with a very frightned Air, and told us that there had some People come to the Castle after I left it, demanding to see me; that he took them immediately to be

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Officers

Officers of Justice, and that after having waited some time with Impatience, they produc'd an Order of the Council of — by virtue of which they clapt Seals to all the Doors and Windows in the Castle, except those of my own Apartment; that all my Servants were in a Consternation how to behave, but that he had prevailed with them not to make any Resistance, till such Time as he had acquainted me, and got my Orders. Upon this I advis'd with my Grandfather about the properest Measures that were to be taken: He was of Opinion that we ought to be assur'd of the Fact by our own Eyes, so we went directly to the Castle; the Officers understanding I was arriv'd, came to me and presented me with a Paper, intimating the Contents of it by word of Mouth; it was an Order from the Council of — importing that within eight Days I should leave the House of the Count *de* —, where I had no Right to remain, and that I shou'd appear after the eight Days were expir'd, before their Court, to give an Account of my Intromission, with the Papers and Rents of the Estate since my Grandfather's Death. Surpriz'd with such a Summons, I begg'd the Officer who seem'd to have the greatest Authority, to let me know upon what Grounds the Council of — proceeded in this Case. He told me that my Grandfather's Wife having given in an Information, that I was born out of the Kingdom, from a Marriage which was made contrary to the Laws of *France*, she had obtain'd the two Arrets that they now intimated to me, by one of which I was declar'd incapable to succeed to my Grandfather's Estate, and by the other I was declar'd illegitimate, and discharg'd to use the Name or Title of the Family, and that I must take the best Measures I cou'd for my Defence.

The Chevalier my Grandfather was of Opinion that Resistance in that Case was useless, and that I had nothing to do but to submit; I call'd the Officers and told them I wou'd consider of the Affair
they

they came about, and desir'd they wou'd retire; but there were two of them who let me understand that they had Orders to remain on the Spot. In the Perplexity I was in, I submitted to this Hardship, and shut myself up with my Grandfather in my Room, to consult what was to be done; but as we were ignorant of the Chicane of the Law, and the Forms of their Proceedings, we resolv'd to apply to some of the most famous Advocates in —; They gave us very dark Consultations, they all unanimously agreed that my Father's Marriage was contrary to the Laws, and that he had committed an irreparable Oversight, in not procuring Letters of Legitimation for his Children, after he was return'd from *France*; that the Laws were very positive upon that Head, and that in short my Case was desperate. I wrote to *Paris*, and had the same Answer from some of the most celebrated Lawyers there. But that I might not accuse myself of not having done all the Justice to my Right I cou'd, I put my Cause in the Hands of a famous Advocate there, who assur'd me of his utmost Zeal; and then I retir'd into the Country to live with my Grandfather, and expect the Issue of an Affair, on which I had so much depending. By good Fortune I had deposited in his Hands about 50,000 Crowns, before I set out for *Paris*. This Sum I had got from my Father, being Part of the Stock he had gain'd while he trad-ed at N——; and was all that remain'd to me of the great Fortune which I believed my self Possessor of. In the mean Time the Countess was so active that in four or five Months Time she obtained an Arret, by which her Children were declar'd the sole Heirs to the Estate of the Count—— my Grandfather, and my Pretensions were set aside; all the Favour I had, was an Annuity of 2000 Crowns, and Liberty to carry the Title of the Marquess de —— which till that Time I still bore. The Heirs of my first Grandmother put in their Claim next,

as representing her, which they pretended they did, since I was declar'd illegitimate, and they strip'd me of the Reversion I had by my Annuity. Thus by a sudden Turn I saw myself, from being one of the richest Men in that Province, reduc'd to the Prospect of Misery.

I must here observe that this Stroke of Fortune, which wou'd have born so hard upon another of my Age, made very little Impression upon me. My Mother's Death, and the tragical End of my Sister, the Retreat of my Father, and my Conversations with the Count *de Rosambert*, inspir'd me with a kind of Insensibility to Misfortunes, and gave me such a disgust of Life, that every Thing that happen'd in it was indifferent to me. It was not so with my Grandfather the Chevalier, who laid my Misfortunes so much to Heart, that they, join'd to his great Age, brought him in a short Time to the Grave. There was nothing left now for me in the World, that could engage my Attachment to it, and I was almost ready to follow the Example of my Father, in retiring from it. I consider'd, that in the Situation in which I was, I must lead a very harass'd and unsettled Life; and my Honour forbad me to continue in the Province, or even in the Kingdom, where I had met with so signal a Reverse of Fortune.

—The Adventures of the Count *de Rosambert* brought to my Memory all the Scenes of Life, in which a Man is obliged to act, who is banish'd from his Country, and disgusted me very much at that Way of Life; I concluded then, that after I had lost all my Friends and my Estate, I ought to sacrifice my Liberty, (which was almost the only Thing I had remaining) to Heav'n. Life (thought I) is so short, its Enjoyments so false and fleeting, and the Opportunities of doing good so few, that this is the only Method I ought to take; besides, the Prospect I have for the future Part of my Life, is so cloudy,
that

that what can I propose but an uninterrupted Chain of Vexation and Disappointment? Then I'll hesitate no more, but resolve to dedicate the remaining Part of my Days to a Service, where the Satisfactions are unallay'd, and the Reward certain; let me make a Merit of this Choice, while it is Choice, and not wait till it becomes involuntary, as it must do if I am not soon determin'd. Twenty or thirty Years hence, it will be the only Course left me to appease the Anger of Heaven; which will undoubtedly be rais'd by my Pursuits in a long Tract of Sins. While I was thus wavering, the Prince *de Tour Taxis* pass'd by — which is a little Village, about 3 Leagues from the Place where I then was. He had heard of my Misfortune, and perhaps had got too favourable an Idea of my Person from what had been represented to him; however he had the Generosity to interest himself in my Misfortunes, and sent his Gentleman to offer me his Services. 'Tis true he pretended to be a Relation of our Family, and pleaded a kind of Merit in the Alliance: I waited on him myself to return him Thanks, and had a very civil Reception; he condol'd with me upon my Fortune, and us'd all the Arguments he was Master of to engage me in the Service of *Spain*, promising me all his Interest for my Advancement. His Reasons were so plausible, that I began to hesitate if I shou'd take his Advice or not; at last I consented to follow him to *Brussels*, reserving however the Liberty to determine myself after I was there. He offer'd to stay till I was in Readiness to go, if it did not require a long Time for that Purpose. I only sought a Day, which I employ'd in bidding adieu to my Father, and putting in order what I may call the Shipwreck of my Fortune. I converted what I had yet remaining into Bills of Exchange, and distributed to some of the Domesticks that were then with me, all the Moveables I had about me, which were not proper to carry along

with myself. I gave *de Brie* the greatest Share, as due to his long and faithful Services, being now too old to follow my Fortunes; but when I was going off without him, he made a Lamentation which pierc'd me to the Heart.

I set out with the Prince *de Tour*, attended only by *Scoti*, and we arriv'd without any Accident at *Brussells*; I soon contracted an Acquaintance with several of the *Spanish* Officers there, who offer'd me their Interests and Services, and what gave me a greater Advantage was, that I had a Relation of my own Name in a considerable military Employment under the King of *Spain*. But after mature Deliberation, I concluded that I cou'd not, with any Decency, carry Arms against my natural Sovereign. I call'd to Mind the Delicacy of the Count *de Rosambert* on that Head, who when the Emperor had declar'd War against *France* quitted his Service, and I resolv'd to imitate him in this Respect. There was at that Time great Talk of a considerable Armament, which the Prince of *Orange* was making in *Holland*, in order to invade *England*; and tho' that Prince was very reserv'd, and cautious of declaring his Intentions, there was Nobody who doubted but that he would take Advantage of the Dissatisfaction, which at that Time reign'd in the Kingdom, and endeavour to place the Crown upon his own Head. He was invited over by the general Voice of the People, and a considerable Body of the Nobility, whom King *James* had disoblig'd; his House was continually fill'd with *English* Malecontents, who not only persuaded him of the Probability of Success, and the little Difficulty he wou'd meet with, but furnish'd him with Money to forward his Preparations. I shall not enter into a Detail of that famous Expedition, in which I was in Person; only I shall mention some particular Circumstances, which may serve to give the Reader an Idea of the personal Characters of these two Princes, King *James* and King *William*.

I arriv'd at the *Hague* in the Month of *April* 1688, furnish'd with Recommendations from Persons of the greatest Distinction in *Brussels*; and by their Means I easily had access to the Prince of *Orange*, to whom I offer'd my Services: He receiv'd me in a cold but civil Manner, he promis'd to remember me in the first Promotion of Officers; and within 8 Days was as good as his Word. He order'd me to be call'd into his Bed-room from his Antichamber, where I was walking with an *English* Gentleman. I have got a very good Character (said he) both of yourself and your Family, and if you will enter into my Service, you may have a Lieutenancy of my Guards, which is now to dispose of, till I shall have an Opportunity to do something farther for you.

I thank'd him for the Honour he conferr'd upon me, assuring him of all due Return of Gratitude; and the Day after I took my post in his Guards. My Zeal and Affiduity made me soon to be distinguish'd by the Prince among the Numbers that daily courted his Favours, as if they had already foreseen the happy Success of his Expedition. About 15 Days before he was to embark for *England*, he commanded me to set out for that Kingdom, with about 15,000 Copies of a Manifesto, which he had order'd to be printed at the *Hague*. I was charg'd to send them to such and such Towns, directed under Cover to some of the greatest Men in the Nation, who undertook to disperse them among the Populace, upon the first News of the Prince's Embarkation. This Manifesto contain'd an Account of the Motives of his entering *England* at the Head of an Army, with Protections of his Affection and Esteem for the Nation, and the earnest Desire he had to deliver them from the Hardships under which they groan'd. He declar'd he wou'd protect none who oppos'd the Establishment either of Church or State upon the legal Footing; that all his Design was to restore the

the publick Tranquillity, and assist such as had the Good of their Country really at Heart. I acquitted myself very happily of this Commission, and repaired afterwards to the Sea-coasts of *England*, to wait for the Arrival of the Prince of *Orange*; I did not exactly know where he wou'd land, that Part of the Scheme not having been concerted before I left *Holland*; but I soon learn'd, that his Fleet having been put back by contrary Winds, he had at last landed at *Torbay*, and *Lime* in *Dorsetshire*, where I went to join him. The Manifesto, which was dispers'd all over the Kingdom, had a surprising Effect; and the *Dutch* Army, which at landing consisted only of 13 or 14,000 Men, was soon encreas'd by the sudden Desertion of the best Part of King *James's* Army. My Lord *Churchill*, so famous afterwards by the Name of the Duke of *Marlbrough*, Prince *George* of *Denmark*, the Duke of *Ormond*, and a great many other Lords of the first Quality came to the Prince of *Orange's* Camp, and informed him that the King his Father in Law had advanc'd as far as *Salisbury* to give him Battle; but that intimidated by the Desertion of his Troops, and the Dissatisfaction which reign'd amongst the few that remain'd, he had returned to *London*. The next Day Commissioners arriv'd from the King, with Powers to treat of an Accommodation; but the Prince told them he cou'd not determine any Thing, till he got to *London*: This doubtful dark Answer threw the King into the utmost Consternation, and made him resolve to retire to *France*. But meeting with contrary Winds and a rough Sea, he was put back to *Feversham*; from whence an Express was immediately dispatch'd to the Prince of *Orange*, to know his Pleasure. The Prince call'd a Cabinet Council, to consult upon the properest Measures he should take in so delicate a Juncture; and after it was over, he sent Orders to those who had the Custody of the King at *Feversham*, to conduct him to *London*,
and

and treat him with all the Respect due to his Dignity; and at the same Time sent off several other Expresses to different Quarters. At Evening he call'd General *Warnef*, who was a *Hollander*, and had a great Share of the Prince's Favour, into his Closet; where he talk'd with him about a Quarter of an Hour, and then call'd me by my Name to come in likewise: I was in the Antichamber, and after we had shut the Closet Door, the Prince order'd both of us to sit down. The King (says he) is come back to *London*, after endeavouring in vain to escape to *France*: They who prevented his Escape have been very ignorant of my real Interest, and the greatest Service that could have been done me, had been to have allow'd him to retire. My Design is at present to get him to go to *Rochester* where I will have him guarded, but so loosely, that he may meet with no Obstacle to his Escape, which I know he will again attempt: For that purpose I have pitched upon you two, as the best affected to my Service. He is to be attended by such of his Guards as are most faithful to him, and they shall be of his own chusing; but the greatest Number of them shall take their Orders from me. When he tampers with his own Guards for his Escape, do you take no notice of it but allow him to be gone, till you think he is fairly embark'd and then you may make a very strict Search, as if you wou'd be ruin'd for allowing him to escape, and persue him to the Sea Side. You will easily comprehend (continues the Prince) what my Design in this is; It is the only Means to restore Tranquillity to *Britain*, and Peace to *Europe*, and Time must determine the rest. In the mean time I commit the most important Concern I have to your Management, and you need not doubt, upon the faithful Execution of your Duty, to find me grateful.

As we were coming out of the Closet, we met my Lord ———, who taking us apart, told us; I am
very

very well appriz'd of what the Prince has given you in Commission, as I am in the Secret, and can put you upon a Method of doing him a yet more agreeable Piece of Service. You are to watch narrowly the Time of the King's Escape, and pursue him before he reaches the Sea-side, and when you overtake him, if any of his Guards offer the least Resistance, dispatch every Man there, without even sparing the Royal Person. But my Lord (answers I) we had no such Orders from the Prince. Don't you know (replies he) that these Sort of Commissions are understood at half a Word? I thought my Lord ——— did not speak so, without having receiv'd secret Orders from the Prince for so doing, and promis'd to serve the Prince as far as I cou'd, with his and my own Honour. But I have understood since that far from approving of his Treachery, the Prince had disgrac'd him, upon his making a Merit of the villainous Commission he had given us. We set out next Day for *London*, with a Party of the Prince's Guards, where we found the King, whom we told with a great deal of Respect, that the Prince of *Orange* hop'd his Majesty wou'd retire for some Time to *Rochester*, and that we might have the Honour to attend him. The King answer'd that he must make a Virtue of Necessity, and that he was ready to set out whenever we had a Mind. We left *London* on *November 25*, and the Prince made his entry into it the next Day.

Rochester is an agreeable Town about 30 Miles from *London*, on the Side of the *Med-way* over which there is a Bridge. The King took up his Quarters at † Sir *Richard Head's*, in the High Street and we kept Guard at the Door as at *St James's*. He went seldom out, knowing very well he had but the Appearance of Liberty. For some Days after he came to *Rochester* he was very lonely, no Body venturing

† Now in possession of Alderman wharam; the Apartments of the King and chief Officers of State are to this day marked with their respective Names

venturing to visit him; but in a little Time, when it was known that none were debarr'd that Privilege, his Chamber was crowded with some of the most faithful of his Subjects, who flock'd to offer him their Services, some in publick, and others in private. It was on one of these Days I first had the Honour to talk to the King: That poor Prince had all the cruel Agitations of his Soul painted on his Countenance; he often repeated these Words to me, "You will see that this will end in something that is fatal. The *English* are innocent, I own they have some Reason, and my Zeal for my Religion has made me take some very provoking Steps, and commit several considerable Faults. But for you *French*, what can be your Motives to be my Enemies? I am not hated in *France* too." No, Sir, answers I, your Majesty is not, and for my own Share, there is no *Frenchman* has a truer Esteem for, and greater Dispositions to do your Majesty Service: But when a Man's Fortune is not in his own Hands, he is oftentimes oblig'd to follow Measures, which are contrary to his own Inclinations. Great Kings are not the only Persons that are subject to Misfortunes. He was curious after this to know my Reasons for following the Prince of *Orange* into *England*, and what Post I held under him; I satisfied him in as few Words as I cou'd, and he seem'd very attentive, and even touch'd with my Relation. I own that when I reflected upon the Misfortunes of this poor Prince, I was startled at the Commission with which I was charg'd; to be accessory, not only to the Deposing but to the Murther of a King, was so shocking that I cou'd not endure the Thoughts of it. But on the other hand it was base to betray a Prince, who had honour'd me with his Confidence. Besides it was as much as my Life was worth not to execute his Orders. I was a Stranger in *England*, had no Place of Safety where I might fly to, and all the Sea Ports were strictly watch'd by the Prince's

Prince's Orders, and if I remain'd in *England*, I must inevitably be ruin'd. While I was in these Perplexities, General *Warnef* came from Time to Time advising me that the King was contriving his Escape, and desir'd my Opinion how we ought to behave, in order not to miss our Aim. It was with great Uneasiness that I heard him, and I endeavour'd all I cou'd to put it out of his Head, answering him that I had been as watchful over the King's Motions, but that I cou'd discover Nothing that look'd like a Flight. *Warnef* was a brave Soldier, but devoted to the Prince of *Orange* almost to Enthusiasm. My Lord — had pitch'd upon us two as fittest for the Design we were about, because being Strangers, we cou'd not be suppos'd to have any Attachment to the King's Person; but he was deceiv'd, for I wrote these Words upon a Piece of Paper.

Fly, great Monarch, as speedily as you can; your Guard is but slight, and there will be no Difficulty in your making your Escape; if you are pursued, take care to make no Resistance, if you do, you must perish.

I plac'd this Billet upon the Table, in the King's Oratory, where he went always twice a Day, and where I was sure he wou'd find it, and then I retir'd with as much Expedition as I cou'd. I was afraid lest it shou'd give him too much Uneasiness, which might alarm *Warnef*; but the next Time I saw him, I observ'd him narrowly, and found he was perfectly Master of his Features, altho' one cou'd perceive he was a little troubled. About Evening I inform'd *Warnef*, that a Courier had arriv'd for me, to come and speak with the Prince of *Orange*, but that probably I wou'd return next Morning early. I took Post-horses for *London*, thro' which I pass'd without being known, having taken the Precaution to prepare what I should answer to the Prince of *Orange*, in case I had been oblig'd to see him. I made directly for *Southampton*, where I knew a Part of the Fleet which brought over the
Prince

Prince still lay, I was so expeditious that I reach'd *Southampton* that very Night. I told the Officer that I was going to *Holland* upon Affairs of the last Importance by Order of the Prince; and that I must be furnish'd with the best sailing Ship in the Fleet, with as much Expedition as possible, as they shou'd answer it to the Prince. I was personally acquainted with several of them, and not one of them suspected me; the Vessel was got ready by Midnight, and we landed in 18 Hours at the *Brill*. I forgot to mention that I left *Scoti* at *Rocheſter*, the better to impose upon *Warneſ*, and order'd him to come as soon as he cou'd to *Collogn*; from whence I would write to him when I arrived. I left the *Brill*, and paſſ'd through *Utrecht* and *Nimeguen*, which I was curious to see before I left *Holland*; Having seen *Amſterdam*, *Leyden*, *Roterdam*, and many other Cities of that fine Country, during the Time I was there before. I reach'd *Collogn* on *Chriſtmas* Day 1688. This City was then in Poſſeſſion of Prince *Clement* of *Bavaria*, and the Rejoicings for his Succeſſion were ſtill laſting when I arriv'd, as I perceiv'd by the Bonfires and Maſquerades I ſaw when I enter'd the City. I took up my Lodging at the Poſt-houſe, where it was eaſieſt for *Scoti* to find me. I expected him for three Weeks, and began to deſpair of his coming, when one Day I ſaw him enter my Room. The poor Fellow, who had a much more elevated Way of Thinking, than People of his Rank are uſ'd to have, and who look'd upon me in ſome ſenſe as his Pupil, expreſs'd great Joy upon ſeeing me again. I aſk'd him how he got out of *England*; he told me that my Flight was not diſcover'd till four Days after I was gone, and that *Warneſ* as ſoon as he knew of it clapp'd him up in Priſon, that he might diſcover where I was; but that not being able to underſtand any thing by him, he was ſet at Liberty. That King *James* in the Night-time had eſcap'd from *Rocheſter*, and was purſued by *Warneſ*, but had reach'd the Shore by Favour of his Guide; that

the Parliament had come to a Resolution to make an Offer of the Crown to the Prince of *Orange*, and that the Nation was in perfect Tranquillity. I stay'd some Days at *Collogn*, in order to give *Scoti* some Time to rest himself. And I understood from several *German* Officers, who were there making Recruits, that the Diet of *Ratisbon* had declar'd *France* and Cardinal *Furstenburgh* Enemies to the Empire; and that in all Appearance the War wou'd soon break out betwixt the two Crowns. This News gave me some Pain; I design'd to enter into the Emperor's Service against the *Turks*, and was afraid that he wou'd be so warmly push'd by *France*, that he wou'd clap up a Peace with the Infidels, which wou'd quite disconcert my Measures, for I was resolv'd never to carry Arms against *France*; but some Days after I read in the News-papers, that Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* was sent to the *Danube* to command against the *Turks*. I then made all the haste I cou'd to reach *Vienna*, before the Campaign open'd, in Hopes to get some Commission. I found that City in the utmost Hurry, about these warlike Preparations; the Emperor *Leopold* being resolv'd that Year to attack vigorously the *Turks*, that so he might force them to a Peace, and be left at Leisure to carry on War against *France*, which he was resolv'd to break with.

My first Difficulty was to find a Patron, that is, some General Officer, who wou'd accept of my Services. I endeavour'd for this Purpose to make some Acquaintance at Court; my Equipage and Dress were tolerably fine, my Stature tall, and the long fair Hair which I had, gave me great Advantages, as to my Person; but these Considerations avail but little at a Court, where a Man has the Misfortune to be unacquainted. I understood that the properest Way to introduce myself, was by Gaming; and accordingly took care every Night to be at the Countess *de Caprara*'s House, where the gaming Assemblies were held. I neither won nor lost much here,
except

except that I gain'd the Friendship of the Count *de Vieneratz*, who was a Member of the Imperial Council, and gave me great Demonstrations of his Affection. I won a thousand Crowns of him in ready Money, and 2000 Franks upon his Parole; as he was going away, he desired me to step along with him into his Coach, and he wou'd carry me to his Palace, where he wou'd pay me; I answer'd that the 2000 Franks was a Trifle, which I did not mind after the Play was over, but that I wou'd do myself the Honour to see him Home. He did not believe I was serious, till we came to his Palace, where he was surpriz'd to hear me bid him good Night; he desired me to take the Debt he ow'd me; I answer'd that I never minded any Debts that were owing by Play: And (reply'd he) I never forget to pay them; and I beg that you will not only go along with me, to receive your Money, but do me the Favour to sup with me. I shou'd have been both rude and imprudent, had I refus'd his Civilities in the Situation I was. I went in with the Count, and the first Thing he did, was to force me to accept of the 2000 Franks. We then sat down to Supper; there was nobody present besides ourselves, except the Count's two Sons, the Younger of which was a Captain in the Regiment of the Baron *de Rosch* his Uncle. The Discourse run for some time upon the Agreeableness of *France*, and particularly *Paris*. The two young Gentlemen ask'd me a thousand Questions, about the Court and Person of *Lewis* the 14th, and about the Ladies, their Dress, Gallantry, and Beauty, which I took care to praise very much. But, says one of them, if *France* is so agreeable a Country, why did you leave it? I told them, my Motive for leaving it was to serve the Emperor against the *Turks*, but that I was like to be depriv'd of that Pleasure, by being acquainted with nobody to introduce me to a General Officer. My Son here (answers the Count) shall introduce you to the Baron *de Rosch*, who is my Brother,

and if you have a mind I shall write along with you, that he may make you acquainted with Prince *Lewis of Baden*.

I answer'd that his Offers were too much, both for my Honour and Interest, for me to refuse them; but that it wou'd be sufficient in the first Campaign, if I were recommended by him to the Baron *de Rosech*, under whom I design'd to serve as Volunteer, and that I wou'd let my Merit and Services recommend me to the Prince. After this I had free access to the Prince *de Vieneratsz*, and I contracted an Intimacy with Monsieur *de Marinier* his second Son; he was a young Gentleman of great Hopes, and made me acquainted with several Persons of Distinction, during the Time I stay'd at *Vienna*. I will relate one Adventure of the many that happen'd to me at *Vienna*; which may serve to give my Reader an Idea of the German Gallantry and Pleasure. Monsieur *Marinier* was in love with a very pretty Girl, whom he very often carried me to visit, who had another Lover, likewise a Gentleman of the Army, and the two Rivals us'd very frequently, without giving the least Sign of Jealousy, to meet one another very civilly at their Mistress's Lodgings. She was so well assured of their peaceable Dispositions, that she sometimes took a Pleasure in playing the one against the other, and setting them together by the Ears about Trifles. One Day, as we were talking about Drinking, she told my Friend *Marinier* that she thought he could not drink so much as *Rollis* (which was the Name of his Rival) without being fuddled. *Marinier* thought that his Honour was concern'd, and that he was oblig'd to give Proofs of his Bravery, and upon this challeng'd *Rollis* to drink with him; the Preliminaries were settled, and by consent of both Parties the Lady was to be Judge, and the Field of Battle was to be at a famous Innkeeper's, whose Name was *Vicklof*. The Combat was to last four Hours, when the Antagonists were to present themselves before the
Lady,

Eady, who shou'd determine which of them was most fuddled ; and if one of them was left on the Spot, the other was to present himself as a Mark of his Victory, and I was chosen to be Spectator. Next Day, which was the Day appointed, Monsieur *Marinier* came and awaken'd me about six in the Morning : Rise, my Friend (cries he, pulling open the Bed-Curtains) we have no Time to lose, let us be going ; I begg'd him to moderate his Passion for Glory : Your Spirits beat so high (said I to him) that I foresee they will be exhausted before the End of eight Hours, and the Day is long enough : But, my Friend, what wou'd you think if your Enemy is all this Time plotting for your Disgrace, by putting some Trick upon you, which may disable you for the Encounter ? The Enterprize is of great Moment, continues I very gravely, and you ought to manage with Prudence ; what if we shou'd counterplot him, and gain by Stratagem, what perhaps you will fail of by Force ? who cou'd blame you ?

Dolus an Virtus quis in Hoste requirat ?

Be advis'd by me for once ; I know of an excellent Preservative against being fuddled ; it is only taking ——— What, answers *Marinier*, interrupting me, do you believe I have a Soul that will think of so cowardly an Advantage ? Can you think me capable to entertain a Thought of conquering by any other Method, than my own Bravery ? No ! I disdain it, and I never thought the *French* were such Cowards. After a great deal of Talk to this Purpose, I endeavour'd to make him relish my Advice, which I cou'd do by no other Way than citing the Example of all Generals antient and modern, who were never asham'd to owe their Superiority over their Enemies to Stratagem as well as to Force and Courage. At last I prevail'd upon him to allow the Ingredients to be brought, which compos'd the Beverage he was to drink ; I took some of it along with him, and thus we went to Battle arm'd up to the Throats. The Enemy was stalking fiercely about the Field, when

we arriv'd. I read his Hopes of Conquest, and his Ardor sparkling in his Eyes, and we all sat down together; the two Combatants were for encountering presently. Soft and fair, Gentlemen (cries I) allow me to be of the first Attack; let us without Animosity all first breakfast together, and then I will leave the Field clear for the Champions. After they had complied with my Motion, I seated myself in an Arm-chair about three Yards from the Table, which was instantly fill'd with Bottles. I had advis'd my Friend to ply his Foe at first briskly with Bumpers, and not mind any small Glasses. The Potion he had taken was of such a Quality, that the Wine pass'd thro' him almost as quickly as he drank it, and he soon fill'd a large Chamber-pot. They in an instant dispatch'd the Health of the Emperor, the Imperial Family, Prince *Lewis of Baden*, their own Mistress's, and mine: The Battle grew hot, I exactly observ'd all their Motions, and had leisure, in the Progress of their Drunkenness, to make large Reflections upon the Extravagance of Men, who make a Merit of divesting themselves of Reason, and levelling themselves with Brutes, or rather worse. Their Example had such Force upon me, that I put on a firm Resolution of Sobriety, which I have observ'd ever since that Time. The Battle lasted for about three Hours; at last the Tongue of poor *Rollis* began to falter, his Eyes to swim, and his Hand to be unsteady: He totter'd for some time upon the Chair, but endeavouring to get up, he tumbled headlong upon the Floor; I went to help him, and ask'd him if he was hurt; he stammer'd out an Answer, by which I understood he wou'd not allow me, and then he fell fast asleep upon the Floor. *Marinier*, exulting with Conquest, drunk several Glasses upon the Body of his overthrown Enemy, and sung a Song of Triumph with a Bumper in his Hand; he took particular Care to desire me that I would bear Witness of the last Exploit to his Mistress; before whom we immediately went. She diverted herself some time with *Marinier*, who was not so totally depriv'd of

of his Senses; but that he cou'd walk without being assisted. I made him be put to Bed, and after he had slept six or seven Hours, he awak'd as well as ever.

In the Spring we set out from *Vienna*, for the Regiment of *Roséeb*, which had pass'd the Winter at *Novibazar*, a little Village in *Servia*, which Province was at that Time the Seat of the War. The Campaign open'd early, and as soon as all the Army was assembled, Prince *Lewis* advanc'd to give the Infidels Battle. The Campaigns in which he had served against them before, made him Master of the Methods most proper for attacking them. He knew how to take advantage of the bad Discipline observ'd among their Troops, and the Consternation into which their former Losses had thrown them. We took some Places with little Resistance, but these were but Preludes to the Campaign. We march'd till we came to a River call'd *Morave*; it was then that I first saw Baron *de Roséeb*, who came to put himself at the Head of his Regiment. We were inform'd that a Detachment of about 10,000 Men from the *Turkish* Army was arriv'd at *Jagodin*, which is a Village about a League distant from the Place we were then at. The Prince ordered the Army to march and attack them, which we did very vigorously; the *Turks* at first fought very bravely, but in a short time we were surpriz'd to see them all turn their Backs; there was a considerable Number kill'd in the Battle and Flight, and we remain'd Masters of their Camp and 60 Pieces of their Cannon, besides a large Quantity of their Powder and Ammunition. Prince *Lewis* understanding, by some *Turkish* Prisoners, that the main Body of their Army was not far off, and that it was considerably more numerous than ours, call'd a Council of War, to deliberate how to act; most part of the Officers were of Opinion that he ought to fortify himself in his Camp, and wait for the Reinforcement he was expecting from the *Upper Hungary*. But the Prince having weigh'd

weigh'd every Thing, was of Opinion that he ought to give them Battle without Loss of Time, because their Army was encreasing every Day, and would be superiour in Number to his, even at the best. He brought over by his Reasons all the Council. We then advanc'd to *Nissa*, where the Infidels were encamp'd to the Number of 40,000 Men. Ours consisted of at most 20,000, however we advanc'd with a good deal of Resolution to attack them; but as we were at a Loss to know their Situation, we were oblig'd to stay all Night under Arms, on the Banks of the *Nisave*, a little River which we pass'd the Day before. In the Morning we prepar'd for the Attack, which was begun by the right Line, where Prince *Lewis* commanded in Person; I was in the first Rank of the Volunteers who fought behind him; The Regiment of *Rosch* was in the first Line, so that I was very near Monsieur *Marinier*. The Disposition of the *Turkish* Army was very bad, either thro' the Unskilfulness of the Seraskier, who commanded them, or the Disadvantage of the Ground. The Battle join'd, and the *Spahis*, who form'd the Front Line of the *Turkish* Army, being broken by the first Charge, fell back among the *Janisaries*; but these haughty Troops immediately fir'd upon them, either to animate or chastise them. The Prince of *Baden* caus'd us to observe this Disorder, and we improv'd it so well, that we gave them a total Defeat. The Seraskier was amongst the first who fled; he retir'd to *Sophia*, the Capital of *Bulgary*, with his shatter'd Troops; we pursued him about a League, and then the Prince order'd us to stop, because his Troops were fatigued by the March of the preceding Days. I distinguish'd myself that Day in such a Manner, that I was taken notice of by the Prince; and about the End of the Fight I was wounded, when I least expected it, after the following Manner. As I was returning from the Pursuit, and not dreaming of any Danger, we were all marching in Disorder, and separate one from another; there were

were six of us in Company, when I perceiv'd ten *Janisaries*, who were advancing from a Covert. We cry'd to them to surrender, but they not understanding our Language, thought they were going to be cut in Pieces; so they put on a firm Resolution to sell their Lives dear, and drew their Sabres to let us know as much. We by good Fortune had charg'd our Pistols; at the first Discharge we brought five of them to the Ground, the other five defended themselves with their Sabres, clove one of our Company through the Head, and wounded me in the Arm; we kill'd another of the *Janisaries* with our Swords, and a Party of our Men coming up, they dispatch'd the rest likewise.

Prince *Lewis* met us as we were returning, he made me a very handsome Compliment upon my Wound, advis'd me to have it immediately dress'd, and told me he had taken particular Notice of my Behaviour that Day, and that he wou'd not easily forget it. I thank'd his Highness, and answer'd him, that nothing was a greater Motive for me to wish for a Cure, than that I might thereby have an Opportunity to deserve his good Opinion.

Nissa open'd her Gates to the Conqueror, after a faint Show of Resistance; but the Prince, not content with these petty Advantages, resolv'd before he left the Field to make himself Master of *Vidin*, the Barrier of the *Turkish* Dominions on the Frontiers of *Bulgaria*, and the only Place which was left them in *Serwia*; by this means too, he was sure they cou'd not disturb his Conquests during all that Winter. He caus'd the necessary Ammunition to be brought from *Belgrade* and *Jagodina*, and having allow'd his Army to repose for some Days, he march'd to the *Danube*, on which *Vidin* is situated. I was in some Doubt if I ought to attend him in this Expedition: The Baron *de Rosch*, *Marinier*, and all my Friends endeavour'd to dissuade me; my Wound was not perfectly cur'd, and my Body was weakened by the Regimen my Surgeon had prescribed me; but the Love of Glory bore down

down all other Considerations ; I followed the Army in that Condition, and was present when the Trenches were opened before *Vidin*, which held out but four Days. That unhappy City was taken by Storm, and the barbarous Outrages of the *German* Soldiers can better be imagined than described. I entered it when they were at the height of their Fury, and saved the Life of a *Greek* Arch-bishop, who threw himself at my Feet with his two Nephews, and a Niece that was not above eleven or twelve Years of Age. I conveyed them to a Place of Safety without the City, and the Arch-bishop begg'd me to accept of a considerable Quantity of Pieces of Gold, which he conceal'd under his Robe during the time of the Pillage ; I refus'd them, and let him understand by Signs, that I was sufficiently rewarded by doing him that small Service. The Prince after this sent his Army to their Winter Quarters in *Wallachia* and *Transylvania*, except a Body of Troops which he still kept in *Servia*. I resolv'd to wait on him before he set out for *Vienna*, where he was going to give his Imperial Majesty an Account of that glorious Campaign, and begg'd of the Baron *de Rosech* to introduce me ; my Arm being still in a Scarf : The Prince received me in the most obliging manner in the World, and to give me a substantial Mark of his Esteem, he made me Captain of a Company in the Regiment of *Bosendam*. When I made my Acknowledgments for this Kindness, I told him that perhaps the Favour he bestow'd on me might cost me dear, since I would now court every Opportunity to deserve it. He set out for *Vienna* in a few Days, attended by the Baron *de Rosech*, and several other General Officers. Monsieur *Marinier*, who was to go to *Vienna* likewise, where he design'd to pass the Winter, was positive to wait for some Weeks till my Wound was entirely cur'd, that I might go along with him ; but his Friendship cost him his Life, and me my Liberty, as will be presently seen.

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The *Turks*, ever since the Imperial Army had gone into their Winter Quarters, were still making Excursions, and carried off Men, Women and Children, making them endure all the Miseries of Captivity. When ever they appear'd on any side of the Country, there were commonly Detachments sent against them from the Garrisons of *Nissa*, *Vidin*, or *Semendria*. This had often a very good Effect; Monsieur *Marinier* alway made one of the Party, and never fail'd to return with some Mark of Honour. In the mean time I was perfectly cur'd and in a Condition to undertake my Journey for *Vienna*: The Day was set for our Departure, every thing was ready, and we had already taken leave of the Officers of the Garrison, when we understood that a Party of 50 *Turks* was advanc'd to a little Village called *Crafted*, about two Leagues off: Let us go, my Friend (says *Marinier*) and cut the Throats of some of those Scoundrels; what signifies it, tho' we delay our Departure for one Day? I consented, and in Company with several Officers of the Regiment of *Selkirk* we advanc'd and attack'd the Infidels, as if we had been already assur'd of Conquest; but we were mistaken. The *Turks*, in order to draw us on, had given out that they were very few in Number, but had conceal'd 500 behind the Village, besides the 50 with whom we were engag'd. These pour'd out upon us all of a sudden with a horrible Fury, and we immediately concluded we were lost: Our little Troop, resolving to sell their Lives dear, did Prodigies, but were overpower'd with Numbers, and the unhappy *Marinier* fell at my Side: His Death render'd me desperate, and I rush'd blindly into the thickest of them: But what naturally might have been suppos'd to have lost me a thousand Lives, had I possess'd so many, was the Means of my Safety, for the Crowd about me was so great, that I could neither direct my Strokes at them, nor they at me: So they easily wrenched my Sword out of my Hand. I had kill'd 4 of the Infidels, besides those I wound-

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ed, and they lost upwards of 200 Men in this Encounter, but our Party was almost entirely cut off: Such of them as were Prisoners and wounded, the *Turks* massacred before my Eyes: I was presented to the Commander of the Party; my Air and Dress made him judge me to be above the Vulgar, and he kept me for his own Part of the Booty, suffering the Soldiers only to take what Money I had about me; they left me nothing but my Handkerchief, and some Books, which I commonly carried in my Pocket, and having ty'd my Hands they put me upon a Horse, which was led by a *Turk*: In this Equipage I enter'd *Sophia*, and was carried to the House of *Elid-Ibezu* my new Master, where I was shut up in a dark Chamber.

M E-

MEMOIRS

Of the MARQUISS—

BOOK IV.



OW dismal were my first Reflections in this melancholy Situation! I continu'd quite motionless for some time; my Arms fell down in a dejected Posture, and my Eyes were fix'd upon the Ground; my Faculties were so distracted with the multiplicity of Evils, that I could not possibly confine them two Minutes to the same Object. When I turn'd my Thoughts upon the Periods of Life that were past, they presented me with nothing but Scenes of the most affecting Sorrow; when I look'd through Futurity, the Prospect was dark and frightful. But the present Time carry'd something in it still more deplorable, as it was the Point of Light, in which my Misfortunes, like scatter'd Rays, were collected together. In this miserable Condition I pass'd half the Night. The Loss of all I held most dear and valuable, my Relations, my Friends, my Fortune, and my Liberty, with a Train of other Calamities, that I had felt only before in a successive Progression, now united all their Force, and rose at once in my Imagination. I should have dropt down if I had not found a sorry Couch to support me.

While I remain'd in this Horrour of Mind and Disorder, I heard one open the Door of my Prison, and found it was a Slave that brought me something for Supper; which gave me no little Surprize, because it was then midnight, as far as I could judge. I understood so little of the *German* Language, in which the Slave spoke to me, that I could not so

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much

much as ask him what had procured me this Instance of Compassion. I took something however to repair the Waste of my Spirits in this extremity, and the Slave left me, pointing to his Head and his Heart, which I interpreted as favourable Signs. When he was gone, I fell into the same Train of Reflections as before; but after I had por'd a long time upon the Trouble and Misery of my Condition, that afflicted me most sensibly, I fell into a sort of religious Meditation, that calm'd the Disorder of my Spirits a little, and I compos'd myself to sleep, after I had laid my Difficulties before Almighty God, and begg'd Assistance of him to support me under them.

Next Morning they recurr'd upon me as soon as I wak'd, and I had recourse to the same Expedient for removing them; for I have experienced, that nothing is of so great Efficacy to save the Heart from sinking, and set it above the Malignity of Fortune. I happen'd to have three Books in my Pockets, that were alway my Favourites, but especially at this Juncture, for I had but newly got them into my Hands, M. de Fenelon's *Telemachus*, Mr. Bruyere's *Characters*, and a Volume of Racine's *Tragedies*. I took up *Telemachus* first, where I remember'd that I had read something relating to a State of Slavery: Accordingly I found it, where M. de Fenelon leads his Heroe into *Egypt*, and represents him in the very same Condition with myself, that is to say, subjected to the Caprice of a barbarous and rigorous Master. I was even ravish'd with the Moral which the Author throws into the Mouths of *Thermofitis* and *Mentor*, who was a Slave himself at the same time, and with the Impressions that their Reasoning, full of solid Sense and Truth, made upon the Mind of the young Prince. I found my self touch'd with it in the same Degree, and resolv'd, since Fortune had reduc'd me to the same low Ebb, that I would imitate his Conduct. When a great Part of the Morning was past in Reflections of this nature, I heard the Door open again about ten o'Clock, and found it was the

the same Slave, who took me by the Hand, and led me through a large Court, and several Apartments, into a Room, where I discover'd *Elid-Ibez*. His Air had more of Humanity and Sweetness in it, than upon the Day of Engagement; the State of Tranquillity in which I found him, and the Change of his Habit gave occasion to that Observation. I saluted him, when he mov'd towards me; and as the Slave had told him the Night before that I did not understand the *German* Language, he conjectur'd I was a *Frenchman*, and had call'd for one of his Domesticks, who was a *Greek*, but spoke the *French* tolerably well, by whom he began to interrogate me about the Place of my Nativity, and my Circumstances in the World. The *Greek* interpreted my Answers to *Elid-Ibez*, and he propos'd new Questions. He ask'd if I understood any other Language beside the *French*; and I told him that I understood *Latin* and *Italian*. *Elid-Ibez* was charm'd with this Answer, for he spoke *Italian* himself; so let me know that we had no further occasion for an Interpreter to converse together. I have wanted a Christian Slave, says he, for some time past, above all Things; so that if you are but honest and obliging in your Manner, you shall have no reason to bemoan your Condition. He wou'd needs be inform'd of my Name and Age, my Condition in the World, and the Place where I was born. I satisfied him in every particular; upon which he took me by the Hand, and spoke to me in this Manner: *I do assure you, Christian, if you are faithful and discreet, you shall not repent that you have fallen into my Hands; I begin to have a Regard for you already. I propose to send you to Adrianople, to live with a Brother of mine, a Citizen there, till the War be concluded, and to take you along with me at my Return to Amasia, the Place of my own Residence. Don't be uneasy in the least, you shall be taken care of to your own Satisfaction.* When he was going, he gave Orders about to use me well, and to let me want for Nothing.

I was surpriz'd to find so much good Nature and Politeness in a *Turk*, for I had given into the general Opinion about the People of that Country, and consider'd them always before, as a Set of Men deny'd to Pity, and the most barbarous of all others in the World; but I was more fully convinced afterwards of the Injustice of this Imputation. 'Tis certain there is Strength of Genius to be found amongst the *Turks*, tender Sentiments, and Knowledge of the World, as much as with any other People. Their Customs differ indeed from ours; but has not every Country something peculiar to itself? And what Reason can we have to despise the Customs and Manner of Living amongst the *Turks*, but what may justify their turning ours into Ridicule? We treat them as barbarous, and they consider us under the same Denomination. In short, we ought not to form a Judgment of the Worth of any People by their outward Appearance, because it may be determin'd by the Climate or Age in which they live, or the Place they inhabit. The Character of a People ought to be founded upon the Sense of Humanity, real Goodness, and Integrity, that is universally practis'd amongst them; In all which I will be bold to say, that the *Turks* are no way inferiour to the politest People of *Europe*.

After all this, I was conducted back again to the Chamber, which serv'd me for a Prison, where I was provided with Plenty of all Necessaries, and some Days pass'd before *Elid-Ibezu* sent for me to entertain him in Conversation a while. I discover'd at this Time, that he had not only great Strength of natural Parts, but even a superiour Genius, that wanted nothing but a little Improvement. And as my Destiny was so cross, that I was reduced to a State of Servitude, I thought it was a singular Blessing of Heaven, that I had fallen into so good Hands, and laid my self out as much as I was able to deserve the good Opinion of my Patron. I succeeded so well in my Endeavours, that when he order'd me away to *Adrianople*,

nople, with the Beglerbeg of *Bulgaria*, one of his Friends, that had taken Charge of me, he gave me to understand, that it was with regret he took leave of me, and that our meeting again wou'd give him sensible Pleasure. He chang'd my Name into *Salem*, which signifies much the same in the *Turkish* Language, as the Name of our Family does in the *French*. The Way was long and wearisome 'twixt *Sophie* and *Adrianople*, and tho' the Beglerbeg gave orders to use me in a handsome Manner, upon the Strength of *Elid-Ibez*'s Recommendation, I was ty'd down to a sort of cover'd Chariot, where I pass'd Nights and Days. My Books were the only Comfort I had, they were continually in my Hands, and the fixt Attention, with which I was observ'd to read, procur'd me the Respect of the Muleteers, and those Persons that were employ'd to conduct our Equipage. They took me for a Doctor of Law, till we arriv'd at *Adrianople*, which is call'd *Endrem* by the *Turks*. It appear'd to be a very large and populous Place; the Streets through which I was convey'd were lin'd on both Sides with fine Palaces, magnificent Buildings, and *Elid-Ibez*'s Brother's House was none of the most contemptible. *Mamelick*, for so that Gentleman was call'd, receiv'd me with an Air, that prognosticated to me no Good. While I was under his Tuition, I was immediately stript of my Cloathing by his Order, and clad in a coarse Habit, such as the meanest of their Slaves usually wear; but that was not the Thing that affected me most: To confess my Weakness, the Loss of my fine Hair, which I was forc'd to part with, touch'd me so, that I cou'd hardly forbear crying. Notwithstanding all this Roughness in my Reception at *Adrianople*, I was not employ'd, as I apprehended, in the very lowest and most servile Offices of Life. I was appointed to keep the great Halls and the Furniture of the House clean, and discharg'd my self of the Trust with such Exactness that I never heard the least Complaint of my Service, tho' the Overseer of the Slaves was a rigid,

austere Fellow, that look'd over the Furniture every now and then, and wou'd never have pardon'd the most trifling Omission.

As for *Mamelick*, he never deign'd to speak to me, nor so much as to look upon me; this *Turk* was as haughty as his Brother was affable, tho' the one had a Place of high Distinction in the *Ottoman Army*, and this Fellow was only a Pedlar, who had amass'd a World of Riches together in the Way of Trade. The Necessity that I was under to make myself understood, and receive Orders in the *Turkish Language*, made me acquainted with it in a short Time, I spoke it as familiarly at last as my mother Tongue. *Elid-Ibezu* was surpriz'd some Years after, when he came to *Adrianople*; but in that Interval of Time I had two Adventures, that deserve a Place in this Narration.

There was an old Female Slave in *Mamelick's* House, a *Georgian* by her Birth, and a Person of no small Consideration, as being employ'd in one of the principal Offices in the House; for she had the Charge of the Wardrobe and the Linen. This Woman was 50 Years old at least, but her Business did not expose her to any dirty Work or Drudgery, and this had preserv'd her still fresh and plump, so that she appear'd to be much under that Age. My Business gave me some Connection with her, because I was oblig'd to carry such Pieces of Furniture to her as wanted to be mended from Time to Time. I spoke to her always in a civil Manner, and she took such a liking to my Person and Carriage, that I perceiv'd she regarded me with other Eyes than the rest of the Slaves; but my Heart had never as yet felt any Emotion of Tendernefs, and the World may judge easily that an Object of this Kind could never make any great Impression on me. I carry'd always indifferently to her, as if I had not taken Notice of the Sentiments of Kindness, that she had discover'd for me, going about my Business as usual. Only because she was good-natur'd, and esteem'd

esteem'd over all the House, I follow'd the Example of the rest of the Slaves, and made her some small Presents upon Occasions, but never exceeded the common Rate; this she deem'd a Piece of Insensibility, and it touch'd her in the most lively Manner, for she came the length of doing even the Drudgery of my Business for me. I was surpriz'd in a Morning when I came to look over the Furniture, to find every Thing clean, and dispos'd in exact Order. In short I begun to be alarm'd with this amorous Affidity; I was afraid it might be taken notice of by some jealous Spies in the House, that wou'd make a Handle of it to discredit me, or do me some bad Office with my Master: These Apprehensions made me bestir myself more early to prevent *Timec*, for that was her Name; till finding my Work all over when she came, she perceiv'd that I declin'd to accept of her Service. I resolv'd to carry my Reserve still further, and shun the Sight of her as much as possible. When she observ'd this, her Tenderness cou'd be no longer kept within Bounds, she broke through all Restraint. One Day when the Heat was very intense, and the People of the House had gone to repose every one of them about Noon-time, I went to rest a little in a shady retir'd Alley in the Garden; *Timec* had observ'd me going, and follow'd a few Minutes after herself, but I was asleep before she came. Such was the Delicacy of that Slave, that she wou'd not disturb my Repose, but laid herself down upon the Grass in another Alley adjoining, and waited two full Hours till I awaked of myself: As she had no Occasion to come often to the Garden, I was startled a little at first when I saw her, but when she came forward with a timorous Air, I went to meet her half-way. Cruel Salem, said she, in a very passionate Tone, *will you suffer me to die without Pity? I desire Nothing more of you than to indulge my Passion, and you are so hard-hearted as to deny me that Pleasure; what have I done to deserve your Hatred! Don't turn away your Eyes, nor be* grudge

prudge me your Countenance. The Force of these Words, and the Softness with which they were utter'd, pierc'd me to the very bottom of my Heart: I had no power to resist such a moving Address; but gave her Assurance that for the future I wou'd be more sensible of her Regards.

Timec, in a Manner, by this means, enjoy'd the first Fruits of my Love, and was happy herself to the utmost extent of her Desire. I became so dear to her, that one indifferent Look from me wou'd have struck her with a mortal Alarm. The whole Family perceiv'd it at last, and some of them were very busy to carry the News to *Mamelick*, who made nothing but a Jest of it. *Timec* made frequent Demands upon me for the Tribute she thought was due to the Greatness of her Passion: One wou'd have thought she study'd to find out the Places where I chose to retire, and entertain myself alone, for she never fail'd of being there. I return'd her Fondness with a sort of Gratitude, that supply'd the Place of Affection, for she cou'd never inspire me with any Degree of Passion, and tho' I suffer'd her Caresses, I had no other Inducement, than the Difficulty that a Man finds to hate one who loves him to such a Measure of Excess.

The second Adventure that I was concern'd in was of a different Nature, and had well nigh cost me my Life. I had gone to a Merchant's Shop one Day to buy Wax, that was necessary in the Way of my Business, where I met with a Man, that I took for a *Turk* at first Sight, because he was dress'd in that Manner. He look'd steadily at me for some Time, till he thought he had discover'd something in my Air, that spoke me a *Frenchman*, and then he ask'd me in our own Language whether he was out in his Conjecture. This surpriz'd me so much that I cou'd hardly believe my own Ears; I cou'd not help shewing the highest Demonstrations of Joy to meet with a Fellow-countryman, and begg'd he wou'd let me know whether he resided at *Adrianople*.

people. Upon this we had a long Conference full of Expressions and mutual Good-will, till casting his Eyes at length upon the Habit I wore; What, says he, are you a Slave? I am sorry to see you in such unhappy Circumstances, take my Advice and you can make yourself easy; do as I have done, there is nothing in it, I'll put you in the Way. I want such a Direction above all Things (answer'd I); but what wou'd you advise me to? Be a *Turk* as I am, says he. The very mention of the Thing shock'd me so much that I shudder'd from Head to Foot. I was so enrag'd that I was ready to fly in his Face. Be gone, vile infamous Wretch, accursed Renegadoe, tender your Advice to such Traitors and dastardly Spirits as yourself. I went on at this Rate, and ply'd him with a World of abusive Language; but when I wanted to be going, the Traitor seiz'd me by the Collar, and call'd the Neighbourhood to his Assistance, bawling out as loud as he was able, that I had blasphem'd against their Holy Prophet. In short I had a Crowd of rascally People about my Ears in an instant, they hawl'd me before one of their Judges, who goes by the Name of the *Cady*; where my Accuser incens'd to Madness with the Bitterness of my Reproaches, swore, that when he propos'd to make me a good *Mussulman*, I had belch'd out horrid Blasphemies against the holy Religion of *Mahomet*, and abus'd him in a scandalous Manner. This was deem'd a most atrocious Crime, and Silence being held for an ample Confession, the *Cady* order'd me to Prison, and I was to receive Sentence in a short Time.

But *Mamelick's* House being at no great Distance from the *Cady's* Lodgings, he over-heard the Story of my Misfortune, and his Brother having recommended me so warmly to his Care, he took the trouble of waiting upon the *Cady* himself. After he had learn'd the whole Circumstance of him, he desired he might be admitted to see me in Prison. I was surpriz'd to see *Mamelick* there at a Time, when I was looking for Nothing but immediate Death.

Poor

Poor unhappy *Salem*, says he, what have you done? Have you dar'd to open your Mouth against the Messenger of Heaven? What Arm will be sufficient to deliver you from Torture? I told him exactly the Manner how it fell out, and swore that I had not once mentioned the Name of *Mabomet*. He seem'd transported with this Account, and causing me confirm it to him with repeated Asseverations went out again without speaking a Word, About an Hour after, there came a Person that open'd the Door of my Prison, and set me at Liberty. Now when the Thing is over, I can declare, that so near a Prospect of Death gave me no Uneasiness; on the contrary, I took it for a singular Happiness that I had an Opportunity to suffer in so good a Cause. I offer'd up my Life to God with a certain Tranquillity of Mind and Satisfaction, that cou'd not proceed from any other Power but himself. When *Mamelick* saw me return Home, he reprimanded me severely for my Indiscretion, telling me, that I deserv'd to die, and had it not been for the Regard that his Brother had express'd for me, he wou'd certainly have left me in the Hands of Justice. My Patron *Elid-Ibezu* return'd at last from the War, and the Day of his Arrival was solemniz'd with the highest Demonstrations of Joy. He ask'd the News of his Slave *Salem*, and *Mamelick* sent for me to appear before him. I saluted him in the *Turkish* Language, which gave him no small Joy and Surprise, but he was highly dissatisfied to see me habited as the rest of the Slaves. *Mamelick*, who respected his Brother very much, excused himself, telling him that he had not explain'd the Method sufficiently in which he wou'd have me entertain'd. *Elid-Ibezu* gave Orders to make me a handsome Suit by to Morrow, which was no small Addition to my Figure. *Timee's* Passion grew still more violent, when she saw me strutting in this new Dress; she look'd at me perpetually, and cou'd never be satisfied. But when she understood that I was about leaving *Adrianople*,
and

and was oblig'd to follow *Elid-Ibezu*, she was inconsolable. She went to *Mamelick* directly, threw herself at his Feet, and conjur'd him in Consideration of all the faithful Services she had done him, to use his Interest with his Brother to procure me for his Slave, that she might have me for her Husband. *Mamelick* propos'd it to his Brother, but all was to no Purpose. When she found that she had no Prospect of succeeding that Way, she apply'd herself next to *Elid-Ibezu*, begging of him that he wou'd ask her in a Present from his Brother. *Elid-Ibezu* was so good as to consult me in the Case; I recounted the several Obligations I lay under to *Timec*, and as the Sense of Gratitude made me speak with some Warmth upon the Affair, he concluded that I lov'd her more than I cared to avow.

This was sufficient to determine him to ask the Favour of his Brother, and he obtained her without the least Difficulty. Poor *Timec* was quite transported with Joy, when she was once satisfied that I wou'd not leave her behind me. And for my Part, I can't refuse, but I felt Something of a secret Satisfaction. It was not because my Conscience had Nothing to reproach me with, in all my Correspondence with her; but the poor Creature had such a passionate Tendernefs for me, that I cou'd not help conceiving some Liking to her.

I had no Occasion to trouble myself about making Preparation for my Journey to *Amasia*, *Timec* manag'd all that carefully for me and herself; we set out from *Adrianople* about the Beginning of Summer, and made out our Journey in the most agreeable Manner. From the Minute we took our Departure, I found no more of the Hardships of Slavery. The whole Retinue that follow'd *Elid-Ibezu*, surpriz'd with the Regard he express'd for me, and the Notice he took of me, consider'd me no longer upon the Footing of a Slave. I was mounted on Horseback as he was, and rode for the most part close at his Side, where I endeavour'd as much
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as I cou'd to divert him with Something that was entertaining in Conversation. He seem'd to listen with Pleasure when I spoke of the Affairs of *Europe*, concerning the Situation of the Kingdom of *France*, and the Character of our People. But I had far better Opportunity to observe the Turn of his Genius, when I talk'd of moral Principles, and the several Branches of Science, that I had learn'd, partly from Masters, and partly acquir'd by my own Reading. He discover'd so close an Attention, that gave me great Hopes of rivetting myself in his good Graces, when I had an Opportunity of talking these Things over more deliberately at our Leisure. Sometimes he admir'd to see me manage my Horse with so much Address; and was delighted to see it done with so good a Grace, for the *Turks* are Strangers altogether to that Exercise. He propos'd a thousand Questions about the Method of breaking Horses, and preparing them for the Manage, upon the Dexterity of the *French* Grooms, and the Pains that are bestow'd in training up the young Nobility to the Knowledge of their Exercises in the Academies. I was even surpriz'd myself to find him listen to me with so much Complaisance, I cou'd not help considering it as a natural Effect of Sympathy, that work'd upon my Heart as much as upon his, for I never had any Degree of that Aversion or Dislike to him, that Slaves usually bear to their Master, when their Lives are at his Mercy, and he has a Power, making any the most indifferent Sign, to punish them in an Arbitrary Manner. We never had a Sight of *Amassa*, till we came to the Tops of the Mountains, with which it is surrounded. This City is Capital of the Province to which it belongs, appears very Grand, being rich and well peopl'd, and its Situation is the most Charming that ever I had seen. It stands in the very Middle of a Plain six Leagues in Length, and four in Breadth, hedg'd in with a Circle of Hills, that fence it from the North and South Winds. The River of *Casalmack*, that runs along the Plain, divides the
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the City in the Middle, and affords a thousand Conveniencies to the Inhabitants. The Air is serene in that Quarter all the Year round; they never experience such a Thing as Winter. The Houses are built after the ordinary Fashion amongst the *Turks*, all done up with painted Wood, which makes a very glittering Prospect. Behind every one of them almost is a large Garden, laid out in fine Alleys adorn'd with Trees, on each Side little Arbours and Parterres. That of *Elid-Ibezu* was one of the first in the City, next to the Governour's of the Province, or the Beglerbeg, and was set off with all the Ornaments of Art and Nature. He was receiv'd by his Wives and Children, his Friends and Slaves, with the highest Transports of Joy; for he was so agreeable, that he was careis'd by every Body about him.

The first Thing he did in my Favour, was to constitute me Superintendant of his Stables and Gardens; when I return'd him my Thanks for this Preferment, he spoke to me in this Manner: *You see, Salem, there is great Plenty in my House, the Great Prophet has order'd it so, in Recompence for my Integrity, my Sweetness of Temper, and charitable Dispositions. I have a Mass of Riches, fine Women to solace me, and a Number of lovely Children. Forget France and all Europe, from henceforth you shall be happy with me. I signify'd my Sense of Gratitude, and Regard for him, in a certain Way that was acceptable; his Friendship increas'd every Day to me, and I became inur'd to Servitude by Degrees.*

My Patron made great Entertainments frequently for the Beglerbeg and other People of the first Distinction in the City, I took care upon such Occasions to invent something always in the *French* Taste, that surpriz'd them agreeably with its Novelty. This introduc'd me to the Beglerbeg, he wanted to have some Conversation with me, by reason of the Commendations that *Elid-Ibezu* had be-

flow'd upon me. And as he had heard him enlarge particularly upon my Address in managing Horses, he had a prodigious Curiosity to see a Proof of it. The whole Company remov'd to the Stables, which I had taken Care to have kept so neat and clean that they were all charm'd with the Appearance of them. *Elid-Ibezu* had given me an absolute Authority over the Grooms, and left the Horses entirely at my Disposal. I had bought some that were wonderfully pretty, and dress'd them up in the best Manner with my own Hands. The Governour was so taken with the Nicety of the Exercises I made them perform in his Presence, that he begg'd the Favour of *Elid-Ibezu* to let him send a Couple of his Horses into his Stable, to be bred under my Care. My Character enlarg'd itself more than all this; a certain Turn that I had for Musick, join'd with the strongest Inclination to insinuate myself still further into the good Graces of my Patron, put me upon such a diligent Search over the City, that I made a Discovery of a Theorbo at last in *Amassa*, and bought it very cheap of an *Armenian Jew*, who was Owner of it. I set it to rights instantly, and the very first Time that *Elid-Ibezu* had Occasion to entertain his Friends, I gave them such Pleasure as they had no Notion of before. They were surpriz'd beyond Measure to hear the Sound of that Instrument, which I touch'd most skilfully, and made a Concert with my Voice that was extremely agreeable. My Patron, charm'd with this Piece of Galantry, brought me into the great Hall, on the Day of the Entertainment, and by an Act of Favour, that was never heard of before amongst the *Turks*, embrac'd me tenderly in the Presence of all the Company,

As soon as he was free from the Crowd, he took me aside and told me: My dear *Salem*, I value you above all the Riches I possess, and I have a Mind to do something for you, that goes beyond even your own Hopes. I expect you will not be so want-
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ing to your self, as to oppose your own Happiness, and all I require on your Part is, to embrace the Religion of our Holy Prophet. If I am so dear to you (answer'd I) as you flatter me I am, how can you make me so shocking a Proposal? You know I am born a Christian, and the glorious Prerogative of being so, is what I shall never resign, but with my Life. You was born a *Mahometan*, and I know the Force of Prejudice, Education and Custom, too well to condemn you for your Attachment to that Religion. You think it is a good one, and have I not the very same Circumstances to plead in Defence of my Adherence to mine; nay wou'd it not sink me in your Esteem, if I betray'd a Weakness in that respect, which you wou'd not be guilty of yourself? I know you have too great a Tenderness for me to put me to Death, but even that wou'd be a thousand Times more welcome to me, than the Infamy which must attend such an Apostasy. This Answer, which I deliver'd in the most discreet Manner I cou'd, did not incense *Elid-Ibez*, but it discompos'd him; he left me without speaking a Word, and I pass'd the Night in great Uneasiness: The next Morning he call'd for me, and accosted me thus: *Salem* I want to make you happy, but you will not consent to be so. The Friendship I have for you, will not suffer me to take any thing ill at your Hands; but I am afraid you will repent your Obstinacy, when it will be too late. I had two Views to do you Service; the one was to entrust you with the Education of my Son *Amulem*; the other was to give you my favorite Daughter *Selima* in Marriage: Your foolish Attachment to your Religion, is an invincible Obstacle to both these Designs, unless I had a Mind to pull down the Vengeance of Heaven upon myself and my Family; however I shall still treat you with all the Marks of Esteem and Friendship. You must go every Day to the Apartment of my Women, to learn them and my Son Musick. I have an entire Confidence in your Wisdom and Capacity, and desire you

wou'd go instantly. Upon this he drew a Ring off his Finger, which he gave me to show the Eunuchs, in order for my Admission into his Seraglio. I had not yet seen any either of his Wives or Daughters, or even his Son, who had receiv'd all his Education in the Women's Apartments, according to the *Turkish* Method. Having never gone near the Seraglio, for fear of giving Umbrage, knowing the Delicacy of the *Turks* in that Point, I put myself immediately in order to pay my first Visit, and dress'd myself a little better than ordinary. The Eunuchs, at Sight of the Ring, very respectfully gave me Admittance, and went to inform the Ladies that I was waiting. These were expecting my Arrival with some Impatience, for *Elid Ibez* had excited their Curiosity by giving them a very favourable Character of my Person. After the usual Salutation was over, I play'd some Tunes on the Theorbo, which seem'd to give them great Satisfaction. When this was done, one of the Ladies call'd out, *Amulem, Selima*, and two other Girls, who were to be my Scholars: Upon her naming *Selima*, whom I had heard my Patron mention with so great Affection, I lifted my Eyes, (which, till then, I had kept respectfully fix'd on the Ground) and was blest with the Sight of one of the finest Creatures in the World. She advanc'd, looking on me all the while, with her Brother, and the two other Girls, who were her Sisters: They had all something amiable and engaging in their Countenances, but the first Glance of *Selima* made an Impression on my Heart, which no Time can erase: I felt all that powerful Sympathy, which had attach'd me to the Father, united to promote a violent yet tender Passion for the Daughter. What a severe Vengeance was Love preparing for the Insensibility of his Power, in which I had till then lived!

It has been always fatal for those of our Family, t'at they made as great a Progress in that Passion in an Hour, as others do in an Age. I found my Hour was come, and secretly pray'd to Heaven, that

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it wou'd avert the same Effects from me as had attended my Father. While this little Circle of Reflections pass'd in my Mind, *Amulem* and his Sisters had taken up my Theorbo, and were attentively considering it. It was with some Difficulty I recollected my self enough to desire their Attention to my Lessons. I took a Piece of Paper I had brought along with me, and mark'd down some of the Elements of Musick; but my Eyes were ever turn'd from the Paper, to view those of the charming *Selima*. She sometimes fix'd them upon me, but when ever they met mine, she look'd upon the Ground, and I cou'd easily perceive that she took notice of the Earnestness with which I beheld her. I soon retir'd, that I might observe a Decency in my first Visit, and *Elid-Ibez*, who understood that I was return'd, order'd me to come and speak with him. Well, *Salem*, (says he) have you seen my Son and Daughters? What do you think of *Selima*, whom I design'd for your Wife, if you had not been infatuated with foolish Prejudices? I answer'd, that it was not for an unhappy Slave to carry his Views so high. If you are unhappy, replies he, it is your own Fault. You must be sensible that I have a greater Respect for you, than you deserve. At these Words, the different Sentiments that actuated my Soul were so violent, that my Eyes rush'd full of Tears; Ah! my Lord (answer'd I) you are Master of my Life, but do not suffer me to undergo a thousand Deaths, by heaping upon me these Reproaches. I cannot change my Religion, and 'tis not in my Power to have any Comfort in Life, if I incurr your Displeasure. He appear'd touch'd with my Despair, and desired me in a gentle Manner to retire. I pass'd that Night in Agitations, which none can have any Idea of, except such as have been in my dismal Situation. Next Morning I return'd to the Women's Apartment, where all my Scholars came about me with the same Freedom as if they had been acquainted with me all their Lives; except *Selima*, who ap-

pear'd reserved. I caus'd *Amulem* first to repeat his Lesson, then *Falida*, who was the eldest of the three Sisters; but when it came to be *Selima's* Turn, I observ'd she blush'd, and repeated without once looking upon me. My Hand trembled as I took the Paper, and sure never did Master less deserve that Name than I did; I set her a second Lesson, and continued in this Manner for several Weeks; at last I resolv'd to let *Selima* know some Part of the Sentiments, which I entertained for her, I cou'd not believe that Love wou'd affect me so deeply for one that was insensible, and flatter'd my self that some of the Blood of the Generous *Elid-Ibezu*, which run in her Veins, wou'd plead for me, and inspire her with her Father's Sentiments, in my Favour: I digested my Project, and the next Time that I went to the Seraglio, very happily put it in Execution. After *Selima* had repeated her Lesson, when I was going to mark down another for her, instead of the ordinary Notes of Musick, I wrote these Words:

An unhappy Turn of Fortune has reduc'd me to the State of being a Slave to Elid-Ibezu; but I have fallen into a second Slavery, which is so dear and glorious to me, that in it I forget all the Hardships of the first. Yes, my charming Selima, I now wear your Chains, as who can behold those fair Eyes and be free? Heaven has conducted me into Turkey, that you may decide my Fate, which entirely now depends upon your Answer. *Selima* folded up this Paper, and carried it away without looking on it; and I left the Seraglio in a mortal Uneasiness, lest she shou'd drop it, or that any of the other Women shou'd have the Curiosity to ask for a Sight of her Lesson. I retir'd to my Chamber full of these Anxieties, where I found *Timee* waiting for me to reproach me that I had been for some Days without seeing her. She was newly recover'd of an Illness, which she had labour'd under for six Weeks; but always full of Tenderness for me, she endur'd her Sicknesh much better than her Absence from me. She upbraided

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me for my Indifference, and I was but in a very bad Humour to give her any complaisant Returns. My Dear *Timec*, (says I) you have attack'd me in a Situation of Mind, which renders it impossible for me to entertain you as I wou'd incline to do. That (answers she) is the very Thing of which I complain. You have Uneasinesses which you conceal from me, from me!— who wou'd lay down my Life, to free you from them. I was so thoroughly acquainted with the Nature of the Affection, which this good Woman bore me, that I resolv'd to make her the Confident of my Love. Having almost the same Employment under *Elid-Ibezu*, that she had under *Mamelick*, which gave her access at any Time to the Women's Apartment, I imagin'd that she wou'd be both capable and willing to serve me. The Confession which I made, drew a Torrent of Tears from her Eyes: Barbarian, (cry'd she) you know the Power you have over me too well, since you so openly avow your Passion for another to my Face. Dear *Timec*, (answer'd, I clasping one of her Hands tenderly betwixt mine) you are ever sure of my Acknowledgements; I shou'd expect no Mercy from Heaven, if I either flatter'd or deceiv'd you; but if you love me with the Disinterestedness you pretend, wou'd you see me suffer these cruel Pangs, and not put an End to them, since it is in your Power to do it? I threw my Arms about her when I had finish'd these Words, which had such an Effect, that she promis'd to do all that lay in her Power to serve me. She then went to the Seraglio, where she had the Address to entertain *Selima* apart upon the Subject of my Passion; she very artfully begun with complimenting her upon her Progress in Musick, and then took occasion to praise me; at the mention of my Name *Selima* blush'd, which gave *Timec* no small Encouragement to proceed. She then told her that it was a pity there was no other Way for her to see me, but when she was surrounded by a Crowd of Women; that if she knew me thoroughly, she wou'd soon find me

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worthy of her Esteem and Friendship; that she had heard me speak of all the Ladies in the Seraglio, and that I had given *Selima* the Preference. That I was a Man of great Quality in my own Country, and that my Merit was such as to gain the good Graces of her Father to the highest Degree; with a great deal more to this Purpose, which *Selima* heard very attentively, and having ask'd some Questions about me of *Timec*, she return'd.

The officious *Timec* came immediately, and gave me an Account of the Conversation; which I did not know what to make of, so resolv'd patiently to attend my Doom till next Morning that I went to the Seraglio. When I enter'd the Room, I observ'd *Selima* fix'd her Eyes very stedfastly upon me; but after that, she took no further notice of me, till her Turn came to repeat her Lesson, and then she gave me her Paper folded up, telling me that the Lesson I had set her the Night before was difficult, and that she wanted another more easy. I put the Paper up in my Pocket, without looking into it, and wrote down another Lesson, only beneath the last Line adding these Words, *Fair Selima, I go to Death, remember you are the Cause.* After this I left her with all the Pangs of Despair in my Mind, which wou'd infallibly have kill'd me, had they continued much longer. I sat down upon a Stone to indulge my Melancholy, and pulled out the Paper, which contain'd the first Declaration of my Love, that I might have the poor Satisfaction to read it. But you may judge to what an Extream of Joy I pass'd all of a sudden, when I saw the following Words, below my Writing, in a Hand different from mine: *Salem, I am sensible you love me; and I own I have a strong Inclination in your Favour; if you deserve it, it will encrease; mean time you may trust Timec, who seems to be your Friend. She may be of use to us both, adieu.* It wou'd be too tedious to recount all the different Methods I set on foot to procure a private Interview with *Selima* after this; at last I succeeded, and in
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One propitious Hour I discover'd in *Selima's* Mind, all the Qualities that can contribute to make a Man solidly happy. After this I could not doubt that some Hearts are form'd for one another; and that, if these never meet, they can never be affected with a real Passion: But at the same time that there would a Sympathy spring betwixt them at first Sight, which would secretly inform them that they were form'd one for the other, and that they must both be miserable if ever separated; that this Sympathy renders all the Formalities of Oaths, Protestations, Vows, and the other Articles of Love, useless; and they entirely abandon themselves to one another. This is an imperfect Sketch of what pass'd betwixt *Selima* and me: *Salem* (says that charming Creature after a Quarter of an Hour's Conversation) I see you are not capable of deceiving me, and I am better assur'd of this by my Heart than my Eyes. Your Air, your Person, Language, in short every thing about you, answer exactly the Idea I have conceiv'd of the Person who can make me happy, and I am persuaded that my Person has the very same Effects upon you. Yes, my charming *Selima* (interrupted I) I now find the Cause of my past Indifference about your Sex, was, that our Hearts are form'd exactly for one another, and that the Union of them is necessary for our mutual Happiness.

Our secret Interviews were so well manag'd by the dexterous *Timee*, that they were not so much as suspected during her Life-time, which continued but six Months after. I lost in that poor Creature, not only a Lover who was passionately fond of me, but a Mother, who wou'd have abridg'd herself even of the Necessaries of Life to do me Service; her sacrificing even her Love for me, was an Effect of a Soul far above the vulgar way of Thinking.

My frequent Visits both serv'd to confirm our Love upon a solid Foundation, and were of great Advantage to *Selima* in other Respects. In six Months I had taught her, not only *French* and *Italian*,

Italian, but all that I knew my self of antient and modern History; and she had a Genius capable of understanding all I cou'd teach her. I by Degrees open'd to her the Principles of our Religion; any Religion, you will say, is easily learn'd when taught by a Lover, but *Selima's* After-conduct, prov'd that Reason had a greater Share in her Conversion than Love. When she cou'd read *French* perfectly easy, I lent her my *Telemachus*, and she appear'd charm'd upon reading it, begging I wou'd translate it into *Turkish*, for the Use of her Brother and Sisters. As every thing that concerned *Elid-Ibezu* or his Family, was dear to me, I consented, and the Translation was finish'd in a very short Time. Tho' *Amulem* had not been Brother to my charming *Selima*, yet by his good Qualities and Gratitude he deserv'd all the Regard I cou'd show him: He had just left the Seraglio, when I finish'd the Translation; so that I was oblig'd to prepare two Copies, one for his Use, and one for his Sisters: These soon multiplied, for *Elid-Ibezu* first, and then the Beglerbeg desired one; at last most of the considerable Men in *Amasia* went into the Humour, and by this means the Works of Monsieur *Fenelon* became common, even in *Turkey*.

Elid-Ibezu had by this Time commission'd Theorbo for his Children from *Italy*. They had made such a Progress in their Musick, that they cou'd play in Concert, which they very often did, and when mix'd with Voices it was very fine: My Patron's Friends often desired the Favour of him to allow me to come to their Houses, and divert them with my Theorbo; I commonly went in Company with *Amulem*, and was so far from being treated as a Slave, that they vied with one another who shou'd shew me the greatest Respect, and all *Amasia* began to look upon me as a very extraordinary Person. It was with Pleasure that the good *Elid-Ibezu* understood these small Circumstances, but the Encrease of his Affection for me serv'd only to make him bewail the more my Obstinacy, in refusing to be converted to
their

their Faith. He attack'd me from Time to Time upon this Head, tho' always with the greatest Gentleness; but an unhappy Adventure, which I met with, not only had almost forfeited me his Friendship, but went near to cost me my Life. Ever since the Death of *Timee*, I had been depriv'd of the Satisfaction of seeing *Selima* so often as before, which was an equal Affliction to us both; we endeavour'd to make amends for this Inconvenience by an epistolary Correspondence, which we could easily carry on; but what a poor Satisfaction must two Lovers reap from Letters, who had been accustomed to see each other frequently, and who cou'd not enjoy Life if that Satisfaction was denied them! The only Expedient we cou'd think of was to trust *Amulem*, who had an entire Affection for his Sister, and Friendship for me; he approved of our Passion, and promised to *Selima* that he wou'd serve us to the utmost of his Power, and make our Interviews more frequent and more easy for us both; not that he had any more Right to have Access to the Seraglio than I had, but the Eunuchs indulg'd him in this Liberty, because his Father was old, and they expected that he wou'd soon become their Master. He had by means of one of them procur'd a Key fit for his Purposes, and he took me along with him every Night to pass about two Hours in the Seraglio. Once as we were going a little later than ordinary to the Place of our Rendezvous, we heard a terrible Noise of People crying Fire, Fire; and the Alarm was, instantly spread, that the Seraglio was all in Flames; the Slaves ran to force open the Gates, and we enter'd with the Crowd, to take care of the Ladies. My Love guided me as it were by instinct to the Place where *Selima* was, I seiz'd her Hand, and urg'd that she shou'd go along with me; Her Confusion was so great that I conducted her through the Garden, before she knew it was I: Ah! my Dear *Salom* (cry'd she when she perceiv'd me,) is it you? Heavens! where do you carry me? I answer'd her
that

that my Chamber was hard by, and that we wou'd take Advantage of that Juncture to have an Hour or two in Conversation together. She readily consented, as indeed she cou'd not refuse me any thing. I own I was in Hopes that all the Ladies wou'd be in such Confusion that *Selima* wou'd not be missed; but unhappily for me, *Elid-Ibezu*, whose Care for his Women was greater than for his House, order'd them all to be assembled in a low Parlour, which was out of the reach of the Flames; he soon discover'd *Selima's* Absence, and was alarm'd to the last Degree on that Account; one of the Slaves, who had seen her go along with me, told him he believed she was in my Chamber. The old Man immediately, without any more Words, run to my Apartment, and pushing open the Door discover'd me at his Daughter's Feet, kissing her Hands; this Sight put him in such a Rage, that he drew a Dagger, and had certainly dispatch'd me, if his Son had not catch'd hold of his Arm. *Amulem* by good Fortune had heard what the Slave said, and followed his Father; we all three set up a great Cry, and the old Man seem'd a little mollify'd, but not enough as to dispense with his committing me to Prison, believing he shou'd me Favour enough in sparing my Life. *Selima* at the same Time was oblig'd to own her Passion for me, and *Amulem* omitted nothing that might contribute to appease his Father, telling him that he was conscious there was nothing criminal in our Love, and that it had been conducted with the strictest Virtue. *Elid-Ibezu* upon this began to recover from his Transport of Fury; And do you really love *Salem*? (says he to *Selima*). Ah! my dear Father (replies she) more than I do Life: If it be so (answers the Father) he must instantly embrace the Laws of our holy Prophet. *Selima* very prudently did not offer at any Reply, for fear of exasperating him more. *Elid-Ibezu*, who bore an entire Affection for me, which nothing I cou'd be guilty of was capable to efface, notwithstanding all that had pass'd the

the Day before order'd me to be called to him next Morning. "*Salem* (says he) I upbraid you not with my Kindness to you, but if you have the least Sense of it, you cannot miss to reproach yourself with the highest Ingratitude to me. After having treated you as my Son more than as my Slave, I was even willing that you shou'd lose the Name of the last in the first, by your marrying my Daughter *Selima*: And at what Expence on your Part? Even at an Expence that carries the highest Reward in its own Bosom, which was, to acknowledge our Holy Religion, and *Mahomet* as the Prophet of God. In the mean time, ungrateful *Salem*, you not only shut your Eyes to your own Interest, but even have seduc'd my Daughter by Vows of which I cannot approve: But, *Salem*, take care, Friendship has Bounds, and all beyond these is implacable Fury and Hatred; I am now positive to be obey'd, or to make you feel the Effects of my severest Resentment." I threw my self at his Feet, and was going to answer him, but he flung out of the Room, telling me that he wou'd hear nothing, and that he expected to be obey'd.

I remain'd in a Situation which it is impossible to describe; Religion, Love, Honour and Friendship, severally pleaded their Rights within me, and put me on the Rack in whose Favour I shou'd determine. Nothing (cry'd I) but Death can end this cruel Dispute; And what is Death, when suffer'd for what ought to be the most valuable Consideration to Man, his Religion? Heaven, in whose Cause I suffer, will I hope either end my Pains or my Life. While I made these melancholy Reflections, *Amulem* enter'd by chance into my Chamber, and perceiving my Dejection wou'd know the Cause; I freely told it him, as I conceal'd nothing from him, and he condol'd with me upon my unhappy Situation, promising, at the same time, to endeavour to dispose his Father to more favourable Sentiments in my Behalf. But, said I, what shall become of *Selima*? He answer'd, that

I cou'd not reasonably expect to see her till all the Confusion was settled, and that in the mean time he was going to do all he cou'd for our mutual Happiness, exhorting me to Courage and Patience. *Amulem* was at an Age when the Considerations of Religion avail but little, and if he had been Master, they wou'd have prov'd no Obstacle to our Happiness, but *Elid-Ibez*'s old Age render'd him superstitious to excess. He was for ever employ'd in some Act of Devotion, and his Alms extended even to Profusion. *Amulem* prevail'd with him so far that he did not insist upon my changing my Religion; but the old Man told him, that he wou'd never bestow *Selima* but on one who was a good Musselman. This Answer, which *Amulem* brought me back, gave me but small Comfort as a Lover, tho' *Amulem* did all he cou'd to encourage and revive my Spirits, by promising that I should see *Selima* every two Days. After that, I began to live with *Elid-Ibez* as before. As he was always teasing me about Religion, I sometimes took the Liberty to reason with him, and his Answer to one Objection may serve to give the Reader some Idea of the Manner in which the *Turks* reason about Religion. How (said I to him) can one have a Value for a Religion, that only proposes sensual Satisfactions, and puts the Body, that despicable Part of our Existence, in possession of those Pleasures, which of right belong to our immortal Part, the Soul? How different is the pure, the sublime Scheme of the Gospel, from the carnal, the groveling Principles of the Alcoran! *Salem*, (wou'd the old Gentleman reply very gravely) I pity your Ignorance, you want the Lights which are necessary for perceiving the holy Mysteries. Hear the divine Reasoning of our Holy Prophet. God, whose Will it was, not to manifest himself all at once to Men, made himself known at first only by Figures. The first Law, which was that of the Jews, is already fulfill'd. In that he proposes, as the Reward of their Obedience and Virtue, only sensual Enjoyments, and
bodily

bodily Pleasures. The Christian Dispensation, which followed that of the Jews, was more perfect, as being more calculated to gratify the intellectual Faculties, which questionless, as you say, are superiour to the corporeal; this was the second State, which God was pleas'd Mankind shou'd live under, in order to prepare them for the perfect State of Grace, to which he was to bring them by his Prophet *Mahomet*, whom he chose as the Messenger to convey to us the richest Blessings, both of his Mercy and Power. Mankind does not now live under a Law which entitles them only to bodily Pleasures, as that of the Jews did; nor to Satisfaction abstracted from Sense, as that of the Christians; but the Alcoran unites them both, and bestows on true Believers all the Enjoyments that either Body or Soul are capable of. We have a Fore-taste of them even in this Life; but how faint is it in comparison of what we shall enjoy in the Paradise of the Holy Prophet of God! But this Fore-taste is permitted only to the Believers and Practisers of his Will. The Wicked, that usurp it in this Life, shall be severely punish'd by the Black Angels, when they appear before the Tribunal of God, and his Prophet. Your Ignorance of this, *Salem*, is the Cause of your Incredulity.

Elid-Ibezu in the mean time receiv'd News of his Brother *Mamelick's* being at the point of Death. Whatever Friendship and Affection he entertain'd for his Brother, his great Age wou'd not permit him to take so long a Journey, as to *Adrianople*; he resolv'd to send his Son, and I was appointed to attend him, more in quality of a Governour than a Slave. We were present with *Mamelick* at his Death, and took Possession of his Estate, which amounted in *French Money* to about 1,800,000 *Livres*, for he left no Children. I understood at *Adrianople* that the Emperor of *Germany* had made a Truce with the *Turks* for 25 Years; and it was there I saw the famous Count *Tekeli*, to whom the Grand Signior gave at this time the Principalities of *Vidin*, *Caransebes*,
M 2 and

and *Lugos*, in lieu of the Territories he had lost by the Emperor in *Hungary*. I had the Curiosity to approach that Prince, and found that the *Turks* shew'd him a great deal of Respect, on account of what he had done and suffer'd for them. He had a martial Air, mix'd with too much Fierceness; a prodigious Whisker, which curl'd up even to his Eye, cover'd almost his whole Face. He spoke seldom, but the continual Motion he was in, shew'd him to have a good Stock of Vivacity; he was not a Moment at rest. He kept at that time a *Bulgarian* Slave, who was his Mistress, and of whom he was passionately fond. I was told that she us'd to follow him to the Field, where she always fought in Person with a great deal of Bravery and Address. The Count had enur'd her to this robust Exercise, by causing her to cut off the Heads of a great many *German* Prisoners. Thus he had the Art of inspiring Valour into all the Women whom he lov'd; the brave Behaviour of the Countess *de Tekeli* at the Siege of *Mongars* is well known.

Amul'em being resolv'd to see *Constantinople* before he return'd to *Amasia*, he imparted his Design to me, and it gave me a good deal of Uneasiness. In vain did I endeavour to dissuade him from it, and he easily saw that my Absence from *Selima* was the greatest Motive of my Unwillingness. That he might banish my Fears, and the Melancholy, which he saw hanging about me, he renew'd his Promise to make me one Day happy, which won me entirely over to his Interests. When we were near *Constantinople*, we met a hunting Equipage, which we judg'd, by its Magnificence, cou'd belong to none but the Sultan, who we understood was at hand, and we went a little aside to avoid meeting him; when all of a sudden, we heard a Noise in the Wood, where the Sultan yet was. When we look'd about, we saw all the Hunters running up to the Noise; we run along with the Crowd, and the first thing we met was a Horse very richly accouter'd without a Rider.

When

When we advanc'd a few Steps farther, we saw the Sultan on Foot, the Sultana by his Side, and a Man dead on the Ground near them. This made us halt, and we cou'd discern the Sultan speaking in a very fierce Tone to the Sultaneſs. The *Turks* who compos'd his Retinue, had form'd a Circle round them, and were ſtanding with their Eyes on the Ground, which among them is a Mark of Reſpect. After he had talk'd with her very ſharply for ſome Minutes, he order'd the dead Man's Pockets to be ſearch'd, and there were ſome Papers found on him, which the Sultan read. Upon this he drew a Poniard, and preſented the Point of it to the Sultaneſs in a threatening Poſture. This ſtruck all the Spectators with the utmoſt Horror, who knew the Violence of that Prince's Diſpoſition. At laſt he caus'd her to mount her Chariot, and return to *Conſtantinople*. We learn'd from ſome of their Slaves that the Name of the Sultaneſs was *Oſcina*, and that ſhe had but lately come from *Smyrna* to the Seraglio. That ſhe had been carried off by *Mezzo Morto*, the famous Corſair, from a young *Greek* to whom ſhe was eſpous'd; and that the Corſair had preſented her to the Sultan. That ſhe had always ſhown a great Averſion to the Careſſes of the Sultan, who not being able to underſtand the Reaſon of her Melancholy, and her Love of Solitude, ſuſpected ſhe was carrying on ſome Intrigue. That the young *Greek*, to whom ſhe was to have been married, having underſtood that ſhe was to be that Day abroad a hunting with the Sultan, had diſguis'd himſelf in the Habit of a Eunuch of the Seraglio, hoping by this means to get an Opportunity of ſpeaking to his Miſtreſs. That *Mezzo Morto*, who was one of the Hunting Match, had obſerv'd him, and diſcover'd him to the Sultan, who ſtabb'd him with his own Hand, before the Sultana's Face, and that probably the Letters found on him were from her.

Amulem's Heart was very ſuſceptible of Paſſion, and the Sight of the fair Sultana had touch'd it with

that of Love, which was increased by the Consideration of her Misfortunes. *Sa'em* (said he to me) if I thought that young *Greek* cou'd love any one after the Loss of her Lover, I wou'd willingly employ my Life to deliver her from the Persecution she suffers. I answer'd, that such a Project wou'd be so difficult, that it wou'd be throwing away one's Life in the very Attempt. You have no Notion (reply'd he) of the Ease with which I wou'd bring it about: Tell me only if I am sure of you. When I shou'd a deal of Uneasiness at the Distrust he express'd of my Zeal and Fidelity, Well (said he) I will engage, that if the Sultaneſs will take my Advice, we shall succeed in our Design before we leave *Constantinople*. When he had done speaking to me, he went up to the Slave who had given us the Account of *Oſcina*, and having talk'd with him about half an Hour, return'd to me with a very gay Aspect. This is one of the Slaves in the Seraglio (says he) and I have won him to my Interests, by the Present of 100 Sequins, and the Promise of more; and if I had Money enough, I wou'd buy the very Seraglio itself. At last we reach'd *Constantinople*, where we lodg'd with a Friend of my Patron's, whose Name was *Genap*, and next Day we visited all that was remarkable in that great City, which appear'd to me, tho' not so handsome, more populous than *Adrianople*. We went to the Market of Slaves, which the *Turks* call *Basar*; *Amulem* had a Mind to purchase some for his Father's Use. We examin'd them all, and I found amongst them several *French*, which gave me a great deal of Compassion. While I was talking to some of them in *French*, one of them begg'd to speak with me aside. I consented, and he told me he was a Religious, and that he had the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of the *Turks*; then he conjur'd me to buy him rather than any other, for being his Countryman, he hop'd to be less rigorously treated with me than any other Master. I answer'd that I was not the Master, but that

that I cou'd do something for him. In short, *Amulem* at my Entreaty bought him, with some others of his own chusing. When we return'd to our Lodgings, *Amulem* found a Slave waiting for him: It was not the same to whom he had given the 100 Sequins, but another who brought a Letter from him, informing *Amulem* that he might safely trust that Bearer with any Message for *Oscina*, who wou'd be sure by his Means to receive it. Upon this *Amulem* wrote the following Letter, which he shou'd to me:

Fair Oscina, I was a Witness two Days ago in the Wood, with what Barbarity your Tyrant treated you. Had my Forces been equal to the Love which your Eyes then inspir'd, I had reveng'd your Quarrel upon the Spot. But since your Persecutor is cover'd with Guards, which must render my Attempts of Vengeance ineffectual, take at least the Opportunity, which my Love shall present you with, to free your Self from his Tyranny. All the Reward I beg is your Heart, and an Answer, which will give the greatest Pleasure to that of

AMULEM.

I represented to *Amulem* the Danger to which he was expos'd, in case his Letter miscarried. But Love renders a young and amorous Heart inaccessible to Fear. He gave his Letter to the Slave, accompanied with a Present. While he was thus intent on Love, I pay'd a Visit to the French Slave, who call'd himself a Religious, and he gave me the following Account of himself. I am said he, of a good Family in *Aix* of *Provence*, and about my 15th Year I enter'd into the Order of — but my natural Inclination not leading me to a religious Profession, I soon repented that Step: However Shame, and the Fear of my Relations Resentment, kept me within the Bounds of Decency, and I went thro' the ordinary Exercises with the rest of the young Proficients in the Society. But several good Qualities, I possess'd from Nature, cou'd not hinder my Superiors from keeping me in a perpetual State of

of Humiliation for my Slips from Virtue. They deny'd to admit me into the Priesthood, which was a sensible Mortification to me, who had always distinguish'd myself by my Advances in my Studies. But instead of endeavouring to wipe out my Disgrace by a more regular Behaviour, I studied to make my self forget it, by indulging my secret Pleasures, and reflecting on my Superiours for the Injustice which I imagin'd they did me. My Disorders were easily seen thro'; but all their mild Remonstrances were of no effect to reclaim me. However, I put on some Appearances of Reformation, the better to conceal my Defects, and I had the Address to persuade my Uncle, who was a rich Banker in *Rome*, by a moving Letter which I wrote to him, that I had Injustice done me by my Superiours. Upon this, he procur'd me a Brief of Translation, by which I might quit the Order I was then in, for one less rigorous; nay he procur'd me by his Interest a Permission to come to *Rome*, where I abandon'd myself to all manner of Pleasures. But what finish'd my Ruin was, a foolish Passion I had for a young *Roman* Girl, whom I design'd to marry. My Vows were an Obstacle to this, and I employ'd all my Interest with my Friends, that I might obtain a Dispensation from them. The Impossibility of my succeeding in that, threw me into a Fit of Despair; so I resolv'd to embark with my Mistress to *Holland*, where I was receiv'd with open Arms; the Ministers of the pretended Reform'd Religion making a mighty Merit of Gaining, as they call'd it, a Convert out of the very Bosom of their Enemy. I laugh'd secretly at their Credulity, and believ'd then, as I do still, that the most prevailing Argument with most of their Converts, is, the greater Latitude which they thereby enjoy in their sensual Pursuits. But as we were but ill provided in Money, and as the Charity of the Ministers did not extend so far as to supply us with any, I began already to feel Pressures of Poverty, and to dread the Prospect of Want. I
address'd

address'd my self to a rich Jewish Trader, begging, that he wou'd give me some Employment under him, that might secure me from Misery; he told me, he wou'd employ me in one of his Counting-houses up the *Levant*, where he was to send a Ship within a Day or two. Accordingly my Mistress and I embark'd on board that Ship, and having sail'd by the Coasts of *France* and *Spain*, we came to the Streights of *Gibraltar*; where we were accosted by a Corsair of *Gallipoli*, who, upon a Signal agreed on betwixt the Jew and him, made directly up to us, and we were all deliver'd into his Hands for a Sum of Money, which we saw paid before our Eyes. You may imagine what were our Lamentations, and with how many Imprecations we loaded the Villain, who had thus betray'd us, but all avail'd nothing. We were conducted to *Gallipoli*, and separately sold to the Slave-Merchants: As I was pretty well made, I was sent to *Constantinople*, where I wou'd probably sell to the best Account.

I comforted this poor Man as well as I cou'd, telling him that in his present Situation he had nothing to do but to behave well, and he wou'd escape all the Hardships that commonly attend Slavery. As he was almost naked, I gave him some Cloaths, and procur'd that he shou'd be better treated than his Companions in Misery.

Amulem, to divert himself in his Journey, had brought along with him the Translation I made of *Telemachus*; he was always reading it, and he show'd it to some of his Friends, who talk'd of it to the *Mufti*, who is a kind of Pope among the *Turks*. He was curious to read it, and understanding it was done by a *French* Slave, sent for me. He told me that he was charm'd with reading it, and ask'd me if we had many such Books in *France*. I answer'd that it was true, that *Telemachus* had a distinguish'd Reputation, but that nothing was more common than a great many Works of Learning appearing every Year and every Month in *France*, and
all

all excellent in their Kinds. The Musti own'd we enjoy'd an Advantage in that Point, which gave us a good deal of Superiority over those of his Nation; and that a Taste of Literature was wanting to crown the Glory of the *Turks*. He added several very judicious Reflections, on the Advantages which Letters wou'd bring to the *Ottoman Empire*. At the first Appearance (said he to me) of the divine Alcoran, there was a Necessity of abstracting the Faculties of the People from every thing, but an implicit Obedience to the Will of the Holy Prophet; but since that Obedience has been so successfully propagated, and so deeply rooted in the Minds of Men, I can now easily conceive of what vast Advantage it would be for us, to cultivate the polite Arts and Sciences: I have had long (continues he) a Design to make this Proposal to our incomparable Sultan. After this Discourse was over, he desired me to tell my Patron that he wou'd reserve *Telemachus* for his own Use, and that I being his Slave cou'd write out another Copy for him. I understand since I came back to *France*, that he has been as good as his Word, and actually has procur'd a Printing-house to be erected at *Constantinople*, where they pay good Prices for Books translated from the *French* into *Turkish*. *Amulem's* Messenger return'd on the third Evening, after he had been with *Amulem*, and brought *Oscina's* Answer, which was in these Words.

Whoever you are, may Heaven, which has touch'd your Heart with a Compassion for my Sufferings, reward you! You think you have found out the Means to deliver me, but alas! how is that possible? How can you flatter yourself that you shall be able to penetrate the Horrors of my Prison, and to deceive the Vigilance of my Guards? If Love is the Motive that impells you to such an Attempt, execute it, and you shall be sure of my Gratitude. A Heart that is weigh'd down with such a Load of Grief, as mine is, cannot all of a sudden become tender; but I feel it already touch'd with a Sense of Generosity, which, perhaps,
Time

Time and Acquaintance may ripen into a Love for your Person.

OSCINA.

It is too much, cry'd *Amulem*, when he had read the Letter; had I a thousand Lives I wou'd hazard them to serve her. He then took up a Pen, without minding my Answer, and wrote the following Billet to the Sultana.

Madam, you shall either gain your Liberty, or I will lose my Life; have Patience but for two Days, and rely upon the Care of him, who lives only but to make you happy. Adieu.

He wrote another Billet to the Slave whom he had first engag'd, but who never was allow'd to go out of the Seraglio, except with the Sultan. He begg'd that he wou'd assist him in his Attempt, promising, if he wou'd leave the Seraglio, to give him his Liberty and 4000 Sequins. The first Favour he desir'd of him, was to send him an exact Description of that Part of the Seraglio, in which the Sultana's Apartment lay. This we receiv'd next Day, and it was so distinct, that I cou'd not but own that if it was true, we might go to it without any Guide. *Amulem* was resolv'd to put it to the Tryal that very Night; his Design made me tremble, but I had too much Resolution to hesitate at any thing, that cou'd testify my Zeal to serve my Patron. About Midnight we went to the back Door of the Gardens of the Seraglio, and mounted the Wall by means of a good Ladder of Ropes fasten'd to the Wall by Iron Hooks, and with ease got down on the other Side: The Slave, whose Name was *Sambas*, was appriz'd before-hand of our Coming, and waited for us; we retir'd with him into an Arbour, where *Amulem* renew'd all his Promises to him; and having conducted us thro' several Windings, he brought us to the very Foot of *Oscina's* Apartment, who lodg'd in the second Story; her Windows had Light in them, which discompos'd our Conductor a good deal, till we reassur'd him. *Amulem* consider'd attentively the Disposition of the Places, the Height of the Windows,

and

and their Distance from the Garden Wall; he then gave *Sambas* a Billet for *Oscina*, informing her to be ready the second Night after; he recommended the same thing to *Sambas*, and we return'd the same Way by which we enter'd.

As I was yet ignorant of *Amulem's* Design, he told me that he wou'd surprize me with a new Invention, and that he wou'd leave me to judge if the *French* were more ingenious in Matters of Gallantry than the *Turks*. When it was Day, he bought a very light Bark, and engag'd, by means of Money and Promises, a very able Pilot, who assur'd him of his own Assistance, and that of four Sailors, for whose Fidelity he wou'd answer. *Amulem* then told him, that he must be with the Bark at such an Hour, in that Place of the Bay, which is opposite to the Gardens of the Seraglio. After that, he took me along with him to buy a Basket of Twigs, which was about five or six Foot long; this he lin'd with Freeze, and put within it a Pillow which might support one's Head. He then bought four or 500 Fathom of Cord, both large and small; a Buckle of Iron was fix'd to the Extremity of the larger Cord, which was fix'd to a Pulley, thro' which the smaller Cords run, that the Basket being fasten'd to them, it might be manag'd as shall be seen below.

All this was done in one Day. I am very well satisfy'd with my self hitherto (says *Amulem*) but I hope in 24 Hours to be more so. In the mean time as his Head was full of the Project, he bought a wooden Wheel, which might be easily manag'd. As soon as the appointed Night was come, he took leave of his Landlord, as if he had been setting out to return Home; and then order'd the five Slaves to carry along with them the Basket, the Ropes, and the Wheel, and in a short time we reach'd the Border of the Bay, where we found the Bark waiting for us. But it's now Time to explain the Design of *Amulem*.

As he had narrowly remark'd the Distance of the
Windows

Windows in the Sultana's Apartment from the Walls of the Garden, he conceiv'd, that by fastning to the Windows a Rope, which cou'd reach entirely without the Walls, he by this means could easily make the Basket slip from the Windows of her Apartment to the Garden Wall, and thus carry her off without running the least Risque. This Enterprize at first View appear'd to me very extravagant, but upon second Thoughts, I judg'd it practicable, and *Amulem* who look'd upon it as infallible, waited with the utmost Impatience for the appointed Hour. When we came within a certain Distance of the Wall, we made ready the Wheel or Pully, by which we were to straighten the Rope after it shou'd be fasten'd to the Window.

Amulem order'd me to stay there to manage the Wheel, and receive the Basket gently when it came, He then mounted the Wall, I help'd him to get the Basket to the Top, and *Sambas*, who waited on the other Side, receiv'd it when it came to the Ground. I then return'd to my Post, having none with me but the religious Slave whom I thought I might trust. We were under some Apprehensions for fear any one shou'd happen to disturb us, tho' I was fully determined to dispatch whomever came in our Way. At last, after waiting for upwards of half an Hour, I judged by the Movement of the Rope, that it was Time to work with the Wheel, and in half an Hour more I saw the Basket come gently to the Ground, the Window being of no considerable Height. I receiv'd it in my Arm, but did not care to open it till *Amulem* came up, that he might have the Pleasure in Person to deliver his dear Sultana from her Confinement. 'Twas some time before he returned, having stay'd to unloose the Rope from the Window, that there might not be the least Tract to discover how she escap'd. His Stay put me into some uneasiness, which soon vanish'd when I saw him appear with *Sambas*. We did not lose a Moment of Time, but instantly got on board the Bark and set sail.

A Man must have Experience of the Passion, to judge of the Expressions of Love, which broke from *Amulem*, at the Sight of his dear *Oscina*: She receiv'd his Transports with some Reserve, but she had not command enough over herself to prevent her Eyes from speaking her grateful Sentiments for her Deliverance. She remain'd till break of Day in the Basket, and *Amulem* in the mean time acquainted me with the Dangers he had run in getting to her Chamber. *Sambas* had happily enough conducted him to the Door, where having softly knock'd, he was startl'd at the Sight of an old Eunuch, who came up to him, and into whose Breast he was oblig'd to plunge a Dagger: Two Women who lay at *Oscina's* Bed-side met with the same Fate. But then the principal Difficulty was, how to get to the End of the Cord, which he had left without, at the Bottom of the Apartment. There was a Necessity that *Sambas* shou'd go down and tie it to another one, which he threw out of the Window for that Purpose; all which was done, but not without running a prodigious Risque of being discover'd. The Buckle of Iron was of great Use to fix the large Cord to the Bar of the Window. *Oscina* trembled at the Remembrance of all these Dangers, and *Amulem* applauded himself for his ingenious Invention.

Our Crew did their Duty so well, that we were soon in the Black Sea, where we held a Council to consider where we should land; As the Wind was favourable for *Natolia*, and *Famaastro* in our Way to *Amasia*, we steer'd directly for that Place, where we landed with great Ease, and sold our Bark, travelling the Rest of the Journey to *Elid-Ibezu's* House by Land.

That good old Man express'd great Pleasure at the Sight of his Son, and I had likewise some Share of his Caresses. He admir'd the Beauty of *Oscina*, and complimented *Amulem* upon so fine a Purchase. We took care that he shou'd not have the least Hint
how

how we came by her, or what we had risk'd upon her Account. While all the Family of *Elid-Iberzu* were in the utmost Joy at the Return of their young Master, I took occasion to discover to *Amulem* some Part of the Sentiments which my Heart entertain'd for *Selima*. He heard me with a Smile, and gave me that Day the greatest Mark of Favour that a *Turkish* Patron was ever known to confer upon a Slave. He gave me the Key of the Seraglio; which, I observ'd before, he had. With what Impatience did I wait for Night! and how excessive was my Joy, when at last my Eyes were bless'd with the Object where all my Happiness center'd! As soon as I saw her, I threw my self at her Knees, which she allow'd me to embrace, and gave me a thousand tender Marks of her Affection. I saw the Tears of Love swim in her Eyes, when she pronounc'd the following Words: Ah *Salem*! (said she) your Absence has render'd me too unhappy, ever to consent that you shall leave me any more, for if you should, I could not live. My dear *Selima* (answer'd I) you may judge of my Pangs by your own; the two Months that I have liv'd without seeing you, have appear'd to me so many Years of a cruel Martyrdom. To what Places have not I carried your dear Image! that charming Idea fill'd all my Soul, my Eyes were incessantly turn'd, and my Sighs directed to *Amasia*, my Heart pointing to that charming Place which contain'd my *Selima*, as the Center of all its Wishes! I now throw it at your Feet, and Heaven is my Witness with what Reluctance I shall be oblig'd to leave your Presence. Alas! (continued I) shall our Happiness never be compleat? must we for ever live in an Uncertainty, which to one, who loves as I do, is worse than Death. When, my Charmer, shall we be united by Bonds which nothing but Death can break? and when shall our Wishes be crown'd with Enjoyment? Cou'd my Wishes (answer'd she) have brought that happy Union about, it had not been delay'd till now. I expect every thing (reply'd I)

from the Indulgence of *Amulem*, who has promis'd whenever it is in his Power, (as, by the State of *Elid-Ibezu's* Health, I judge it will soon be) to promote our Happiness, provided I have your Consent.

It was no hard Matter for me to get *Selima* to agree to whatever I propos'd, and then it was natural I should talk of our Marriage to *Amulem*, who answer'd me in these Terms.

When you propose to marry my Sister, you propose at the same Time to abandon me; for I know your Attachment to Christianity too well, ever to imagine that you will turn Musselman. And you are too well acquainted with the Rigour of our Laws, to suppose it possible to marry a *Turk*, and yet remain a Christian: By such a Conduct, we should all be expos'd to certain Ruin. Notwithstanding all this I will make you happy, as I have promis'd you both, if you leave me to manage for you. You see my Father's Death in all human Probability is very near; when he dies, I promise to give you *Selima* with a considerable Fortune, and send you back to *Europe*, notwithstanding the extreme Violence I shall do myself in parting with a Person, whose Presence in some measure is become necessary to my Happiness. I am not ignorant of your Progress in *Selima's* Affections, nay, they tell me in the Seraglio, that by your Means she is a Christian, to which I have no Objection. if it is a Step to your mutual Happiness.

I thank'd *Amulem* a thousand times for his Kindness, and told *Selima* the Result of our Conversation, which gave her infinite Pleasure. When I asked if she wou'd entertain any Reluctance to follow me into *Europe*, she answer'd me; That as I was dearer to her than her own Country, or even her Family, she cou'd be happy in any Corner of the World, if in my Company. We did not wait long till *Elid-Ibezu* died; the Death of a Patron, who had treated me always with so much Affection, wou'd have afflicted me more deeply, if there had been room in my Heart for any other Sentiments than those of
Love

Love for my dear *Selima*. *Amulem*, by his Father's Death, found himself one of the richest private Men in all *Asia*. As soon as Decency wou'd permit him, he call'd me into his Apartment, where he gave *Selima* into my Hands, with a Tendernefs so cordial and sincere, that it drew Tears of Gratitude and Joy into my Eyes. I cou'd have wish'd in that happy Moment to have pass'd my whole Life in *Amasia*, and that the Laws of my Religion had not put me under a Necessity of leaving so agreeable a Family. As for *Selima*, she almost fainted away with Joy, when she understood the happy Event of our Loves; and from that Moment we began to reap all the Pleasures of an uninterrupted Constancy in a tender Passion. Cou'd a Man continue in the same State which I then experienc'd, he might be said to be too happy. We were not long employ'd about the Preparations for our Voyage; *Amulem* offer'd me the Choice of whatever I thought for my Purpose in his House. I contented myself with begging the Freedom of the Religious Slave, and the Slave call'd *Agada*, of whom *Selima* was very fond. He gave us two Slaves more, to serve us on our Journey; and was at Pains himself to mark out the Road we should take towards *Satalia*, which is a considerable City, situated upon the Borders of the Mediterranean, where we shou'd be sure to find a Vessel bound for *Europe*. On the Evening before our Departure, he presented me with 25,000 Sequins, and *Selima* with about the same Sum in Diamonds and Jewels. And then we set out on our Journey, loaded with his Liberalities, and fill'd with the most grateful Sense of his Favours. We pass'd thro' *Caramania* in ten Days, during which Time *Selima* did not discover the least Symptom of being fatigued. We were both in the same Chaise, in the full and unenvied Possession of one another, and wou'd not have chang'd our Lots to have been Masters of the whole Earth. How many Sighs, how many tender Marks of Passion did we exchange! Ah! (wou'd my dear Wife cry) shall

we at last see and love one another without Interruption! and shall I be at last in the quiet Possession of my dear *Salem*! Yes (wou'd I answer) *Salem* is yours, and only lives for his dear *Selima*.

When we came to *Satalia*, I caus'd myself to pass for an *Armenian* Merchant, who was going into *Italy* to trade. We were oblig'd to stay in that City about a Month, to take the Opportunity of a Vessel which was bound to *Cadix* before Winter. I was not ill pleas'd that I was oblig'd to touch at *Spain*, because I cou'd there have an Occasion of seeing some of my Relations that were in that Country. I bargain'd with the Captain for the Passage of my Wife, my self, and four Servants and we put to Sea with a fair Gale: But we were scarce got out of the Road of *Satalia*, when a violent Wind drove us upon the Coast of *Rhodes*, which is about seven or eight Leagues distant from *Natolia*. The Weather being changed, we stood off for the Heights of *Candia*, where I begg'd the Captain to put in to pass the Winter. He answer'd me in a resolute Manner, that we had nothing to fear, and that I might depend upon it we shou'd make *Cadix* before the Seas became dangerous. However we were so tost about for some Days after, that we unanimously resolv'd to put in at the first Port of *Italy* that we cou'd make, which was *Leghorn*; where we arriv'd, after a thousand Difficulties.

BOOK



BOOK V.



MADE a Vow to Heaven that I wou'd never any more expose, to the Mercy of the faithless Waves, whatever was most dear to me upon Earth. So I took a Lodging at *Leghorn*, with an Intent to pass the Winter in that City ; but reflecting that, being peopled mostly with Merchants, it was not a Place to give *Selima* a very favourable Idea of *Europe*, I judg'd it wou'd be proper to remove to *Florence*, where we wou'd be both of us entertain'd with the Magnificence of Building, the Beauty and Regularity of their Streets, and the Conversation of Persons of the highest Distinction, who reside there. And as I endeavour'd to efface out of *Selima's* Mind whatever cou'd recall the Idea of her own Country, I took care that she shou'd contract some Acquaintances which might serve to divert her at *Leghorn*. We had fitted ourselves in *French* Dresses, which gave *Selima* so fine an Air, and so delicate a Shape, that I shou'd have had a great deal more Pains to have conceal'd her than I had to make her known. I visited some Ladies of Quality, who lodg'd hard by the House which I had hir'd, and after the common Compliments were over, I begg'd leave to introduce my Wife to their Acquaintance. There is no Place more polite and obliging to Strangers than *Florence*, and the Ladies shou'd the greatest Forwardness to accept of the Proposal. *Selima* had no sooner appear'd at one of their

their Assemblies, than her Beauty and Person were talk'd of over all the City. She had *Italian* enough to make herself understood; and the graceful Manner in which she spoke made amends for all the Defects which were in her Expressions. I made no Secret of our Adventures, the Strangeness of which, joyn'd to the Fame of *Selima's* Beauty, excited the great Duke's Curiosity so much, that he express'd a Great Inclination to see us. We were introduc'd by the Chevalier *de* — with whom I had contract-ed a Familiarity; I had reassum'd the Title of the Marquis *de* — and consequently *Selima* bore the same. We were receiv'd by the Grand Duke with the greatest Goodness, mix'd with a thousand Civilities. He repeated many times that the Marchioness was the finest Woman he had ever seen, and his Eyes were incessantly fix'd on her; he told her he wou'd be glad to contribute to her Entertainment, and that she must be present at a Ball, which the Prince *Gaston John* was to give to the Ladies of the first Quality in *Florence*. We then took our Leave, very well satisfied with our Reception. The Chevalier supp'd at my Lodgings, where we were very merry. After Supper, he told me he wanted to speak with me in private. If you were less my Friend (says he) than you are, I would not hazard the Discovery which I am now to make. You little know the Great Duke; he is the most dangerous Man in the whole World in Point of Gallantry: I could entertain you all Night with the bare Relations of the Adventures he has run thro', and the Dangers to which he has expos'd himself, that he might gratify his Inclination for the Women he lik'd. Your Wife has touch'd him, and the whole Court perceives it as well as I; you have nothing to dread on her Part, because she is wise and virtuous, but you have every thing to be afraid from the Violence of the Great Duke, and remember that one, who is your sincere Friend, advises you to be upon your Guard.

I thanked the Chevalier for his Advice, but all the Opinion I entertain'd of his Wisdom could not prevent my believing that his Advice was owing to his *Italian* Genius, which naturally inclines to Jealousy, and I thought it wou'd have been Weakness to have endeavour'd to prevent what I had so little Grounds to apprehend. I did not so much as speak of it to *Selima*, and we pass'd the rest of the Night in our usual Tranquillity. Next Morning a Gentleman came to me from the Great Duke, he was attended by four Footmen, who were loaded with a Basket of Fruits and Rarities for Madam the Marchioness. The Gentleman made me a very genteel Compliment: We receiv'd the Present with all the Respect which the Quality of the Person who sent it claim'd, and we were not wanting in our Acknowledgments when we went to wait on the Great Duke, which we did on Purpose. I esteem Merit (answered he) wherever I find it, and while you continue at *Florence*, you may depend upon meeting with all the Marks of Esteem that I can bestow. He then propos'd a Party at Cards, but *Selima* excus'd herself, as being ignorant of the *European* Games: No matter (replied the Duke) I shall have the Pleasure to teach you. He then took her by the Hand, sat down with her at a Table, and call'd for Cards. Some of his Gentlemen engaged me in a Party along with them in another Corner of the Hall, and thus we pass'd the Night till the Great Duke's Supper was serv'd up: After that was over, and we were return'd to our Lodgings, *Salem*, (said *Selima*) what do you think? has not the Great Duke talk'd to me of Love? He would make me believe that he burns with the most violent Passion, and that it would be the Height of Cruelty not to pity him; in short, he has said a thousand fine Things of that Nature to me. But you don't answer (continued she more seriously); I want to know what we do at *Florence*, and why I should be exposed to these sort of Attacks. I answered, that she knew

knew very well we were obliged to wait at *Florence*, till a favourable Occasion presented to transport us to *France*, and as for the Great Duke, it was only the Effect of his *European* Gallantry, which always says fine Things to every pretty Woman that comes in the Way. I was however inwardly a good deal vexed at what *Selima* had told me, and when I reflected on the Advice of the Chevalier —, I dreaded the Consequences. While I was wrap'd in these Thoughts, a *French* Footman, whom I had taken into my Service since my Arrival at *Florence*, came to tell me that the Cardinal *de Fanson* was in that City, and was just going to visit his Nephew the Count of *Rosambert*, who was in the Abbey *de Buon Solazzo*. At the Name of that dear Count I remained for some Minutes mute and confounded, and then all I could do, was to make my Footman repeat the same Thing two or three times over. What (cried I) is my dear Count *de Rosambert* in *Italy*, that Friend to whom I am bound by so many tender Obligations of Love and Esteem? But has he quitted the World, and with it the Remembrance of me? No matter, I must again embrace him a thousand times, and revive in my Mind those happy Moments which we have so often spent together. *Selima*, surprized to see me in such a Transport, would know the Reason of my Joy. I informed her who the Count *de Rosambert* was, and the Reasons which I had to love him. I sent likewise my Footman thro' the City, to inform himself where the Cardinal *de Fanson* had alighted; and understood from him, that he had put up at an Inn hard by my Lodgings, where he remained Incognito, in order to avoid the Incumbrances of Ceremony and Visits. I judged that a Visit from me would be no disagreeable Surprize upon him; accordingly I sent in my Name, as a *French* Gentleman who wanted to wait on him. As soon as I had told him the Motive of my Visit, and the intimate Friendship that was betwixt the

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the Count his Nephew and me, the good Cardinal embrac'd me with great Affection, and we enter'd into a Discourse full of reciprocal Confidence. Wou'd you have believ'd (said he to me) that the poor Count wou'd have taken so extraordinary a Resolution, after a Life like his, full of Difficulties and Danger? What have I not said and done, to make him forgoe this unhappy Turn of Spirit, or at least, if he must enter into a religious Life, to induce him to embrace one less austere! But all was ineffectual, I was oblig'd to give way to the Torrent of his Resolution, and at the same time humbly admir'd the Dispositions of Providence. I am now to pay him a Visit, in order to receive Edification from the Angelical Life which, they tell me, he leads. I answer'd the Cardinal, That no one was more surpriz'd or more affected, than I was, at the Change which was wrought upon the Count: But that, having spent good Part of my own Life in a foreign Country, I was ignorant of the Nature of the Order into which the Count had enter'd. You don't then know, says the Cardinal, what is known to all the World beside. Come with me to the Abbey of *Buon-Solazzo*, there you will understand from the Mouth of Brother *Arsene* himself, (for that is the Name the poor Count now assumes) the Motives which have induced him to embrace this Life. But, continues he, in what Part of the World have you been, since you are ignorant of a Conversion which has made such a Noise?

I satisfy'd the Cardinal's Curiosity, by giving him a succinct Account of my Adventures from the Time that I had left the Count *de Rosambert*. I recounted to him the Dangers which I had escaped in *England* and *Germany*, the long Slavery which I had undergone, and the surprizing Manner in which I was deliver'd from it: I even did not forget my Amour with *Selima*, and the Happiness I then enjoy'd in her Company. I perceiv'd that he heard the Story of my Amour with great Attention. As I had us'd
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the Word *Marriage*, without ever mentioning either Priest or Sacrament, the Cardinal ask'd me, after I had done with my Relation, if that dear charming *Selima* of which I spoke was a Christian, and if she had receiv'd Baptism? No, (answer'd I) I delay the Formality both of that and our Marriage till we arrive in *France*, where they can both be perform'd with more Convenience. I cannot approve of your Delay, answered the Cardinal: You ought, as soon as you touch'd upon a Christian Country, to have initiated her, whom you call your Spouse, into the holy Mysteries of our Religion. I excus'd myself the best way I cou'd for this Omission, then took my Leave, promising that I would do my self the Honour to attend him to the Abbey of *Buon-Solazzo*. I return'd next Day to his Lodging at the Hour he had appointed, attended only by a Footman and the Religious whom I had deliver'd from Slavery. He had liv'd in my House in a secular Habit ever since I came into *Italy*, and hearing me talk of my Visit to the Abbey, begg'd that he might accompany methither. We arriv'd there pretty early, and the Cardinal desir'd to be receiv'd without any Ceremony. The first thing he enquir'd for at the Prior, was to see Brother *Arsene*; he appear'd in a little time, but so alter'd, so disfigur'd by his Austerities and Penances, that it was with difficulty I recollected I had ever seen him. The Modesty and Contentment, that sat upon his Countenance, were Proofs of the Tranquillity he enjoy'd in his Soul. He saluted the Cardinal by prostrating himself at his Feet; as soon as he was rais'd, and had spoken a few Words, he turn'd himself to me. I could not resist the extream Impulse I had to run into his Arms. He knew me again, in spite of all the Alterations which Years and Hardships had made upon my Person, and I could perceive some Tears trickle down his Cheeks. All the Respect which I owed to the Presence of the Cardinal, could not hinder me from crying, My dear Count! is it thus I see you again? Oh! my dear and virtuous

virtuous Friend ! if so severe a Resolution as this was necessary to the Salvation of a Soul like yours, what must become of mine ? He answer'd me in a modest and obliging Manner. The Cardinal made us both sit down by him, and the Conversation turn'd upon general Subjects. After the Count had inform'd us of whatever related to his Person in his present Situation, and the Satisfaction he found in his Retirement, we begg'd him to give us an Account of the Motives that determin'd him to quit the World. He began his Relation from the War of *Italy*, where he first felt some Beams of the Divine Grace ! In the Year 1693, he was wounded so dangerously at the Battle of *Marsaglia*, that he remain'd for some Time amongst the dead Bodies without Sense, and was stript with the rest, and probably had been buried too, if one of the Soldiers, who knew him by looking more narrowly upon him, had not discover'd some sign of Life. But as his History is printed under the Title of the Life of the Count *de Rosambart*, I shall not repeat what may be found there. I shall only take notice that perceiving himself dangerously wounded, and ready to faint away, he made a Vow to retire to *La Trappe*, if Heav'n should grant him his Life. After he was cur'd he forgot his Vow ; but being attack'd some Years after with a violent Fever, he resum'd his Resolutions of Retirement so effectually, that he actually enter'd into the Abbey of *La Trappe*, notwithstanding all the Opposition which his Family and Relations could make. He liv'd in the Convent with that Piety which gain'd him the Admiration of all about him, until the Abbot of *La Trappe* sent him to *Buon-Solazzo*, in Company with some others, who were to form a Religious House there. He there preserved the same Love for Retirement, and shew'd the same Ardour for whatever related to the State of his Soul.

The Account which Brother *Arsene* gave of himself, was heard with equal Pleasure and Admiration by all the Spectators, such was the Variety of his Adventures, and such the Greatness of Soul which

he shew'd in the generous Sacrifice he made of his Life to Heaven. We pass'd the Night in the Abbey.

After I had retir'd to the Chamber where I was to sleep, I was surpriz'd to see the Religious whom I had brought along with me, enter and throw himself upon his Knees at my Feet. How many Obligations (said he) am I under to you, and how shall I be ever able to acquit myself of any part of the Debt? You deliver'd me from a cruel Slavery in *Turkey*, which I deserv'd by my Extravagancies, and to day by you I am possess'd of the Means of expiating all the Follies of my past Life, by imitating the Example of Father *Arsene*. What I would beg of you, Sir, is, That you would intercede with the Father Abbot to allow me to copy after that fair Example of Penitence, by living and dying in this House: This is a Favour I would value more than to be Master of the World. I approv'd of his Resolution, and spoke of it to the Cardinal, who, at my Intreaty, was so good as to present him to the Father Abbot. Thus my Recommendation had all the Success I could have wish'd. We left these Holy Men, having beg'd them to remember us in their Prayers: This Favour I particularly intreated from Brother *Arsene*, in right of the tender Friendship which had always subsisted betwixt us.

I was returning in a very compos'd State of Mind to *Florence*, discoursing all the Way with two Gentlemen that belong'd to the Cardinal, who follow'd us at a Distance in a small Chaise by himself, when we perceiv'd a Coach and Six, which were driving furiously towards the Place where we were. When they came up we observ'd the Shutters of the Coach were up, so we pass'd them without taking any further Notice. Altho' this Adventure seem'd to have very little in it that concern'd me, it made such an Impression upon me, that I became very thoughtful, and could not forbear to look several times back to the Coach. A little after, we met some Muleteers who were coming from *Florence*: I ask'd them

them if they knew whose Coach it was that had pass'd us. No, answer'd they: But as we were coming out of the City, we saw two Ladies who were walking in the Grove near the Wall without the Gate, when that same Coach appear'd all of a sudden; two Gentlemen who came out of it seiz'd the Ladies, and oblig'd them to get into the Coach. One of them seem'd to make no Resistance, but the other made a violent Struggle, and, as we thought, was crying; but we were at some Distance, and never mind other People's Affairs.

This Relation threw me into some Uneasiness; I thought that altho' we did not live in an Age of Knight-Errantry, yet Honour and Humanity oblig'd us to take some part in this Adventure; tho' I was far from imagining that I had any Share in it, as I afterwards found I had. While I was in some doubt how to behave, I saw a Person on Horseback riding full Gallop, who came up to me in an instant; I soon perceiv'd that it was the French Footman whom I had hir'd at Florence. What's the Matter, *Comtois*? said I, in some Confusion. He told me, he was going to look for me at the Abbey, to inform me that Madam the Marchioness had gone out along with Madam de ——— in her Coach; that he waited upon her, but that the Ladies having quitted the Coach went to walk on foot, and that his Mistress since that Time could not be heard of, notwithstanding all the Pains he had taken to find her out, and that he thought it his Duty to inform me of all these Circumstances.

This Account was too clear an Explanation of what was meant by the Coach's hurry; all my Blood boil'd in my Veins, and I trembled with excess of Rage. Gentlemen, says I, to my Companions, I hope you are Men of too much Honour to abandon me; my Wife is violently carried off in the Coach we met. At these Words we returned back with all the Speed our Horses could make, and rode a full Hour without once stopping. At

last we perceiv'd the Coach. It appear'd that the three Footmen, who were behind the Coach without Livery, had inform'd their Master that they saw four or five Men following them in full Carreer, because when we came near the Coach it stopp'd all of a sudden, not being able to outdrive us. The first Thing I did, after we came up, was to pull open the Coach Door. *Selima* (for it was actually she) gave a great Cry at seeing me, and the first Thing she did was to spring into my Arms. Do I see again my dear *Selima*, said I, what Villains must they be that have made this Attempt upon your Virtue? Upon this a Voice answer'd me out of the Coach, Not so fast, good Sir; what do you mean by all this Noise? At the same time I perceiv'd it came from the Prince *Gaston John*, who thrust his Head out at the Coach Door. I was prodigiously surpriz'd to see him. Ha! Prince, says I, who could have suspected you capable of so black an Attempt? He answer'd me with an Affectation of Mirth, That he should not take me for a *Frenchman*, because I understood so little of Gallantry. Did you think, said he, that I was going to take your Spouse's Life? No, Sir, reply'd I; But the *French* know how to distinguish betwixt Gallantry and Rudeness. You begin, reply'd he, to forget yourself. Madam (turning to *Selima*) can you complain of any Rudeness I offer'd you? *Selima* answer'd very plainly, That it was a Baseness unworthy of a Prince to carry a Lady off notwithstanding all her Prayers and Resistance. The Answer, reply'd he, is pretty *Turkish*, and so he ordered the Coach to drive on.

I own, this Way of proceeding had almost made me run into an excess of Fury; but I check'd it, thinking my self happy in being able to recover my dear *Selima*. I was oblig'd to mount her behind me upon the Horse, so we went back to *Florence* very softly. She told me on the Road, that I had scarce gone to the Abbey, when the Great Duke sent one
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of his Gentlemen to beg that she would come and divert herself at his Palace; That she had excus'd herself, pretending to be a little indispos'd: But after Dinner another Messenger came from the Prince *Gaston John*, begging very earnestly, that she would be at the Ball, which he was that Night to give to the Ladies of *Florence*, and where the Great Duke was to be; That she with some difficulty excus'd herself from this likewise; and that when it was pretty late, a Company of Masks, amongst whom the Great Duke was in Person, attempted to get into my House, but that she had made use of a good deal of Intreaty that they would leave her quiet for that Night: At last that Madam de ———, who had always pretended to be our Friend, came about nine o'Clock next Morning to carry her to Mass in her Coach: That after Mass she prevail'd with her to take a Turn in the Fields on foot, and that she did not doubt this was done of design to betray her, since Madam de ——— discover'd no surprize when the Prince *Gaston John* appear'd.

I call'd immediately to Mind the Advice I got from the Chevalier de ———. He had drawn such a Picture of the Grand Duke, and of the Ladies about Court, who render'd themselves serviceable to him in his Amours, as would have alarm'd me and put me upon my Guard, if I had been a little more distrustful and jealous in my Nature. But it never enter'd into my Head, that a Man at the Great Duke's Age could be capable of so much Weakness, or that his Brother would have debas'd himself so far as to serve him in these mean Practices.

The more we reflected upon this odd Adventure, the more we saw the Necessity of our quitting *Florence*. The Season was too far advanced for us to think upon going into *France*, besides *Selima* began to perceive some Inconveniencies that attend a Woman that is with Child. I consulted with the Cardinal de *Fanson*, who advis'd me to pass the rest of the Winter at *Rome*. I immediately order'd a Lit-

ter to be made, to transport *Selima*, and we set out for *Rome* in four Days after, without my taking leave of any *Italian*, except the Chevalier de ———. We had a pleasant Journey: When we arriv'd at *Rome*, I found the Cardinal *Janson*, who had got there before me, (I being oblig'd to travel slow by reason of *Selima's* Condition) and he had taken care to provide us in Lodgings in the Place *Navonne*, which is the pleafanteft part of the City. I did not fail to carry *Selima* along with me, when I went to thank him for the Honours he had done me: The Cardinal complimented me upon my poffeffing fo fine a Woman, and kept us both to dine with him. After Dinner, the Company begg'd of me to give them an Account of my Adventures, which they heard both with Surprize and Pleasure. The Cardinal took this opportunity to infinuate that I had too long delay'd the Baptifm of my Wife, and my three Domesticks which I had brought from *Anafra*. I thank'd him for his Friendship, and we agreed that his Eminency fhould fend one of his Almoners to inftruct *Selima*; not that fhe had any occafion for Inftruction, but it was decent that fhe fhould go thro' fuch a Ceremony before her Baptifm. The Cardinal was at firft of Opinion that it ought to be perform'd with great Pomp and Solemnity, and offer'd to baptize her, with his own Hand; but both *Selima* and I declin'd this; and it was resolv'd that it fhould be done without any Noife or Oftentation in a fmall Convent of *Benedictines* which was hard by. At length, the important Day arriv'd, when I embrac'd my dear *Selma* as a Christian, and when the Sacrament of Marriage made our Engagements more holy, but neither more tender nor more indiffoluble.

Whatever Pains we had been at to keep the Ceremony private, we could not prevent a good many Perfons of the firft Quality from affifting at it. I heard them cry, from all Corners of the Church, *La bella Christiana! La bella Christiana!* These Accla-

Acclamations filled me with a sensible Joy and Satisfaction. As soon as we return'd home, I took *Selima* aside, and spoke to her in these Terms: My dear Wife, (embracing her tenderly) your *Salem* is the same at *Rome* as at *Amasia*: It is not in his Pow'r to love his *Selima* more or less than he does. His Heart was form'd capable of receiving the deepest Impression of your Charms, and incapable of being affected with any other; no Alteration of Time or Place, neither Life nor Death can make any in my Breast. But, say my dear *Selima*, has your Heart suffered no Change? Is *Salem* as dear to you as ever? Is he still the same *Salem*, whose Presence to you was so agreeable, and whose Absence so intolerable? The Sacraments of the Church have this Day renew'd our Engagements; does your Heart tell you that these were necessary to perpetuate our mutual Passion? *Selima* was some Time before she answer'd me, as if her Tongue had been at a Loss to express the Sentiments which fill'd her Heart. But her Eyes, to whose Language I was no Stranger, told me part of what pass'd within her Breast. At last; How many cruel Questions must I answer? said she, ungrateful and unjust as you are, to oblige me to a Declaration of what I never gave you the least Grounds to doubt. You ask me if my Heart is still the same? You know too well that you are the Object of all its Passions and all its Wishes, and the Source of all its Desires. I challenge you to call to remembrance, a Moment since the first one when I became yours, in which I discover'd an Inclination, but when it was agreeable to yours, or ever form'd a Resolution, but what you directed. Have I not abandon'd my self so entirely to the Love of you, that I did not bestow one parting Sigh at leaving my Mother, my Brother, or my Sisters? Do not all my Words, my Looks, and my Actions center in you? What can I think of so cruel a Question? but that you are become satiate with my Affection, and search for some Pretence to break with one
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who lives only for you? Cruel Man, if you deprive me of your Love, deprive me likewise of my own Life.

I heard *Selima* out with a wonderful Satisfaction, both because she made so strong a Declaration of her Love, and because she spoke in so moving a Manner; but I took care to divert the Subject whenever I found that she began to be seriously affected. The least Tear that she cou'd have shed upon that Occasion, wou'd have drawn Drops of Blood from my Heart. I appear'd her by putting her in mind of what she had told me a great many times, that a Union of Hearts cou'd only be the effect of their being form'd by Heav'n for one another, and that such an Union was dissolvable only by Death: And consequently that Jealousies, Fears, Distrusts, and other Weaknesses of that nature were unworthy of our Passion; that if at any time we seem'd to give admission to any of these petty Disturbances, they shou'd be so manag'd, as only to give a higher Relish to the mutual Happiness we enjoy'd. In the mean time, *Selima's* Pregnancy advanc'd, on which account she stir'd but little abroad, and I commonly kept her Company within Doors; if at any time I paid a Visit to an intimate Friend, it was only to pick up something by which *Selima* might be diverted when I return'd home. In great Cities there are few Days pass in which something extraordinary does not occur, that serves to divert People who have a good deal of Time on their Hands, as we then had. *Rome* is remarkably fertile this Way, because its Inhabitants are commonly employ'd either in Intrigues of Politicks or Love. One Thing happen'd during my stay there, which I shall insert in these Memoirs, without any fear of Censure from my Reader.

One of the Receivers-General of the Ecclesiastical Revenues, whose Name was *Murini*, grew so rich upon his Employment, that he was accounted one of the most wealthy private Persons in *Rome*. His

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Expences were high, he kept open House, and was never so well pleased as when he saw his Table well fill'd, which it sometimes was, by Persons of the first Quality, who were always fond of his Person and Conversation. *Murini* had five Children, four of which were Sons, and one a Daughter; he had given them so liberal an Education, that they were possess'd of all the Accomplishments necessary to give a Lustre to the Riches they were to inherit. But Fortune, who takes a Pleasure in humbling the most elevated, soon exercised her Spite upon this unhappy Family. Some busy Tongue whisper'd to the Pope, that such Riches could only be amass'd by indirect Practices, and Commissioners were appointed to enquire into the Affair; and to inspect his Accounts. It was in vain for *Murini* to object to several Persons nam'd in the Commission, who were known to be his Enemies; and being found guilty, in less than six Weeks time he saw himself stript of his immense Estate; but to compleat his Misfortune, some Creditors, that were not at *Rome* during the Time of his Process, put in their Claims, which depriv'd him of all that was necessary for the Support of his Life, insomuch that he soon found himself in the utmost Misery. That Crowd of Friends, which his Prosperity had made, basely abandon'd him in his Adversity, and the unfortunate *Murini* was oblig'd to retire to a small House in the Suburbs of *Rome*, there to lead a joyless and obscure Life with his five Children. The four Sons, whose Education had not fitted them to Mechanick Employments, betook themselves to the Army, and such was their filial Piety, that they all enlisted under one Captain, allotting their enlisting Money for the Support of their Father. So small a Sum was not sufficient to support the Old Man for any long time, and his Despair had certainly made him take some fatal Course, if Heav'n had not remarkably interpos'd for his Deliverance. His Daughter, whose Name was *Thecla*, was handsome and well shap'd;

a young Scholar had seen her in the Time of her Father's Prosperity, and fall'n in Love with her; but neither his Fortune nor Years, which were about 15, being suitable to hers, he durst never make an open Declaration of his Passion. The Alteration of *Murini's* Circumstances, and his being reduc'd so low as he was, were Encouragements to one who lov'd up to the pitch of this young Gallant, and after a long Search, in order to understand to what Quarter of the Town *Murini* had remov'd, he succeeded at last. He had the Address to be introduc'd to his Mistress, and soon enter'd into a Familiarity with her, which gave him Encouragement sufficient to talk to her of his Passion. As he had a good Person, he was favourably heard; but it was not long before he understood that both *Murini* and *Donna Thecla* were reduc'd to the greatest extremity of Poverty.

To what Expedients will not Love and Compassion drive us! *Theodore* (for such was the Name of our young Lover) seiz'd upon whatever he cou'd lay his Hands on in his Fathers House, turn'd all to ready Money, even his School-Books, and carried it to *Murini*; this Sum being spent, he bethought himself of another Shift, which was, to go to all the Families of Distinction at *Rome*, and recommend himself to their Charity, under the Pretence of being a young Scholar, and wanting wherewith to continue his Studies. This Invention likewise failing, he fell upon another, which had almost ended in his Ruin. There were some *Italian* Officers at *Rome*, who were raising Recruits; *Theodore* engag'd himself with five or six of these successively, and got Money for enlisting from each. At last, he was discover'd and thrown into Prison, and prosecuted so warmly, that he was condemn'd to lose his Life, with all the Rigour of military Discipline. He found means to inform *Murini* of his unfortunate Situation, whom Gratitude and the Solicitations of his Daughter prevail'd upon to attempt his Deliverance. Accordingly, he took the Opportunity

nity, when the Pope was coming from Mass, he throw himself at his Feet, informing him in a few Words of his former happy Condition, and of the Misery into which he now was fall'n by the Malice of his Enemies; he told him that his unhappy Fate affected even those who were so kind as to bear any part in his Misfortunes from a Principle of Compassion; and that upon his Account a young Gentleman was expos'd to the utmost Severity of Law, by suffering an ignominious Death, only for having lov'd his Daughter, and pined his Misfortunes. In short, he represented his own and the young Gentleman's Case so pathetically, that *Clement* the Xth was touch'd, and declar'd that he wou'd reserve the Examination of his Affair to himself. *Murini*, whose Spirit was not impair'd by his Misfortunes, made so good use of this favourable Beginning, that he not only procur'd the Pardon of *Theodore*, but had his own Sentence revers'd, and himself reinstated into the greatest part of the Estate he formerly possess'd. He then testified his Acknowledgment to *Theodore* by giving him his Daughter in Marriage, and recall'd his four Sons, whose Misfortunes serv'd to add a brighter Lustre to their Virtues.

Another Adventure, but of a more Comick Nature, occasion'd a good deal of Discourse while I was at *Rome*. A certain Abbe whose Name I conceal from my Respect to the *Roman Church*, fell in Love with the Wife of a Machine-Maker for the Opera. The Wife was by no means ill-natur'd, but the Husband was jealous and watchful. The Lover had very little hopes of seeing her any where but at her own House, about which he was continually hovering; at last he understood that a certain Turner was making four Pillars, which were to support an Alcove in the Machine-Maker's House. The Abbe immediately wrought upon the Turner to make one of the Pillars hollow, and the Vacuity large enough to contain him in it, with a little

little Door imperceptible on the outside by which he cou'd go in or out. The Abbe's Project succeeded so far that he got himself inclos'd within the Pillar, and carried to the Place appointed; but by misfortune for him, the Pillar was so dispos'd that his Entry was shut up by its being plac'd close to the Wall, so that it was impossible for him to come out without removing the Pillar. One may judge what was the Gallant's Situation, who after he heard the Husband go out, was agreeably entertaining himself with the Thoughts of his approaching Bliss, when he found that he was a close Prisoner. He would have given, no doubt, one of his best Livings to have got rid of so unfortunate an Affair; he durst not venture to call out to his Mistress, because he was not sure but there might be some one or other with her; and in this mortifying Situation he pass'd a whole Day and a Night. His Necessities at last became so pressing that he was oblig'd to break thro' all restraints of Fear or Shame, and to make a Noise sufficient to discover that there was a Prisoner within. The Husband unfortunately chanc'd at that Time to be in the Room, and the poor Abbe was oblig'd to apply to him for his Deliverance. However well the Spouse was vers'd in Machinery, he did not understand that Part of it by which a Pillar spoke with a distinct Human Voice; he drew nearer to it, the better to be assur'd of this Prodigy, and the Abbe, who could hold out no longer, was fain to discover himself, and beg his Pardon in the most submissive Manner. The Husband, after examining into the Circumstances of the Affair, found that it was impossible for his Honour to suffer from one who was in so inconvenient a Posture, easily granted him Pardon, upon his engaging to pay three times the Value for the Pillar, in order to erect another which might be in less Danger of being knock'd down.

While I was diverting *Selima* with the Accounts
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of these Adventures, one happen'd to myself, which threw me into a very disagreeable Perplexity. A Person arriv'd at Rome, who call'd himself *Miraculofo Florisonti*; he was indeed a very extraordinary Man, both on Account of his natural and acquir'd Endowments, especially a prodigious Memory. He had made himself Master of almost all Arts and Sciences, and every Body was charm'd with his Happines of Expression; but what encreas'd his Reputation most, was, the Rumour which he took care shou'd be spread, that he possess'd certain Secrets of Nature, and understood all the Depths of the Occult Philosophy. He confirm'd this Opinion by a multitude of Experiments, which surpriz'd every Body, and convinc'd most of those who saw them. *Selima*, who was become more curious since I had perswaded her to read some of our best Authors, shou'd a great desire to be acquainted with a Person whose Reputation was so great, and I promis'd to introduce him to her; accordingly, he was so complaisant that he came to my House; we had the Pleasure of Reasoning with him a long Time upon different Subjects, and I own, I was charm'd with his Company. I beg'd him to favour us with some of those pretty Experiments which the World gave out he could work. He whisper'd in my Ear, that it would not be proper, in the Condition my Wife was, to perform any thing before her which might frighten her; upon this, I chang'd the Discourse, but privately engag'd him to follow me into my Closet, and to give me some Proof of his Art. When we came there, Turn your Face from me (said he) Sir, and fear nothing. I know not what he did during that Time, but when I turn'd my face to the Place where he stood, instead of him, I saw only a great Bear, that was resting on her hinder Parts. I own, this Sight gave me no small Fear, but I did not let fall the least Symptom of it, and found that in a short Time the Bear by degrees assum'd the Figure of the Operator. I

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told him that I was convinc'd, by what I had seen, that he possess'd some Secrets which operated beyond the Powers of Nature. He answer'd, that once we were better acquainted, he wou'd talk to me more upon that Subject, and shew me what wou'd give me still a greater Surprise.

I had the Honour to sup that Night with Monsi. the Abbe de la Tremouille, who liv'd next Door to my Lodgings. I cou'd not forbear telling him of the surprizing Prodigy I had seen; he took the Thing for a Jest, and wou'd not believe it. As we had ended Supper, Mr. Boffi his Physician enter'd the Room, to whom I told my Adventure likewise; he made me dwell upon every Circumstance of it, and having heard me out very gravely, told me, that there was nothing in the Whole that surpass'd the Powers of Nature; that the Experiment was purely Physicall; and that, probably, while my Back was turn'd, the Operator had thrown into the Air some very subtle Powder, which had dispos'd the Organs of my Eyes so that I imagin'd I saw a Bear; that my seeing the same Figure return to that of a Man, was a Proof of this, which it did by degrees, in proportion as the Virtues of the Powder vanished.

Monsi. Boffi, in order to strengthen his Opinion, added, that there were multitudes of these Tricks play'd by designing Knaves, which the Vulgar attributed to Magick; but which cou'd be no Surprise to an able Physician, who knew the Principles upon which they went. For instance, (said he) there is no Woman or Child among five Thousand that see a Coach stoppt all of a sudden in a plain Road, in spite of all the Endeavours of the Coachman to make it go forward, but presently concludes it to be the Effect of Magick. Whereas the Magick is no other than this; Take the Liver of a Wolf, dry it upon the Fire till it comes to that Consistence that you can pulverize it; throw some of its Powder into the Air on the Road by which the Coach must

must pass, and no Horse will move one Step till it is entirely dissipated. We pass'd the whole Night in these kind of Discourses.

Signior *Miraculoso Florisanti* paid me another Visit next Day. He told me that he had a greater Esteem for the *French* than the *Italians*, and for that Reason begg'd my Friendship. That he was willing to communicate a good many Secrets to me, which he did not care for valuing himself upon at *Rome*, because, says he, the *Romans* are a parcel of narrow-thinking Creatures, and imagine that every Man, who knows more than they do, must have a Correspondence with the Devil; in short, that he was under too great a Dread of the Inquisition at *Rome*, to expose himself to the Zeal of their Priests. As for you, Sir, (continued he) I mean this Day to give you a Proof of my Friendship for you. Madam, your Wife, is with Child, and nearer her Delivery than she imagines. Here is a Divine Elixir, which will abate her Pains, and make her Labour easy; leave the Management of the rest to me. Upon this, he pulled out of his Pocket a Vial-Glass, which contained a reddish sort of Liquor, and insisted that *Selima* shou'd drink it off immediately: Signior, (said I) I am sensible of your Friendship and Zeal to serve me, but I love my Wife so tenderly, that I dare not consent to her taking so extraordinary a Remedy without a Proof of its being safe. I foresaw (replies he with a Smile) where your Difficulty wou'd lie, and provided against it; upon this, he took a Draught of the Liquor in the Vial, and a good Spoonful of the Elixir, inviting me to do the same, which, after him, I made no Scruple of doing. Finding it had no disagreeable Taste, I went immediately to *Selima*, desiring her to take the Dose, which she very readily did, upon my assuring her it was innocent.

It must be own'd, that tho' we are sometimes deceiv'd by these *Nostrums*, we often feel, as in the present Case, that they have good Effects. *Selima* had

few Pains in Childbirth, and suffer'd none of the Dangers that attend it. How great was my Joy upon this! I embrac'd the wonderful Operator, and gave him 1000 Crowns on the Spot. This Liberality, joyn'd to other Instances of my Friendship which he daily receiv'd, engag'd him so much, that there was not a Day pass'd without his seeing me at least twice. He was our Physician in ordinary, and attended both *Selima* and me with an Affection which could proceed only from the Heart. He taught me all his Secrets, most of which were perfectly innocent, tho' there are some which I would have some Scruple to practise. While he was at *Rome* he had a very gainful Trade, and he sold his Medicines to the Publick to great Advantage. But he was far from keeping his Resolution of not making any extraordinary Appearance at *Rome*; the Reputation he acquir'd, elevated him too much, and gave him a Thirst for still greater, till at last he was so uncautious that he gave the utmost Proof of his Art. The Inquisition, at last, took notice of him, and had him arrested. I was at Dinner with the Cardinal *Janson* when I heard this News, and we were making several Reflections upon this unreasonable Power lodg'd in the Inquisition, when a *French* Gentleman who came from *Monte Cavallo* enter'd the Room, and told me, that I must not return home, unless I had a mind to share the same Fate with *Miraculoso*. When I ask'd coldly what he meant by that Way of speaking, he answer'd me, that I was suspected of having a Share in his magical Operations; it being no Secret, that the Marchioness my Wife had made use of his Art in procuring an easy Delivery, and that I had made him a Present of 1000 Crowns, and in short, that there was a Resolution to secure me, the Marchioness, and all our Domesticks for further Examination. I was struck with this Zeal of the Inquisition, and cou'd not forbear letting drop several severe Expressions with relation to that formidable Tribunal.

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However, I did not think proper that my Family shou'd be in any ways subjected to their Mercy ; so I begg'd Mons. the Cardinal to help me out of this knotty Affair. He had the Goodness immediately to send one of his Domesticks to the Inquisitors, to inform them that I was a *French Gentleman*, and under the King of *France's* Protection. So the Matter stop'd there, but no body cou'd ever give an Account what became of *Miraculoso Florisanti*.

The Thread of this History made me forget to inform my Readers, that *Selima* had made me the Father of a Daughter. The Tenderneſs I ow'd to this dear Pledge of our Love making me delay my Departure for *France*, I reſolved at all adventures to wait till both Mother and Daughter were in condition to undertake the Fatigues of ſo long a Journey. For my own Share, I found Objects enough to divert me at *Rome*, without wiſhing to remove to any other Place of the World, had it not been for the ardent Deſire I had to ſee my Father. This Idea always preſented itſelf to me, and ſometimes interrupted my Repoſe. It is hard (wou'd I ſay to myſelf) to be depriv'd ſo long of the Sight of ſo good a Father ! 'Tis true, that it is not my Fault that I have not ſeen him ſooner ; Heav'n is my Witneſs that this was the only Thing in the World that cou'd have brought any Alleviation to my Sufferings ; but, perhaps, his Ignorance of them contributes not a little to the Happineſs he at preſent enjoys. As in fact he is an affectionate Parent, what Pangs had he not ſuffer'd in underſtanding that I was the unhappy Sport of Fortune, and that every Day which paſſ'd over my Head was mark'd by ſome Diſgrace ! Now I can meet him with a happy and ſerene Mind ; and all the Severity of his Virtue will not prevent the Pleaſure he muſt conceive, when he ſhares my Embraces and thoſe of my Spouſe, whoſe Modeſty and Merit he muſt admire. Let us be gone then ! but alas ! how can I, in the

Condition *Selima* is in? Shall I expose her to the Hardships and Dangers of the Sea, whose Faithlessness I have but too often experienc'd already? Such were the Agitations of my Heart upon this Subject: Oft-times I was seiz'd with a deep Melancholy, and I retir'd to Solitude that I might the better indulge it; but as soon as I came home, a Smile, a Glance from *Selima*, made new Joy spring in my Heart, and I wonder'd from what Source my Sadness flow'd. Thus Providence insensibly prepar'd me for all the cruel Woes that were soon to befall me. Impenetrable Providence! What then is Man? and why shou'dst thou take a Pleasure in destroying the best-founded human Happiness? Is it to teach Man that he must not seek it in any perishable Enjoyment upon Earth?

Having resolv'd not to leave *Rome* so soon, I employ'd my self entirely in seeking Occasions to divert *Selima*. She had appear'd so seldom Abroad since her Arrivall at *Rome*, that she had no Acquaintance but with some Ladies in the Neighbourhood, whom Decency oblig'd her to visit: Amongst these was Madam *de Sanati* of the Family of *Ottoboni*. This Lady had a Country House near *Frescati*, about eight or nine Miles from *Rome*; she had long sollicit'd us to pass some Weeks with her in the Country, and as the fine Season was approaching, I believ'd that the good Air in that charming Place might contribute a good deal to *Selima's* Recovery; and indeed we saw one of the most enchanting Spots in the World. *Frescati* is situated at the foot of a Ridge of Hills: It is a small Village, but all its Neighbourhood may be justly term'd a Paradise. Here most of the Quality in *Rome* have Seats, which they call Vineyards. There are, at the Distance of every twenty Paces, fine Springs of the purest Water, the Air is wholesome, and commonly without a Cloud. Madam *de Sanati's* Seat is situated near *Alaobrandini*, which, upon account of its fine Prospect, is call'd *Belvidere*. It was in this
delicious

delicious Retirement that we spent two Months, which to us appear'd but so many Days. We were shown, within a League of *Frescati*, the Ruins of *Tusculum*, *Cicero's* favourite *Villa*. It was a delightful Amusement for me to contemplate these awful Remains of Antiquity. I went frequently abroad, in Company with *Madam de Sanati* and my Wife, to take a clearer View of the Places, and then I observ'd a great many Particulars, which gave me a Desire to consider them more nearly by my self. I had perceiv'd, at the Bottom of a dry Ditch, the Ends of some Stones, which were too regularly join'd together, for me not to discern that they had been part of an old Wall or Building. A Cane, which I had in my Hand, help'd me to remove the Earth for about one Foot downwards, and then I discover'd some Remains of Architecture, which confirm'd me in my Conjectures. I return'd next Morning with two Men, who were provided with Levers and Hoes; *Madam de Sanati's* Son was along with me; we dug up the Earth on all sides of the Wall, and, in proportion as we descended, the Stones appear'd more beautiful, and more ornamented with different Figures; we rais'd the half of the Capital of a Pillar, the rest appear'd entire and well preserv'd; there was another about five or six Feet from that, and in the middle Space was a Door, or Aperture, which made me believe it to be the Entry to some Building; but as there appear'd no place to which this Door directed us, I order'd my Pioneers to dig a few Feet farther off, directly opposite to the Door. This Labour not succeeding, I made them dig all about, and till they threw up a good many Ditches; at last they fell upon a Building which, by the Hollowness of the Sound which it return'd, I took for a Vault. They had a good deal of difficulty to break the Stones in order to make an Opening large enough for our Purpose; at last they succeeded. I order'd a Ladder to be brought, and down we went with lighted Flambeaus

beaus which I had provided. We found ourselves in a kind of Porch pretty large, the Pavement and Walls of which were compos'd of very well-polish'd Stones, but some of them broken and displac'd. After we had survey'd all this, we perceiv'd two Doors which enter'd into the Porch, one as it were from the Place where we had been digging, the other just opposite to it; I began to break down the last of these, which we easily did, the Wood being so rotten that it made no resistance; we then enter'd into a large Hall, in the middle of which was a Table of Stone incrust'd with Marble in several Places; there was no Seat in the Room, except a pitiful Form, which fell in pieces as soon as we touch'd it. At the farther part of the Hall, we found a large Cupboard, in which were several Flaggons, two Knives, and a little Bason; the Cupboard was of Wood, and unputrified. I order'd it to be remov'd, and was surpris'd to find, behind, an Iron Door cross'd by a Bar of the same, the Extremities of which were fastned in the Wall. We had very great Difficulty to force this Door open, at last we succeeded, and found that we must go downwards four Steps. The first Objects that struck us, were four Statues of a human Largeness, supported by the Wall, at one end of the Hall, which was about ten Feet in Length; these Statues were so frightful, and at the same time so natural, that all my Senses were lock'd up in Horror. My Attendants propos'd that we should retire, since (said they) there is no room to doubt that this is some Place consecrated to, and haunted by the Devil. I encourag'd them as well as I could, and prevail'd with them to advance; I presently found that the three Statues represented the three Furies. Each had a Foot resting upon a Chest of Iron, which was pretty much of the Shape and Largeness of a Coffin. I own I had a secret Dread about me when I open'd this Chest; I found in it a two-edg'd Ponyard all cover'd with Rust, some human

human Bones, and a moist kind of Substance, which apparently was the Remains of a Body that had been consum'd with Putrefaction. I took up the Ponyard, and as I was attentively considering this dreadful Monument, read the following Words upon the Coffin:

FUORI SACRUM.

I consider'd it all as the Effects of some terrible Vengeance, dictated either by Hatred or disappointed Passion. I next endeavour'd to find out some Circumstance or Date, which might mark the precise Time when the Accident happen'd that gave rise to this Monument. I search'd into all the Corners of the Hall, I examin'd the Walls by help of the Flambeaus, but all in vain; at last I return'd to the Coffin to take a near Inspection of it. But, as I was stirring about the moist Substance with the Ponyard, a sudden Flame, which arose from it, caught hold of my Hairs, and burnt a good Part of them in an Instant. This Prodigy had almost kill'd my Attendants with Dread, and I own, I was not a little startled. We immediately left the subterraneous Mansion, and went directly to the Hole by which we had descended.

We had spent so much Time in this Adventure, that it was almost Night when we arriv'd at Madam *de Sanati's* House. She was frighted with the Recital of what we had met with. The Story took Air, and in a few Days was dispers'd all over the Neighbourhood, and a thousand terrible Circumstances were added, so that the Place was look'd upon as haunted, and no Body wou'd so much as pass that Way. The Hole we had made was shut up in a few Days after, and the Story is very famous at *Frescati*; but I am persuaded since, that there was nothing supernatural that happen'd. I held the Torch in my Hand while I was raking into the Ashes, and that fat Moisture, which they still preserv'd, might easily catch the Flame, that was commu-

communicated to my Hairs, which were long, and full of Essences, having allow'd them to grow ever since my leaving *Amasia*; and I was a little mortify'd that by this Accident I was oblig'd to wear a Wig.

Madam *de Sanati* did all she could to divert us while we liv'd in her House; besides the ordinary Amusements which she procur'd us every Day, we had, by her means, the Honour of waiting upon Prince *Ludoviso*, who had a fine Villa in the Neighbourhood. He kept us several times to dine with him. The principal Ladies of *Frescati* were commonly of the Party, and brought along with them all the Agreeableness which is so peculiar to themselves. But however jealous they were of their Character in point of Beauty, they all yielded the Precedency to that of *Selima*. We met with nothing that cou'd dash our Pleasures with the least mixture of Sadness, while we liv'd at Madam *de Sanati's* House, except a little Compassion which we had for one of the Parties in one of the most unequal Matches that ever was. Madam *de Sanati* was invited to the Marriage of a young Lady, who was not above fourteen or fifteen Years of Age, and engag'd us to keep her Company. We went along with her to the Bride's House, who seem'd one of the most amiable young Persons in the World. Upon seeing her, I did not at all doubt but that the Person she had consented shou'd be her Spouse had equal Accomplishments with her: But I was surpris'd to find him a little deform'd Wretch, crooked and ugly, his Eyes red, and sunk in his Head, his Complexion sickly and pale, and his Mouth reaching from Ear to Ear. I observ'd Madam *de Sanati* as much surpris'd as I was; she whisper'd to me, that it was at *Frescati* as in other Places of the World, where Beauty, Youth, and Merit were sacrific'd to Riches. This Monster of a Spouse possess'd about 10 or 12000 Livres a Year, and the Girl had little or no Fortune.

tune. This had blinded the Parents to all other Considerations. But what affected *Selima* most was, that this poor young Creature run to her intended Husband with the same Ardour as if she had been entering into the highest State of Happiness. So insensible was she of the Inequality of their Conditions.

We left *Madam de Sanati's* House, not without the highest Sense of her Generosity and Favours, and she lent us her Coach to carry us to *Rome*. *Selima* was now in perfect Health, and I propos'd that we shou'd now set out for *France*. We cou'd easily reach it before Winter, whether we went by Sea, or by Land, which is less dangerous, but more fatiguing. The Day for our Departure was fix'd before we reach'd *Rome*, where we found the Number of our Domesticks diminish'd by the Deaths of the two *Turkish* Slaves which had follow'd us from *Amasia*. They had been carried off, after a few Days Illness, by a Malignant Fever, which began at this time to rage at *Rome*.

I was in the utmost Despair at having precipitated *Selima* into so much Danger. It was now too late to think of returning that Night, but we resolv'd to be gone early next Day, and to leave the Chamber-Maid with *Comtois* to pack up our Furniture. Useless Precautions! Heaven laugh'd at my Cares, and was preparing for me an Abyss of Misery, into which I was to be plung'd, and from which I was never to rise.

It is certain, That Man, having receiv'd from Heaven, Life, and whatever else he possesses in this World, the same Being that bestow'd them, can take them away at its Pleasure, without any Imputation of Injustice. The Creator exercises an absolute Power over whatever he has created; if he allows us the transitory Enjoyment of them, it is always reserving to himself the Right of disposing them as he sees proper. No one can doubt of these Truths.

But

But tho' we are discharg'd from Murmuring or Repining, tho' Men ought, even while they are afflicted, to adore the Hand by which Afflictions come, yet still they are not debarr'd from the melancholy Satisfaction of Sorrowing and Tears: It wou'd be hard to deny the Wretched this poor Privilege, since, alas! we have no Guard to defend us against the severe Blows of Providence.

My Reader will perceive enough of this, in the Course of this History; those who are unwilling to have their Tranquillity interrupted even by Compassion, and those who are apt to be too much affected with the Reading of a moving Story, ought to stop at this Period of my Life, and read no further. All I can hereafter entertain them with, is Sighs and Tears; while I am now writing, I perceive all the Wounds of my Heart to bleed afresh, and fourteen Years have rather encreased than diminish'd the Violence of my Sorrows.

Selima had gone to Bed in good Health, but she had not been there above two Hours, when I perceiv'd she was in a burning Fever. When I spoke of it to her, she told me, that it was only a slight Head-ach, and desir'd me not to be alarm'd: I rose from Bed immediately, and sent for a Physician, who found her Fever raging with great Violence. I immediately concluded she was gone, and from that Moment despair'd of her Recovery. A deadly Chillness run thro' all my Veins, and I felt Pangs, to which, till then, I had been a Stranger. Nevertheless, that my Grief might give no Uneasiness to *Selima*, I put on as compos'd an Air as I cou'd: Her Fever redoubled about Break of Day, attended with violent Paroxysms, and the Physician, whom I wou'd not suffer to leave her one Moment, made her take some Cordials, which had no Effect upon her. At last, the Rage of the Fever turn'd her delirious, during which Time she incessantly rav'd about Me, and often repeated my Name as if she had been under a great Concern. I was rather
dead

dead than alive at that Time ; I sat upon her Bed-side, keeping one of her Hands, which were burning-hot, clasp'd within mine, and spoke some Words to her, of which, she heard but half. About Evening she recover'd her Senses entirely ; and the Abbe Tremouille, who had the Goodness to come to see me, advis'd me to give her the Sacraments of the Church. She went thro' them with a Devotion, which was truly Christian. Towards Midnight, her Pains encreas'd ; as I was always with her, and the Physician had forbidden the least Whisper, my Eyes were the silent Interpreters of my Grief ; she wou'd often turn her tender languishing Looks upon me, and grasp my Hand, calling me her dear *Salem*. The Physician, who was a very able Man in his Profession, told me, he was deceiv'd if she held out after four a Clock in the Morning. His Prediction was but too just, my *Selima*, my dearest Wife, dy'd at that fatal Hour, with these Words in her Mouth, *Love me forever, for while I dye, I love you*. Can it be imagin'd, how I surviv'd that terrible Moment ? and why my Despair did not drive me to pierce my Heart with a thousand Deaths ? What had I now remaining in this World, when *Selima* left it ? Why did I not rush upon my Sword, or precipitate myself into the *Tiber* ! Were all the Means of Death so remote, that I was oblig'd still to drag this wretched Being ? Alas ! I try'd all of them one after another, but was depriv'd of all, and watch'd close for fifteen Days, as a Man in a Frenzy or fit of Distraction. I was rather worse than such a one, for with the Love of Life I lost all Sentiments of Piety and Religion. Neither the wise Advices of the Cardinal de *Janson*, nor Mons. de *Tremouille*, could make any Impression upon me. 'Tis true, they prevail'd upon me to live, but I had form'd a Scheme of Life, that differ'd little from Death, and which, I hop'd in a short Time, wou'd lay me in the Grave. I engag'd the Physician, by a large

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Reward,

Reward, to bring me in a Box of Gold the Heart of *Selima*, tho' she was already buried: And, for fear lest he shou'd impose upon me, I order'd *Comtois* to be present at the Tomb during the Operation, which, two Days after, was happily executed. Well pleas'd with the Possession of this invaluable Treasure, I now thought upon nothing but putting my Design in Practice. I hir'd a House at a Village called *Venisi*, within half a League of *Rome*, which, being situated in the middle of a very thick Wood, forms a profound Solitude. I retir'd thither with *Comtois* and *Agada*, who had been Chamber-Maid to my dear *Selima*, and who had consented to follow my Fortune. *Agada* engag'd to take care of my Daughter, whom I caus'd to be convey'd with her Nurse to *Venisi* likewise, together with every thing that had belong'd to *Selima*, her Books, her Cloaths, and other Moveables. This dismal Equipage was a Part of my Project. My first Care was to have the Walls and the Floor of my Room cover'd with Black Cloth, then I shut up all the Windows, being resolv'd to see no Light but that of Torches. Next I dispos'd *Selima's* Cloaths upon the Wall, in such a Manner, that they were continually in my Eye. I then plac'd the Box that contain'd her Heart upon the Table, which was likewise cover'd with Black; above that, I hung her Picture, perfectly resembling her when she was in all the Bloom of her Beauty. On each side of the Table was a Sconce, which contain'd a Torch, that threw a melancholy Gleam thro' this mournful Apartment. Some Books, a Bed, and a Black Night-Gown were the rest of my Furniture. Such was the Disposition of this kind of Tomb, in which I had resolv'd to bury myself alive. If Tears and Sighs cannot be justly term'd Pleasures, 'tis certain, that the Indulging them gives a vast Pleasure to a Heart so burthen'd with Sorrows as mine then was. Every Moment I gave to Grief was so dear, that I regretted even the Time which was necessary

necessary to recruit the Waste of my Spirits by Sleep. Two Months pass'd without my ever lying down upon my Bed. My ordinary Situation was to place myself near the Table, upon which my Treasure stood, fixing my Eyes incessantly upon it, and addressing my Speech to it as to *Selma* when alive. Nay, I wou'd often kiss it, watering it at the same time with a Flood of Tears. I imagin'd with myself that that Heart, which beat with so tender Affections when alive, was conscious of my Sentiments, shar'd in my Sorrows, and approv'd of those Expressions of Love which I pour'd forth. Sometimes I wou'd suffer my drooping Head to rest upon the Table, or lean it to the Back of my Chair, and then a Slumber wou'd steal upon my Senses for some Moments, but it was soon interrupted by my Groans and Sighs, which redoubled when I awak'd, and wou'd bring *Comtois* into my Chamber, lest some Accident had happen'd to me. The poor Fellow wou'd then fall a crying when he look'd upon the dismal Posture I was in; but if he found me in my ordinary Posture, he wou'd retire without Speaking. I eat little, slept less, and but very seldom read. It is incredible that I should pass a whole Year in this terrible Situation. It was, doubtless, owing to Heav'n, that took care of my bodily Health, in order to give me Opportunities to provide for that of my Soul. For during that fatal Year, I had so entirely lost all Sense of Religion, that I never thought of God, unless to accuse him of Rigour and Injustice. As solitary as *Venisi* was, yet being so near *Rome*, it was impossible but that my Manner of Life shou'd be known abroad, and it was a common Topick of Discourse. People were acquainted with all the Circumstances of my Manner of Life, and at the same time that they pitied my Misfortunes, they admir'd my Resolution. Mons. the Abbe *Tremouille* was the first whom Friendship and Compassion drew to *Venisi*. Altho' I had order'd my Servants to give no Ad-

mittance to any, yet they did not think that my Order reach'd to a Person of his Distinction. I was surpris'd to see that illustrious Abbe enter into my Chamber, without any one informing me of his coming up: Where am I, (said he, embracing me) shall I believe my own Eyes? Are you a Man or the Ghost of a Man? Wou'd to Heav'n (answer'd I) that I could lose that Being which distinguishes me from the Ghosts; at least, I shall find in the Grave, the Quiet which I despair to enjoy on Earth. You don't know (replies the Abbe) what you say, your Life is not in your own Power but in God's, and you ought to use all Means in order to preserve it, as long as he is willing you shou'd continue among the Living. Me among the Living! (answer'd I) Alas! Me that frighten them with my Groans, Tears, and Woes; even you, my dear Friend, are shock'd to look on so miserable a Wretch. No! I can't enough invoke Death to my Aid, since Life is become unsupportable to myself, and useless to others. But (answer'd he) you don't reflect that it is yourself that is the Cause of your being useless to others. This is what you may easily help by performing what Reason and Religion require of you; has not your long state of Mourning, and your extraordinary Afflictions done sufficient Honour to the Ashes of your Wife? Can your dying for her, restore her again to Life? Remember that in case Heaven permits her to see your Sorrows, and to be sensible of your Grief, it must diminish the Enjoyment of the Happiness she possesses, to see them so excessive. If her Shade is entirely unconscious of what you suffer, in vain do you afflict yourself, and provoke the Almighty by your resisting his Will. *Monf. de la Tremouille* spoke a great deal more upon this Head, and concluded with telling me, That I must return to *Rome* along with him. My Grief was too ingenious at finding Excuses, and too deeply rooted for me to consent easily to this. I oppos'd all his Reasonings, and told

told him, that Woes like mine requir'd eternal Tears. He assur'd me of the continuance of his Friendship, and that he wou'd visit me frequently. In a short Time after this, I was besieg'd by a vast number of Persons of the first Distinction, who crowded to see me, either from a Principle of Curiosity or Friendship. They us'd the same Arguments to draw me from my Solitude that the Abbe had done, but in vain. At last, weary'd out by their repeated Importunities, I was thinking to change my Abode to some Place, which might be more retir'd, and less known, when one Day the Servant told me, that a *French* Gentleman, who said he was my Relation, wanted to see me; I order'd the Servant to conduct him in, but when he enter'd, I was struck with his Features; tho' my Ideas of them were so confus'd, that I knew not what to make of him. He stopt short, that I might have time to recollect if I knew him. I understood what he meant, and told him, that his Face was no Stranger to me, and that he wou'd do me a Pleasure in letting me know farther. He answer'd me by throwing himself about my Neck, where he hung for some time without speaking a Word. Ah my dear Marquis (cry'd he) is it possible that you have forgot the Chevalier—— who always so tenderly lov'd you? In what a Condition do I behold you, alas! what do I learn about you? Will Fortune never give over her unjust Persecution of you, and will you ever continue to be amiable and misfortunate? I own that my Heart knew an emotion of Joy, when in this Gentleman I discover'd my Uncle the Chevalier de

The Reader may remember, that in the Beginning of these Memoirs, I mention'd the Fondness I had always entertain'd for him, ever in his Childhood, besides the Sight of him awak'd in my Memory all my Father. These two Ideas joining, melted me into Tenderness; I return'd his Embraces,

and desiring him to sit down, You see (said I) to what a wretched Condition Heaven has reduc'd me. I don't speak of these that you was a Witness to my suffering, nor of those Hardships that I have undergone in various Climes, where my unhappy Stars have guided me; but the Cause, for which this Day I mourn, unites them all. I have now pass'd ten Months in Tears, and have endeavour'd all I could to hasten my End, as being the Comfort I cou'd expect. But, my dear Chevalier, how came you to find out this House of Mourning? What News do you bring me of my Father, yourself, and Family? The Chevalier then told me, that my Father was in good Health, and that nothing, since my leaving him, had troubled him but the News of my Death, which, he had been inform'd, happen'd in *Servia*, where I was kill'd by the *Turks*. He told me that *Scoti*, who believ'd that I had fallen with *Monf. Marinier*, had given this out upon his return; and that when he himself came to *Rome* upon some private Affairs, he had been inform'd, by the publick Report, of my Misfortunes, but that being prepossess'd with the Notion of my Death, he had some Difficulty at first to believe that I was alive; but that having been assur'd of the Truth by the *Cardinal Janson*, and *Monf. Tremouille*, he was overjoy'd, and had come as soon as possible to share in my Griefs, or to give them what Alleviation was in his Power. He then inform'd me of all the Changes that had happen'd in our Family since I left *France*, the Death of the Countess his Mother, with that of his elder Brother, who had left no Children; that by this means he was become Master of the Estate, but that in his younger Years, being engag'd in the Service of the Knights of *Malta*, he had taken on the Vows, which his Errand to *Rome* was to get dissolv'd. He then protested that I shou'd be more Master of his Fortune than himself, and that he wou'd make no other use of it than as it contributed

to divert my Melancholy, and engaged me to return to *France*: In short, the generous Chevalier gave me such tender Marks of his Affection and Love, that I cou'd not doubt of their being sincere. I was not behind him in my Expressions of Friendship for him; I see (reply'd I) my dear Chevalier, that Heaven prolongs this hated Life, since this Day I have found an Object that gives me an emotion of Joy. What you have told me with respect to yourself, has touch'd me very much, but what you tell me about my Father, gives me an Impatience to see him again. I consent to return to *France*. As for the kind Offers you make me, they are Proofs of your Generosity, but incapable to sooth my Melancholy. You see that Box (continued I, and pointed to the Table) There is the Tomb of my Joys, and the fruitful Source of my Sorrows. I never can have a happy Moment but that of Death, which will unite my Heart with that of my dear Wife, which is inclos'd in that Box: The Chevalier took the Case in his Hands at these Words, and respectfully kiss'd it; then I show'd him the Picture of her whose dear Remains the Case contain'd; he was charm'd with it as the finest one he had ever seen, but more so when I inform'd him of the lovely Qualities she possess'd, and the Tenderness with which she lov'd me; and all this time, every Word I spoke, drew either a Tear from my Eyes, or a Sigh from my Heart.

After having pass'd some Hours in this endearing Conversation, the Chevalier begg'd my Permission to allow *Scoti* to come into the Room, who dy'd with Impatience till he should see me: What (said I) is *Scoti* with you! by all means let him enter, I long to see him. That honest Creature threw himself at my Feet when he came into the Room, he bath'd them with his Tears, and said a great many things which were dictated purely by his Joy. I desir'd he wou'd inform me how he had got back to *France* after he believ'd that I
was

was dead. He enlarg'd a good deal upon that Subject, and express'd, in a very touching Manner, the Concern that the Thoughts of my Death had given him. When he had ended his Account, he turn'd to the Chevalier, and surpris'd us with the following Compliment which he address'd to him. Sir (said he) You consented, after I was return'd, to receive me as your *Valet de Chambre*, and at that time, it was the happiest Station I cou'd possess: But now when I have again found my dear Master, allow me, if you please, to pass the rest of my Days in his Service. The Chevalier, upon this, prevented my asking him, and told me, that he consented with all his Heart, and that he thought his Request very just. Thus, the poor Fellow enter'd again to the Service he had been so long in. I offer'd to the Chevalier to write to the Cardinal *de Janson*, and some other of my Friends, who cou'd do him Service in this Affair; and his own Merit, join'd to my Recommendation, made him succeed sooner than he had expected.

I did not leave my House at *Venise*, till the Day in which I set out for *France*; but altho' I still continued the same course of Life, I was less scrupulous about admitting Visits than formerly, and all the Conversation turn'd upon the Merit of *Selima*, the Constancy of my Passion, and the Excess of my Sorrows. An Ecclesiastick of an eminent Station, one Day, told me the following History, upon account of the near Resemblance it had with mine.

Sixtus the Vth, being advanc'd to the Papal Dignity, like other Popes, strove to aggrandize his Family: Amongst his other Relations he had one who was of the same Name with himself, which was *Peretti*, whose Genius promis'd a great deal, even when a Boy, tho' he had no other Education than that of a Charity-Scholar. This poor young Man having come to *Rome*, was presented to the Pope, who talk'd to him of entering into Orders. He was so aw'd by the Authority of the Pope, that he

consented

consented to prepare himself for that State, tho' much against his Inclinations, and apply'd himself so close to his Studies that he became dear to *Sixtus Quintus*. All the World expected one Day to see him advanc'd to the highest Dignities of the Church, and the Pope with that View commanded him to take Holy Orders. But *Peretti*, whom the Quality of being a Relation of the Pope's, and the Knowledge of the World, had a little encourag'd, made a resolute Opposition to that Step. *Sixtus* being surpris'd, wou'd know the Reason of his Aversion, and *Peretti* took that Opportunity to throw himself at his Feet, and to open to him his whole Heart. While he was yet a Peasant, he had fallen in Love with the Daughter of one Signior *Moneti*, and his Change of Fortune had not made any in his Love; so he confess'd to the Pope, that the only Way to make him happy, was, to put him in Possession of the young Lady. *Sixtus*, after a little Hesitation, consented, and *Peretti* by his Permission demanded her of her Father, who was too proud of such an Alliance to refuse his Consent. Accordingly, they were married, and he carried his Lady to *Rome*, where he presented her to the Pope, who, (with all the rest of the Court) was charm'd with her Beauty and Merit. *Peretti* enjoy'd his good Fortune in expectation of future Favours from his illustrious Kinsman, which he had certainly got, when a sudden Death cut off his dear Spouse in the first Year of her Marriage. This was a terrible Blow upon *Peretti*, who resolv'd immediately to renounce the World, and to give himself up a Prey to Grief. By the Credit which he had as a Relation of the Pope, he found means to convey himself into the Vault where the Body of his dear Wife was deposited, and carried with him Provisions sufficient to sustain him for a considerable Time, and Torches to give him Light. In this State, all alone, he pass'd two Months, during which Time, no one knew where he was. At last, the Sacristan of the Church, where
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the Vault which contain'd *Peretti* lay, to make his Court to the Pope, discover'd where his Relation was, and *Peretti* was brought again into the World by main Force, where he was so disgusted with Life, that he enter'd into Orders, and afterwards enjoy'd one of the chief Dignities of the Church.

Monf. *Sachetti*, who told me this Story, took occasion from it to exhort me to embrace an Ecclesiastical Life, in order, as he express'd it, to calm the Agitations of my Soul, after having pass'd thro' such a Sea of Troubles. I was not in a Humour at that Time to follow his Advice, so I continu'd my Resolution of returning into *France*. We left *Rome*, after my having thank'd my Friends for their Kindnesses; and we landed safely at *Marseilles* in one of the Pope's Gallies, which convey'd the Nuntio into *France*. We went directly to the Province in which our Family liv'd, and I had the dear Satisfaction of once more seeing my Father, and pouring into his Bosom all my Grievs. The Pleasure I had to see him frequently, made me inclinable to accept of the Chevalier's Proposal, which was, That I shou'd live with him in his Castle. There I pass'd some Years in a solitary, joyless Life, full of Languor, insensible to all the Diversions which my amiable Uncle procur'd for me, and always clouded with a deep, dismal Melancholy. I engag'd him to marry almost contrary to his Inclinations, for his Design was to have shared his Estate with me during his own Life, and to have left my Daughter his universal Heir. Our Family (wou'd I say to him) must not perish for want of one to represent it; perhaps I wou'd willingly embrace your generous Proposal, if instead of a Daughter I had a Son; but as it is, all I beg of you is, that in case I shall die before she is of Age, that you will be her Guardian.

In the mean time, the little *Julia* grew tall of her Age, I had given her that Name in Memory of my dear Sister. She resembled her Mother so exactly

actly that no Body, who saw the Picture of *Selima* which I brought from *Italy*, cou'd mistake her Parent. When she arriv'd at the Age of five or six, she seem'd sensible of my Pains, and wou'd often melt into Tears when she saw me fix my sorrowful Eyes upon hers, and look on her for some Minutes with a tender Air; she did all she cou'd to divert me by her pretty innocent Manners. I show'd her the Picture of *Selima*, and accusom'd her to regret the Loss of a Mother whose Darling she wou'd have been. As *Agada* was not enough acquainted with the *French* Manners to be entrusted with her Education, I plac'd her in a celebrated Convent of Ladies for some Years, where young Girls of Quality receive their Education. *Agada* begg'd leave to follow her, which with some difficulty I obtain'd.

In a short Time after this, I lost my Father, who dy'd the Death of a Saint, after having led the Life of one. I was with him when he gave up the Ghost, and he met Death with an unaffected Tranquillity. If I shed Tears for this Loss, they were not those of bitter Grief; on the contrary, I found a Satisfaction in reflecting that so good a Father was now gone to be rewarded for the blameless Life he led. I even envy'd his Happiness. He is gone (said I) to his Rest, and I shall soon follow him.

For some time after this, nothing remarkable happen'd in the Course of my Life, which deserves a Place in these Memoirs. The Chevalier, who by this time had assum'd the Title of Count de ———, continued his generous Friendship to me; he even press'd me to a second Marriage, and this was the only Thing he ever gave me the least Uneasiness about. When my Daughter had attain'd the Age of Fifteen, he was the first who suggested to me, that I ought to be thinking of her Settlement in the World. With this View, I went to carry her from the Convent to the Castle; but the Reader may judge of my Surprize when she return'd

return'd this Answer to my Propofal: *My dear Papa, (faid ſhe) allow me to remain in this Holy Retreat, I feel that it is the Divine Will that I ſhould embrace a religious Life. I only waited for the Pleaſure of ſeeing you to aſk your Conſent, and I hope you will not now reſuſe me that Favour.* I was for ſome time uncertain in what Manner I ſhou'd answer. At laſt, I told her, that I lov'd her too well not to conſent to whatever was conducive to her Happineſs: But think, my dear Child (ſaid I) what Grief your Reſolution gives to your Father; can you abandon a Father who regards you as his only Hope and greateſt Happineſs in Life, and who propos'd to ſpend the reſt of his Days agreeably with you? Take more Time to form your Reſolution; I inſiſt poſitively upon it, that you go along to Day with me to the Caſtle, where, after you have ſtay'd for ſome Days, you ſhall be at liberty to return to the Convent, if you have an unalterable Reſolution that Way. So I brought her out of the Convent. The Count, whom I had inform'd of her Intention, did all he cou'd to drive this miſtaken Notion of Religion out of her Head. She heard him attentively, wou'd even jeſt with him about it when he rallied her, but nothing cou'd make her alter her Reſolution.

I then thought upon retiring from the World, to have more leiſure to reflect upon the many Accidents that had attended a Life like mine, which was full of Miſfortunes, and to make up my Accounts with Heaven; which I put in Execution after having made my Acknowledgments to my generous Uncle, who was very unwilling to loſe my Company.



MEMOIRS

OF A

Man of QUALITY.

PART II. Book I.



Remain'd in this agreeable Tranquility for about three Years, in the Abbey *de* ———, which I had fix'd upon as the Place of my Retreat. I was there boarded at the Expence of the generous Count *de* ———. The Thoughts of Eternity, and the tender Remembrance of my dear *Selima*, were my sole Employments during that Time, and they serv'd to divert my Thoughts more and more from whatever related to the World. If at any time I call'd to Mind my past Adventures, it was only in order to confirm me in my Hatred of the World, and in the Contempt of its transitory Enjoyments. With this View it is, that I write these Memoirs, which I never read over, without finding my Heart touch'd with a new Love for Solitude, and without blessing Heaven, which has afforded me Constancy enough to struggle against such a Current of Adversity. Besides these Motives, I was advancing into Years, and was at that Time in the 53d of my Age. My many Troubles, my
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Voyages into different Climates, and other Accidents had greatly alter'd my Constitution; and altho' I could complain of no particular Distemper, yet I found my Vigour sensibly impair'd in a great many Respects. The Reader may conclude from this, that I had but little Reason to be in Love with Life; however my Friends oblig'd me to submit to some Points in my Way of Living, which I did entirely in complaisance to them. In this Manner did three Years pass over my Head, and I fondly imagin'd, that I was to continue in this dear Solitude while I continued upon Earth. Empty Delusion! Can Man form a Scheme which is not subject to Change, or a Resolution not liable to Disappointment? Tho' I am not by Nature inconstant, I saw all the Rules of Conduct, I had laid down for my Life, in an Instant vanish into Smoke. The Respect, which I thought I ow'd to a Person of the highest Distinction, the Intreaties of a great Prelate, and the earnest Request of the Count de——, made me abandon, for some Years, that enchanting Solitude. The Reasons of this sudden Change were as follow, and I never can reflect upon them without wondering, how they cou'd have force enough to work such an Alteration in my State of Life, tho' I can never wish they had not.

Monsr. the Duke de—— had a great Estate lying near the Abbey where I had retir'd. He had come to pass some Time there during the fine Season. The Father Prior cou'd not avoid paying his Compliments to so distinguish'd a Neighbour, and begg'd me to go along with him. Whatever Respect I had for the Duke, I refus'd this, as believing it inconsistent with the Manner of Life I had embrac'd. The Father Prior finding me positive in this, went without me. He came back that same Evening, and appear'd highly satisfied with the Duke's Entertainment of him. He told me, that the Duke, and the Bishop of——, his near Relation, who was then with him, had
receiv'd

receiv'd him with the highest Civilities, and had not only oblig'd him to dine along with themselves, but had condescended to pay him a Visit within a few Days at his Abbey. That he wou'd omit nothing that cou'd give them an handsome Entertainment, and that he hop'd I wou'd be so good as to assist him in doing the Honours of the House to his illustrious Guests. I made no Scruple to consent to this; the Duke and the Bishop came as they had promis'd within a few Days, and seem'd highly pleas'd with their Entertainment, which was indeed very magnificent.

The Father Prior thought it wou'd divert them, shou'd he turn the Conversation upon my Birth and Adventures. They begg'd that I wou'd give them a Detail of both, which I could not refuse without being guilty of great Incivility. The two noble Guests appear'd touch'd at my Relation, and redoubled the Marks of Respect which they had before show'd me. Mons. the Duke, begg'd that I wou'd sometimes come to see him, and that I wou'd cultivate a Correspondence with him while he was in that Neighbourhood. Thus, I found myself engag'd in spite of all my Resolutions to the contrary, to go frequently abroad, and even to pass several Days at the Duke's Castle, where they us'd, in some measure, Violence to detain me. It was probably at that Time that the Duke form'd the Design of making me quit my Solitude, in order to be serviceable to his own Views, but he did not impart it to me till after his return to *Paris*, from whence, he wrote me a Letter full of expressions of Friendship and Tenderness for me, and thanking me, that I had contributed so much to his spending his Time so agreeably in the Country; he then gave me the strongest Assurances of his Protection, and after a thousand Offers of his Services and Friendship; he told me in a very handsome Manner, that all he cou'd do for me, fell far short of the Favour which he expected at my Hands, and that he

cou'd scarce prevail upon himself to make a Proposal which he was assur'd I wou'd hear with Reluctance, when he reflected upon my Passion for Retirement, and upon the well-grounded Reasons I had to love it; however, that he was too sensible of the Goodness of my Heart, and my generous Dispositions to doubt but that I would do some Violence to myself in order to serve him. That in a Word, what he had to propose to me, was about the Marquis his Son, whom he tenderly loved, as being his only one, and because in the Judgment of the World, he possess'd some amiable Qualities: That his Design was to send him to Travel for some Years, and that he cou'd no where find a Person so proper to direct and attend him as myself, nor one upon whose Wisdom and Experience he cou'd so safely rely. That the Favour which he begg'd of me, was what he wou'd discharge himself, did not his Posts and Quality unfortunately oblige him to attend the Court; and in short, that he devolv'd upon me all his Authority as a Father, not doubting but that I would soon feel all the Tendernefs of one.

This Letter (which was too much in my Favour for me to transcribe literally) produc'd all the Effect which it ought to have had, I mean, a profound Acknowledgment of the Goodness the Duke was pleas'd to show me, but without any thing more. I sat down with some Impatience to answer it. I inform'd him, that I look'd upon myself as highly honour'd by his Friendship, but that there was little Appearance I wou'd again launch out into the tempestuous Ocean of Life, having gain'd a quiet and secure Harbour, after so many Storms and Dangers of being shipwreck'd. Besides (continued I) I shou'd but ill answer your Ends, disgusted as I am with the Vanities of the World, and my Acquaintance with Mankind. Can it be suppos'd that I am a fit Person to form the Manners of a young Nobleman, whom Birth and Fortune entitle to the highest

highest Distinctions of a Court? No! my own Hatred of the World is too deeply rooted for me ever to inspire others with the Means of gaining its Favours and Approbation.

After I wrote this Letter, I heard nothing for about fifteen Days or three Weeks. I believ'd that my Answer had cool'd the Duke, and that he was satisfied with the Reasons of my Refusal. One Morning, the Time in which I least expected him, I was surpris'd to see the Count *de* ——— enter my Room, and what made my Surprize the greater, was, that always before, when he did me the Favour of a Visit, he us'd to tell me beforehand. I receiv'd him as usual, and after the first Civilities were over, I perceiv'd by his Uneasiness that he had some Proposal to make, which gave him Pain. What is the Matter with you, my dear Count (said I) I hope you bring me no bad News; if you do, I am prepar'd for the Worst. He answer'd, that he knew of nothing that wou'd afflict me, but that he much doubted, whether I cou'd relish the Proposal he was going to make, and that this was the Cause of his Uneasiness. *Monf. the Duke de* ——— (continued he, pulling out a Letter) has wrote this Letter which you may read, and it will inform you farther. I accordingly read it, and found that it contain'd in part, what he had before wrote to myself; but conjuring the Count to joyn with him, in using all possible Means to make me go into his Proposal; and for this Purpose, he spar'd no Motives that either Generosity or Politeness cou'd suggest. This is not all (resumes the Count) to-morrow the Duke will be here in Person, together with the Bishop of ——— and the young Gentleman himself. I had the Honour of waiting on them as I pass'd thro' *Paris*, and they assur'd me that I shou'd not be here above a Day before them, and that they wou'd endeavour to finish by their Solicitations, what mine had begun. You have thrown me (replied I) into a strange

Difficulty, you might easily have known that this Proposal was disagreeable to me; what a fine Show wou'd it be for a Man, at my Years, to be rambling thro' all the Courts of *Europe*, and furnishing new Subject for a Romance! And pray, what is my Temptation, or where lies my Motive for such a Madness? Why truly, to attend a young Gentleman I know nothing of, and whose Father I was acquainted with but within these two Months. This wou'd be a Compliment great enough for me to pay your Children on account of Friendship, or to my Prince's on account of Duty. No, my dear Count, I will not so lightly leave my Solitude, the only Voyage I have now to make is to *Eternity*.

I continued firm in that Resolution till the Arrival of the Duke. I wou'd tire the Reader, shou'd I repeat all that pass'd betwixt us, he in intreating, and I in refusing for three Hours. Both he and the Bishop, more than once, despair'd to prevail; at last their Earnestness, their Civilities, their Manners full of Generosity and Openness, drew from me a full Consent to what they wanted. The Sight of the young Marquis contributed not a little to this. He even joyn'd his Instances with those of his Father and the Bishop in so tender and natural a Manner, that half persuaded, half mollified I consented to be ready to set out when they pleas'd. We regulated the Rout we were to hold: It was agreed we shou'd first make a Voyage into *Spain*, that we shou'd from thence go to *England*, from thence to *Holland*, from *Holland* to *Germany*, from that to *Italy*, and so return to *France* by the Way of *Savoy*; all this made a Tour which wou'd last three Years. We cou'd not have set out in a more favourable Juncture. The Peace of *Europe* had been restor'd by the Treaty of *Utrecht*, and the Conferences at *Rastat*, and the contending Powers began to renew their mutual Correspondence. We look'd upon ourselves as safe in travelling thro' our Neighbours Country, as if we had been in *France*, so that we promis'd

mis'd ourselves a very easy and an agreeable Tour.

We concerted with the Duke, that his Son shou'd pass by the Name of the Marquis *de Rosemont*, instead of his real Name, that thereby he might upon occasion be conceal'd. I took the plain Title of *Monf. de Renoncour*. Having thus settled our Measures, we waited for nothing to begin our Journey but the Chaise that was to carry us, two Lackeys which the Duke had engag'd from *Paris*, and Letters of Credit upon the Bankers of the several Cities thro' which we were to pass. My Daughten came to bid me Adieu in that interval, and our parting was not without Tears, that dear Child having a Thousand times reproach'd me for my Resolution, which was now unalterable. At last, we set out for *Orleans*, follow'd by three Valets on Horse-back, for *Scoti* wou'd needs attend us likewise; tho' in his 63d Year, he was yet healthy and vigorous.

I leave to Geographers, and to Gentlemen who only travel for Curiosity, the Trouble of giving the Public a Description of the Countries thro' which they pass. The Subject of the History I write, is Actions and Sentiments, and I pretend to relate what I did, not what I saw. A sensible Heart and a reasonable Soul, in short, whoever has a Taste for true Virtue, for Wisdom and Truth, without following the Maxims of too rigid a Philosophy, will find some Delight in reading what I write, and it is to such alone that I do write.

When I was left alone with the Marquis *de Rosembert*, I immediately apply'd myself to gain a compleat Knowledge of his natural Dispositions, which was no hard Affair. The Marquis had one of those fine Tempers, which never suffer by being search'd to the Bottom. I insensibly engag'd him to let me know what he had been doing to that Time, which was the Eighteenth Year of his Life. He told me that he had been at the College till he was Sixteen, and that he had spent the two last Years of his

his Life at the Academy; that he had a severe Master for a Governour, who look'd upon it as his Duty to keep his Pupil in a kind of Captivity. That this Constraint had disgusted him extremely, that he had a thousand Times wish'd to make his Escape from so rigid a Tutor, and that he hated that insufferable *Argus* to such a Degree, that he had not spoke to him ever since he had escaped out of his Clutches. I took a Pleasure in hearing the young Marquis reason in this Manner upon the particular Circumstances of his Childhood, and I perceiv'd, even in the first Conversation I had with him, that notwithstanding the Air of Sweetness which appear'd in his Eyes and his Countenance, his Passions were very strong, and that his Love of Liberty only proceeded from his Desire to satisfy them. This Discovery did not at all displease me; on the contrary, I hated Indolence in Youth, and I am persuaded that a Greatness of Soul, being always attended with strong Passions, it is of great Importance to give them a turn for Virtue.

What made me entertain the greater Hopes of the Marquis was, that with extreme Vivacity, and such a Heart as I could wish him to have, he had a Fund of Reason, which made him relish a solid Reflection. I took care to throw in several of these in the Course of our Conversation. I saw, that without the least Difficulty, he added several of his own, like a Man that has already begun to think. I was likewise much pleased with his Openness, and soon had such an insight into his Character, that in eight Days I cou'd have defied him to have any Reserve with me. It is true, that the tender and insinuating Air I put on with him, contributed not a little to this Confidence, and I thought that this was the best Way to set out with him, being always sure to command Respect whenever I pleas'd, the Transition from Respect to Affection being not so easy, especially with young Persons, who seldom love what they have been accusom'd to fear. This Con-

Conduct succeeded so well with me, that the Marquis, who knew the Price of my Complaisance and Gentleness, of his own accord enter'd into all the Sentiments that I could have wish'd him to have had for me. I frequently told him, that I wou'd not have him to regard me as a Person who had a Power to controul him, but that we ought to live together as Friends and Brethren, so as to make it hard to judge which had the greatest Tenderness for the other. He answered, he would have this Advantage over me, That he would, to all the Tenderness of a sincere Friend (for such he was to me) add all the Respect that was owing to a Parent: And indeed he was as good as his Word, and in consequence of these Sentiments, tho' in the high Rank that he now possesses by the Death of the Duke his Father, he allows me freely to write the Adventures of our Voyage; he even consents, that, both to divert and improve the Public, I shou'd recount the Faults into which the Heat of Youth made him fall. This can be no ways to his Dishonour, for, besides that they are of a Nature to which all Heroes have been liable, it is a noble thing to have been always sensible of them, so as to resist and sometimes vanquish them, and it is even a kind of Glory to make a free and sincere Acknowledgement of them.

We arriv'd at *Bordeaux* towards the end of *July*: The continual Rains, that had for some time fallen, had so much broken the Roads, and our Servants were so heartily soak'd, that we were oblig'd to halt for some Time at that City in order to wait for better travelling Weather. I took that Opportunity to make the Marquis begin an Exercise, of which I perceiv'd he stood in some need. He had pass'd thro' his Studies at the College, in the same Manner as other young Gentlemen of Quality, that is, he had learn'd some Words of Latin, and cou'd turn a Verse tolerably well. At the Academy, he had learn'd the Bodily Exercises, to mount a Horse,

Horse, to handle his Arms, and to play upon some Instruments; but he was quite ignorant of the Science of polishing and improving the Mind, so that all the Discernment and good Taste he discover'd, was entirely owing to his natural Genius. I was troubled to see so many fine Qualifications in danger of becoming useless, by either the Negligence or Stupidity of his Masters. I made him consent to enter upon a Course of History, Geography, and Eloquence; I gave him a Taste for Books, which he, till that Time, had entirely neglected. Of what Advantage (said I to him) will your being born above the common level of Mankind be, if your Ignorance throws you below them? Your Quality in that Case will be your Shame, and none will reflect upon the Rank you hold, without at the same time reflecting how much you disgrace it. There was a Time when Persons of Quality, by a deplorable Affectation of Greatness and Independence, made it a Point of Honour to know nothing; but this was owing to the false Ideas entertain'd in a stupid Age, which cou'd not judge of the Value of Things. But now the Scene is alter'd; Knowledge is as much valued as Quality, and a Man of Parts, tho' meanly born, can ennoble himself, by his Accomplishments, above one who has the Advantages of Birth without those of Knowledge. Are you not sensible, my dear Marquis, (added I) how ridiculous it is for a Man in an elevated Rank, to be ignorant of what is known to Persons of the most ordinary Station? The Privileges of Quality then are, the Precedence at any Ceremony, the Lolling about in a Coach, and an effeminate Care of the Person. Strange Distinction! which supposes neither Virtue nor Merit, and is founded only upon the Goods that Fortune arbitrarily gives and refumes.

The Marquis promised me, that he wou'd apply seriously, and employ all his leisure Hours upon his Studies. We shall see, by and by, the Taste he

he had form'd, and the surprizing Progress that he made in them. I bought up, at *Bourdeaux*, all the best Books I could find; with these I fill'd a Trunk, which became to us the most valuable part of our Baggage. The bad Weather continued with so little interruption for three Weeks, that we did not judge it practicable to proceed without Danger. This Delay produc'd a very entertaining Adventure. The Landlord of the Inn where we lodg'd, had a Daughter about five or six and twenty Years of Age, of a brown Complexion, but tall and very well shap'd, and she seem'd to be longing much for a Husband. The fine Air of the Marquis, whom she had constant Opportunities of seeing, we being confin'd to the House by the Rains, made an Impression upon her Heart, and it must be own'd that she made a very good Choice.

The Marquis was of an advantageous Height, with large well set black Eyes, that were lively, sparkling, and full of Sweetness; his Complexion was fine and delicate, and at the same time his Air was animated; a fine bushy Head of Hair fell down to his Waist; besides all this, he had the Aspect of a Man of Quality, and a certain easy familiar Air about him, which recommended him at the first Sight; so that I was no way surprized, that our handsome Landlady entertained a Passion for him. I was not the first who perceiv'd it, for *Scoti* told me one Day; I believe, Sir, that the Daughter of our Landlord is in Love with the Marquis; I have remark'd, that especially in the Evening when you are at Table, she comes down to the Court, and looks for half an Hour thro' the Window, and then returns very pensive; she has told me herself, that she has been several times surprized that so handsome and well-bred a young Gentleman as the Marquis is, had not spoke one Word to her during the fifteen Days we had been in *Bourdeaux*, and that she always thought that the young Gentlemen of *Paris* had been more Gallant. In short,
(con-

(concluded *Scoti*) he is all the Subject of our Discourse when she and I are at Table together.

She is an Idiot, answer'd I, you may let her go on without taking any notice of her. I had sometimes observ'd her myself, and cou'd easily discern, by the languishing Eyes she threw upon the Marquis, that she was sensibly touch'd; I laugh'd with myself, and at the same time was charm'd that the Marquis never cast his Eyes upon her. As his Education had been very strict, all his Actions were as yet entirely innocent. When the Rains were over, I discharg'd our Bills with the Landlord, and we were preparing to set out the next Day; for this Reason we went soon to Bed, that we might rise more early the next Morning. While I was in a sound Sleep, I was all of a sudden awaked by the Voice of the Marquis, who cry'd out Help! Help! Thieves, Robbers! His Chamber was divided from mine only by a thin Partition, so I sprung out of my Bed, and ran to his Assistance with my Sword in my Hand. I found at the Door our three Servants, who had been awaked with the same Noise, and sent one of them down to get a Light, ordering the other two to stand at the Door, while I enter'd in the Dark to see what was the Matter with the Marquis, who immediately rose, and answered with a Voice pretty much broken, that there was certainly some one or other in the Chamber, for he had heard them open the Door, and tread softly; that having ask'd, *Who was there*, without receiving any Answer, he called out in the Manner he did. I told him, that it was very probable that he only had dream'd all this, and that we had been alarm'd to no Purpose; but when the Light came we soon perceiv'd that I was mistaken. We saw our young Landlady sitting upon a Chair, leaning her Head upon one of her Hands, with which she endeavour'd to conceal her Face, and her Eyes that seem'd to be full of Tears. Ha! my pretty Girl says I, What has brought you here

at

at this time of Night? What are you come to rob the Marquis? Upon this, she rose up without making any Answer, but by her Tears I easily understood how it was with her, and that Bashfulness had hindered her to reveal herself when the Marquis first call'd out. I then told her, Take my Advice, good Madam, and go to Bed, it is time we were all asleep, I believe we shall scarce have time to come to a much closer Acquaintance together. At last, Ah! Sir, said she, with a Sigh, allow me to stay for one Moment with the Marquis, whom I shall never again see. You are a Baggage, replied I, for you have nothing to say to him, so take my Advice, and go to Bed. Salute her, Sir, (continued I, turning to the Marquis) and bid her Adieu. The Marquis, who was in his Night-Gown, was quite out of Countenance, and did not know what to think of such an Adventure. However, he embrac'd her, and as he was leaving her, she kept one of his Hands lock'd in hers, still continuing to weep. I was afraid, that he wou'd be at last melted with this Scene, so I took her by the Arm and conducted her to the Head of the Stairs, and saw her down. I then ordered our Horses to be got ready immediately, and we set out by the Light of the Moon, which made the Night as agreeable as the Day.

I waited till the Marquis shou'd speak first to me of this nocturnal Adventure, which he did not fail to do, telling me at the same time, that he believ'd that the Woman was an Idiot, and that he had not had the least Intercourse with her while we staid at *Bordeaux*. I will own with you, (answer'd I) that she is a Fool, when we have once distinguish'd the different Ways by which one may deserve that Name. There is a Folly which lies in the Brain, and occasions a Defect in the Senses. Such a Person is a mortifying Object, for he shews us the Weakness of human Nature, and inspires us with Compassion, as the Misfortune is unvolun-

tary; but, (continued I) there is another kind of Folly, which is seated in the Heart, and is occasioned by the Violence of our Passions; this Folly is shameful, and renders us culpable, because we are at Liberty to resist it: Such is the Folly of our young Hostess, and this makes her culpable. Forgetful of all that she ow'd to Decency and Modesty, she came to find you in your Room; she knows she shall never see you again, and that she has nothing about her to make you remember her; for this she exposes herself to forfeit her Reputation for ever, in order to procure a Moment's Satisfaction, without at the same time considering that the Advances she made were the readiest Means to make you hate her; for no Man of Honour can entertain any Esteem for a Woman lost to all Sense of Modesty and Virtue. But (reply'd the Marquis) why should she love me, who never spoke a Word to her in my Life. You speak (answer'd I) of one of the most extraordinary Whims that the Mind of Man is capable of. I wou'd not, my dear Marquis, have you ignorant that Nature has implanted a violent Inclination in the one Sex for the other; the Day will come when you will find this true by your own Experience. This Inclination, which is general, sometimes proceeds from Causes of which the Persons affected are quite ignorant. Some are charm'd by Beauty, others by Wit, by a fine Air, by the Musick of the Voice, by the Turn of the Eye, or by a Smile; and others, in short, are smit with somewhat about the Person of the belov'd Object, which they feel, but cannot account for. In the Manner we are form'd, we cannot expect to be always insensible to these first Emotions, which commonly overpower the Reason; but it is certain, we may rally the Forces of our Understanding so well as to be able to check their Progress. Wisdom dictates to us, that we shou'd examine by the Rules of Religion, whether there is any thing in these Beginnings of our Affection inconsistent with

with them. If we are satisfied upon this Head, we venture but little, for when the Passion flows from a clear Source, it commonly preserves the Purity of its Original: On the contrary, if we suffer ourselves to be hurried on by a Blind Appetite, there is no Danger but what we are expos'd to, without our being able to foresee it; and what is still more deplorable, is, that these unruly Passions coming to a Head more quickly than we imagine, they become so obstinate, that we cannot resist them, even when we are on the brink of the Precipice into which they are ready to plunge us. I then took occasion to recount to the Marquis some Instances, that serv'd to confirm what I had been saying. I set before him a lively Picture of the fatal Consequences of unbridled Passion, in the History of several Persons whose Names he knew, and set forth the loss of Preferment, State, Honour, Peace and Repose attending it. He heard me out with a wonderful Attention, and I read in his Face all the different Impressions my Discourse made upon his Heart. At last, he recover'd himself from a deep Musing. I am not at all afraid (said he) of falling into these Inconveniencies you speak of. I don't find myself in the least inclinable to become tender, nor can I have any Notion how a Man can love any Woman to such a pitch of Extravagancy. Good Heaven! (answer'd I) grant that we may ever distrust ourselves. You are now acquainted with the Danger, and what you are to do is, to watch over your own Heart, and never to lose the View of Honour and Religion.

After we had arriv'd at *Bayonne*, I took my Measures so as to render our Journey to *Madrid* commodious. The Difficulty of passing over the Mountains made me deliberate whether it wou'd not be better for us to quit our Chaise and make use of Horses; but understanding that many *Spanish* and *English* Gentlemen daily pass'd over them in Chaises, I hop'd that we might be able to do the

like. We passed the *Bidassoa*, which was very much swell'd by Rains, and when we stopp'd to dine at *Iron*, the first Town in *Spain*, we met with such bad Treatment that we took it as a very bad Omen for the rest of our Journey. We found ourselves much better treated at *St. Sebastian*, but it was with great Difficulty that we got over the Mountains and the Stony Passes in order to come at it. This is a pretty City, its Streets being large, strait, and well paved. We were advised to stay there till we should get a Guide to conduct us over the difficult Passes, and to serve us as an Interpreter. Tho' the Inns till we came to *Burgos* were most wretched, I was assured they were a vast deal better than they were when *Philip* the Fifth succeeded to the Crown of *Spain*. This Alteration proceeds from the Commerce that is kept up between the two Nations. Our Guide took care to provide us Victuals, and to dress them; but they commonly were very unsavory. I was not at all ill pleased that the Marquis was sometimes obliged to take up with this coarse Feeding. The Rooms and the Beds were not a whit better, and sometimes we were oblig'd to pass whole Nights in our Chaise, for want both of a Room and a Bed, without sleeping any longer than what was necessary for the Horses to rest themselves. I always took care to make some Reflections, by which the Marquis might be sensible of the Advantages that arise from being sometimes accustomed to Hardships, that he might have a Feeling for the Miseries of those who live in a continual Tract of them. I made him remark all the poor Inhabitants of the Mountains, whose Sight alone is sufficient to inspire Compassion. As they are Men, (wou'd I say to him) Nature has given them the same Title to Ease and Happiness as she has given you; it is Chance alone that makes all the Difference between you: Learn at least to pity them, and above all things take care never to despise them. The Vivacity of the
Marquis

Marquis made him take very ill with the Tediouf-
ness of the Journey; and in order to divert him, I
muster'd up all I could remember both of antient
and modern History and Science: I then made him
repeat in order all that he retained of what I told him,
that he might thereby be accusom'd to an exact
and methodical Way of Studying. The Rugged-
ness of the Road upon the Mountains of *Biscay*
hindered us from riding in our Chaise; however,
we reached *Vittoria*, which is the first City in
Castile: It is situated at the End of a well culti-
vated Plain. The Marquis, who never in all his
Life had seen so many Rocks and Precipices, thought
himself transported into another World. We stop'd
a whole Day at *Vittoria* in order to refresh ourselves;
and there we first acquir'd a Knowledge of the Man-
ners and Characters of the *Spaniards*. There were
some who lodged in the same Inn with us, who
were from different Places of *Castile*, and understood
French. By their Assistance we regulated the Rout
we were to hold to *Burgos*, to which City one of
them said he would attend us, after he had settled
some Affairs at *Vittoria*, which he would hasten in
order to have the Pleasure of our Company. The
Emptiness and Grimace of the *Castilian* Civility
made the Marquis laugh, so that it cost me a good
deal of Pains to check him. What a parcel of
Coxcombs are these (would he say to me, when we
were alone at Night) Faith! if all the *Spaniards*
are like these, I shall soon have enough of *Spain*.
I can easily see, (answer'd I) that it is their Gra-
vity that disgusts you; but fair and soft, don't
judge of People by the first View. Do you think
it is very decent to be always laughing and jok-
ing as you do, upon Persons you don't know? You
must talk with more Reserve, especially among Stran-
gers; for my Share, I own, I am very well pleased
with the *Spanish* Civility, and I am perswaded if
you were once acquainted with it, you wou'd be the
same. I was not out in my Conjecture, for the

first Place we stop'd to dine at, we found a Person of a quite different Character from those who made the Marquis laugh so heartily the Night before. The Gentleman's Name was Don *Inigo de Juaz*, he had been Squire to the Admiral of *Castile*, and the Knowledge he had of the Court of *Madrid* made his Company very agreeable. He told us a great many Circumstances of the Old Admiral's Humour. There is one, which I remember, and which deserves to be related. The Admiral had a very pretty Bitch, which he had bought ready bred to a thousand Tricks and Gambols, that pleased the Admiral so much, that he cou'd not be persuaded but that his Bitch had somewhat in her more than ordinary, and was actually born with a Reasonable Soul. He was so thoroughly convinc'd of this, that he frequently spoke to his Bitch as if she had been endued with Reason. The little Creature moved with the Action of her Master, never failed to fawn upon him, which the Admiral interpreted as an Answer which she made, because she cou'd not speak the *Spanish*. Upon this, he ordered one of his Domesticks to teach her to speak that Language, and to give her so many Lessons a Day. The Domestick obeyed his Master, but after five or six Months fruitless Labour, he lost his Post, and the Admiral succeeded him as Preceptor to the Bitch, who making as little Progress under him as under the Servant, he apologized for his bad Success, because the Bitch's Throat was too wide for the *Spanish* Articulation. At last, the poor Animal dashed her Brains out by a Fall out of a Window, which put an end to the Admiral's Cares. This History diverted us a good deal, but above a'l the Marquis, who was mightily pleased with Don *Inigo's* Company, as Don *Inigo* was with his, offering to accompany us thro' to *Burgos*, and when we arriv'd at it, to make us acquainted with several People of Character.

We accepted of this Offer: Don *Inigo* waited upon

on us next Day at our Inn, with another *Spaniard*, one of his Friends, and they conducted us to all the Places in the City that were worth seeing, to the Church, the Archbishop's Palace, and the Bridge, which is large and handsome, and one of the principle Curiosities at *Burgos*; it is by means of this Bridge that the Communication betwixt the City and Suburbs is kept up. When Dinner was serv'd, I propos'd to our two *Spaniards* to take a Share. The Citizen of *Burgos* answered me very civilly, that he expected we wou'd do him the Honour to dine with him, he having provided a Dinner for us. We did not need much Intreaty to go to his House, which was hard by. He entertain'd us in his Fashion very well, that is, we had variety of Dishes, but all of them most wretchedly dress'd. His Wife was indispos'd, but he caus'd us, in a very familiar Manner, to walk into her Bed-chamber, where she was lying upon a Bed. This appear'd to me pretty extraordinary in a *Spaniard*, who commonly has none of the most complaisant Characters in that Point. The Lady did not speak, being ignorant of our Language, but I perceiv'd that she incessantly kept her Eyes fix'd upon the Marquis, who took notice of it himself; for the Adventure of the Hostess had made him a little more acquainted with those Matters. When we left this House, we went to see an Hospital, and some Convents of Men and Women, and returned pretty late to our Inn, where we found our Landlady fuddled. She flew about the Marquis's Neck with such a Rudeness, that had I not been afraid of making an uproar, I had certainly caus'd our Servants to have drubb'd her. She was not the first Instance of this Kind we had seen since we pass'd the *Pyreneans*: I expected to have found more Sobriety in *Spain*.

We continued our Journey next Morning, being yet about 35 or 40 Leagues from *Madrid*, which our Impatience made us reach in three Days. We
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were much pleased when we came to that City; tho' its Situation is unequal, yet it makes a very agreeable Show. Don *Inigo de Juaz* had commended us to an excellent Inn, where we were very well entertain'd during our Stay there. After we had taken up with it for some Days, we desir'd our Landlord to provide a Lodging for us in a House near his Inn, that we might be more retir'd, and at the same time have our Victuals sent us from the Inn, where there was a very good Cook. The Landlord recommended us to one Don *Porterra*; Don is a Title that almost every *Spaniard* assumes. He imagin'd by our Appearance that we were Persons of Distinction, so that he behav'd with great Respect to us all the time we were at *Madrid*, notwithstanding the *Spanish* Pride.

We had receiv'd Letters from the Duke *de* ——— to several of the greatest Lords about Court, who, I was very well assur'd, wou'd have been fond of seeing us. I thought it was better not to use these Letters, but to keep them up for a Reserve in case of any Exigence. I had a mind that Travelling shou'd form the Marquis to more Characters in Life than that of a Nobleman. If all the Design of Travelling is to see fine Shows, and visit great Cities; all that is requir'd of a Person in that Case, is to be able to relate what he has seen. If we had presented our Letters immediately to the Duke *de* ———, and the Count *de* ———, I knew they wou'd have caus'd the Marquis to have lodg'd with them, and wou'd have been always engaging him in trifling Amusements and Parties of Pleasure. My Design was, that the Marquis shou'd enter into a thorough Knowledge of Mankind, by a personal Acquaintance with the different Characters of Men in all Degrees of Life, and thereby learn to descend from that Haughtiness which a high Birth is too apt to inspire, and to enter into Sentiments more human and natural, but Sentiments that are hard to be attain'd in a Court. That afterwards
he

he shou'd appear at Court, where he might acquire Esteem by the force of Merit alone. I likewise wanted that he should apply himself to the Study of Geography and History, reserving to myself the Care of forming his Taste, and Sentiments, in the Course of Reading and Conversation, which we went thro' together. He shew'd some Inclination to learn *Spanish*, from which I dissuaded him for two Reasons; first, because the *French* was so much spoken at *Madrid*, that he cou'd never be at a Loss to make himself understood: Secondly, as he had a good many other Countries to visit, all whose Languages it wou'd be impossible for him to acquire, I wou'd have him to make himself Master of one of the best, such as the *English*, or the *Italian*, which he cou'd not do but by applying solely to it. He was persuaded by my Reasons, and we regulated the Manner of our passing every Day. We resolv'd to rise every Morning half an Hour after six a Clock, and to study till eight, each by himself, and then to drink Chocolate together, after which the Marquis was to repeat to me, what he had learn'd for that Day, of Geography and History. We were then to read some good Book together till ten a Clock, and then to dress ourselves and go to Church, then we were to dine, and the Afternoon we set apart for Walking, Visits and Diversions. This Regulation we punctually observ'd all the time we were at *Madrid*, and I was vastly pleas'd to see the Marquis enter so easily into a uniform and regular Course of Life.

We dress'd at first very plain, that we might be able the better to pursue my Design of keeping Company with the Citizens. We commonly went out on Foot, without any Footman, and the first Visit we paid was to the Streets and the publick Buildings. This was our Practice for four or five Days, without meeting with any thing remarkable. But whenever we enter'd into any Places of Resort, or where there was a good deal of Company.

pany, I shou'd be at a Loss to recount all the agreeable and disagreeable Adventures to which we were expos'd every Day. All the Diversion at *Madrid* is Walking, and going to the Play. There are two publick Walks, the *Prado nuevo*, and the *Prado Viejo*. That which is on the side of the *Buen retiro*, is less frequented than the other, for which Reason we commonly went to the former. The little River of *Mancanares* glides thro' the Meadow, where one sees a great many Fountains playing, that serve to refresh the Company during the excessive Heats. The first Day we appear'd there, we were at some Loss how to answer the Compliments of certain Ladies not very scrupulous in point of Virtue, who invited us to walk with them; but we were at no Loss to understand their Drift by their Signs, tho' we did not their Language, they being as ignorant of *French* as we were of *Spanish*. We left them very drily, and advanced to a great Walk of Elms, which was filled with Persons of both Sexes. After having taken some Turns, I told the Marquis that I would leave to him the Care of procuring us some new Acquaintances. Oh (said he laughing,) we shall not be long without them. Well, let me see, (said I) how you will begin. We had scarce walked twenty Steps farther, when he placed himself upon a Bench where some *Spaniards* were sitting. Gentlemen; (said he, with a frank Air) I hope you will not take it amiss, if two Strangers join your Company? The four *Spaniards* arose, making a profound Reverence to us, and then sat down upon the Bench again. I thought at first that they did not understand our Language, and was going to rally the Marquis for his Forwardness; but after a Moment's Silence, one of them answered in *French*, with a very grave Tone, that we did them a great deal of Honour, and that *Frenchmen* never ought to look upon themselves as Strangers in *Spain*. We immediately join'd their Conversation; The
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Marquis asked a thousand Questions upon the Uses of a great number of Things that we saw. They answered very *Laconically*, without affording the least Hint for Conversation themselves; so that whenever the Marquis's Questions were at an end, we were left in profound Silence. About a quarter of an Hour after, they left us with a new Reverence. What insipid Fellows these are! said the Marquis. Rather say, (answer'd I) What wise, polite People these are! and learn of them not to be so open as you are the first meeting. You have no Reason to complain of them, they salute you civilly, and they answered all the Questions you put to them; what wou'd you have more? Besides, you must own, that the jocosè Air you put on, might very reasonably have disgusted People of their grave Character. Not that I condemn a free, open Manner of Conversation, only I think we ought never to use it in the wrong Place; you are very well acquainted, at least by hearsay, with the *Spanish* Gravity of Conversation, so that you might have easily judg'd that it was very improper to attack them in the jocosè familiar Manner you did. But, (replied the Marquis very naturally) they knew the Character of us *Frenchmen* too, and good Manners shou'd have prevented them from putting on their grave Airs with me. I answered, they had an Advantage over us in being in their own Country; besides, that some of them were older than us; not to insist, that our having attacked them without much Ceremony, and upon no Acquaintance, intitled them to some Respect from us.

While we were in this Discourse, we were surprized to see our four *Spaniards* return and seat themselves upon the same place of the Bench they had left. We are very happy, said one of them, in finding you still here: I answered, that their Return gave us a great deal of Pleasure, and that one was always glad to meet again with Persons of so much Civility and Politeness as they appear'd

to have. I am charm'd, replied the other, that you have such an Opinion of us; I was afraid lest your Ignorance of our Customs had made you take our hasty Departure amiss, but it is usual here for one that comes to the *Prado*, sometimes to sit, and sometimes to walk, to give the Diverſion a more agreeable Variety. Thus we renewed our Conversation till Supper-time, and then we left our four *Spaniards* without foreseeing what Occasion we were soon to have of renewing our Acquaintance.

We went to Supper as soon as we returned home: I invited our Landlord to sup with us, as I frequently had done before, and we told him of what had happened to us on the *Prado*, together with the Name of one of the four *Spaniards*, as we heard it several times pronounced by the others. The Adventure is pleasant, replied Don *Porterra*; Signior *Alonso Riguez*, whom you speak of, is neither more nor less than my Spouse's Brother. He is an Advocate in the Council of the *Indies*, and is a Man of Merit and Character; you will be very well pleas'd to be acquainted with him, and I propose myself the Pleasure of carrying you to his House. We agreed to go next Day. Before you see him, said Don *Porterra*, I must entertain you a few Moments in telling you a very extraordinary Adventure which has made his Fortune, for he is rich, and it is not so much from Interest, as Inclination, that he still follows the Profession of Advocate. Don *Alonso* is originally a *Portuguese*; his Father was Steward to the Count *de Fonteira*, and follow'd that Nobleman into *Spain*, where he came to settle. His Master dying, and leaving him very generously provided for, he thought proper to settle in the World, endeavouring to get into some Employment at *Madrid*, which might give him a Rank and a Title. An Opportunity soon presented, but he met with so many Rivals, that he cou'd not succeed without raising to himself very considerable Enemies. The Love of Revenge is a predomi-

predominant Passion in *Spain* as well as in *Italy*. One of the Enemies of *Francisco Riquez*, (for that was the Name of our *Alonso's* Father) employ'd all Methods to ruin his Reputation and Credit. *Francisco* resisted him successfully, but perhaps he us'd too much Haughtiness in his Triumph over an Enemy whom he had already defeated, and who being reduced to Despair, resolved to assassinate him. The unhappy *Francisco* was killed in the Evening, as he returned home without any Attendance. The Murderer escaped by Flight, but all his Estate was confiscated, except a small Portion that was allotted for the Maintenance and Education of an only Daughter he left, who was not above twelve or fifteen Months old, and was placed sometime after in a Convent; her Name was *Donna Maria*. *Francisco Riquez* left two Children, who were Twins, and were then upon the Breast. *Alonso* is the one, and my Wife the other; their Mother was very careful of their Education, and I married the Daughter when she attained to her sixteenth Year; *Alonso*, whose Mother died about that Time, came to live at my House, and his Inclination leading to the Bar, he applied himself to the Study of the Law: his natural Capacity, assisted by a continual Application, made him known so much to his Advantage, that before he was twenty one Years of Age he was employed in a great many considerable Causes, the Success of which still encreased his Reputation. The Priorefs of a Religious House intrusted him with an Affair of such Importance, that it demanded all his Care. He was oblig'd to repair very often to her for Information in the Affair, and as he had a very polite Turn, he became acquainted with several of the Nuns and the Boarders. It happen'd to be the very House where *Donna Maria*, the Daughter of his Father's Murderer, was placed. He saw her without understanding who she was, and loved her before he knew that he ought to hate her. He one Day spoke of her to me as an

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Object with which he was charm'd. I knowing as little about her as he, answer'd him very readily, That since it was now time for him to think upon marrying, he cou'd not do better than to espouse a Lady whom he thought so lovely, and that he ought to enquire after the Parents of the Girl, and ask their Consent; and that it was a very favourable Circumstance for him, that she had been always educated in a Religious House. He seemed very well pleased that I approved of his Passion, and he begg'd that I wou'd inform myself of whatever concerned his Mistress; which I very soon did, for two Days after, I very ingenuously told *Alonso* all about her Parentage, which I thought wou'd effectually have damp'd his Passion. I was deceiv'd, for it had come to too great a Head to be easily extinguished. You stab me with your Words, (answered he, turning pale) I must either marry *Donna Maria* or die But hear me, replied I, you ought to examine if Honour wou'd allow you to marry the Daughter of a Murderer, and what is worse, the Murderer of your Father. Think of that! besides, this Girl has no Fortune, and you are not rich enough yet to make the Fortune of another. All this deserves that you should do yourself a Violence in renouncing a Passion so contrary both to your Honour and your Interest. *Alonso* making no reply, Are you belov'd (continued I) or have you entered into any Engagement with your Mistress? He answered me, that he had discoursed several times with her, and that he had no reason to believe that she hated him. If you are assured of her Heart (replied I) and if you are resolv'd not to deprive her of yours, your best Way is, to engage her to leave the Convent, and entertain her upon the Footing of a common Mistress. Ah, what do you say? replied he. that Wisdom for which I adore her, will never suffer her to condescend to this. Then take your own Course (replied I) since I find my Advice is disregarded. I then rose to take

take my leave of him, but *Alonso* after some moments of Reflection kept me with him. Do you know, said he, what a Thought is come into my Head, and what I design to do? I will marry *Donna Maria*, and then retire with her into *Portugal*, where all my Father's Relations are living, and who will know nothing about my Spouse's Parents. Thus I will consult both my Honour and my Passion.

I should have but wasted my Breath, had I pretended to oppose this new Project; so I left him, promising him all the Service that my Friendship could suggest. He remember'd me of my Promise about fifteen Days after, and desired me to do him a very dangerous piece of Service. *Donna Maria* had consented to marry him, and to follow him into *Portugal*; he having engag'd her to leave the Convent, and to take Lodgings in the Town till such time as he had settled some Affairs, and was ready to go with her: And at the same time he put a Chamber-maid of his own chusing about her. There he pass'd one part of the Day with her, and the other in preparing for his Journey. One Day that he left my House to go to his ordinary Rendezvous, the Chamber-maid that he had put about his Mistress, came and told him a piece of News, which threw him into the greatest Uneasiness. He came back to his Chamber in a furious Manner, and threw himself upon his Bed, where he pass'd several Hours in a very violent Agitation. I heard some Words he let drop, and judged that he had need of Comfort; I came in to him, and ask'd him the Cause of his Uneasiness. If you love me (answered he with a troubled Air) leave me to meet my Death, but first assist me in compassing my Revenge. I am betray'd, *Donna Maria* is a Traitors, whose Life I will take away with my own Hands, after having killed her new Lover, whom she prefers to me before her Eyes. At last, he told me, that about two Days

ago, Donna *Maria* had admitted an unknown Person into her Apartment, where he pass'd a good part of the Night, and that the Chambermaid was placed to watch, and to stop, not only *Alonso*, but any other that might surprize them. That the Girl had given him Information of all that had passed, and at the same time assured him, that his Rival was to be with his Mistress that very Night. But, (added Don *Alonso*) I am resolv'd it shall be the last of his Life, being determin'd to stab him first, and then Donna *Maria*. He added a thousand things which Rage suggested, and after he was weary of crying and complaining, he ended by begging my assistance to make his Revenge more sure. This Request appeared so just to me, that I promised to attend him; whereupon each of us armed ourselves with a good Sword and a Pistol, and watch'd at an Alley, that was about two Paces from the Door of Donna *Maria's* House. The Gallant soon appeared, and I was going to attack him before he enter'd the House, but *Alonso* stop'd me; The Scene, said he, must pass before the very Eyes of the Traitors: I have agreed with the Chambermaid, that she shall open the Gate, and admit us into the Lodgings as soon as ever the Victims whom I design to sacrifice have got together. After we had waited a little, the Gate opened, and when we enter'd we shut it behind us. *Alonso* desired I would stay in the Anti-Chamber, while he himself enter'd into the Apartment of Donna *Maria* with his naked Sword in his Hand; who beholding him in this terrible Posture, gave a great Cry, and just as he was going to stab the Person whom he took for his Rival, catching hold of his Arm, Alas! my dear *Alonso* (said she) what are you going to do? It is my Father. She did not speak time enough from hindering the fatal Blow from being given. *Alonso* drew back all in Blood, and threw himself upon an Arm-Chair. I enter'd at that Instant, and found them all three in the most affecting Situation.

tion. *Donna Maria* was on her Knees betwixt her Father and her Lover, and held their Hands in hers. Her Father (for it actually was the same) was weltering in his Blood, and seemed to be at the point of Death. *Alonso* was sitting motionless upon the Chair, his Sword lying at his Feet, and his Eyes staring in his Head like one distracted. I roused him from this State by pushing him pretty rudely, and represented to him that the present Posture of his Affairs required all his Attention and Activity. Ah! my dear *Porterra* (said he rising up) Can I come to any Resolution in the dreadful Condition I am now in? There is my Mistress; have I done too much? and there the Murderer of my Father; have I done enough? However this Adventure shall turn out, shall not I be the most unhappy Man upon Earth? He threw himself upon the Bed without waiting for my Answer, and there sent up a thousand Sighs like a Man in Despair: In the mean time, *Donna Maria* with the Assistance of her Chamber-maid, stop'd the bleeding of her Father's Wound, and brought him again to his Senses. Nevertheless, the poor Man knew his Death was near, and begged me, that I would persuade *Don Alonso* to come near him, which when I had done with some Difficulty, *Alonso*, said he, I have met with my Death, and you with your Revenge; let my Example be a new Proof that Heaven sooner or later punishes the Guilty. For after I had felt all the Stings of Conscience for twenty Years, Providence conducted me back to *Madrid*, there to fall by the Hand of a Man whose Father I basely murdered. I pardon you my Death, which I am persuaded you would not have given me, had you known that I was the Father of your Mistress. If you forgive me the Death of your Father, I shall die in Peace. It is now time that all Enmities were done away. You may judge of my Sincerity by what I am now to do for you. After I had left *Madrid*, I made a Voyage to the *Indies*,

where I have acquired a large Fortune by Trade. If it is true, as my Daughter assures me, that you love her, and that you have given her your Faith, marry her, and enjoy the Fruits of my Toil. I desire no longer Life than I may secure the Possession of them to you: Draw near me, (said he), and embrace me without Horror, Enmity never can subsist where there is no Hatred, and Hatred ought not to subsist after Punishment.

I waited impatiently for *Alonso's* Answer continued *Don Porterra*: His Eyes show'd some Irresolution, but whenever they met with those of his Mistress, I concluded he was won. He was just going to give a favourable Answer, when a sudden Noise oblig'd us to look towards the Door of his Chamber, where we saw a Dozen *Alguazils* entering, arm'd up to the Throats, who seiz'd us before we cou'd enough recover from our Consternation to make any Resistance. The first thing they did was to disarm us, and upon seeing some Traces of *Donna Maria's* Father's Blood, they conducted us all to the common Prison. They were even so inhuman as to drag the wounded Person along with them, supporting him under the Arms as he walk'd. We easily guess'd that some Neighbours, hearing the Noise in *Donna Maria's* Apartment, had given the Alarm to the City Guard. They left us confin'd 'or twenty four Hours in the same Room, without the Liberty of speaking to any one except those who brought us our Victuals. In the mean time, we held a Council upon what we were to do in this melancholy Situation. *Alonso* furnished us with proper Answers to the Interrogatories that wou'd be put to us by the Judges, before whom we expected to appear the next Day; and we all agreed to say, That the Misfortune that had happen'd in *Donna Maria's* Apartment had proceeded from Jealousy, a Crime easily pardon'd in *Spain*. The Judge who examin'd us, appear'd satisfied with our Answers, which

which gave us hopes that our Affair wou'd be happily terminated. But towards Evening, the Wounded Person, to whom the Physicians were called too late, grew so much worse that we despair'd of his Life. He was sensible that his End approach'd, and called for Ink and Paper to confirm the Pardon he gave to Don *Alonso*, and the Grant he made to him of all his Fortune. He did this with all the Exactness possible, discovering not only the Persons in whose Hands his Effects were lodg'd, but the particular Quantity and Quality of the Effects deposited. *Alonso* was extremely touch'd at this, and cou'd not hinder some Tears from falling when that good Man died, which he did about two Days after. His Death render'd our Affair worse; we were immediately shut up in different Rooms, and strictly guarded. *Alonso* being bred to the Law, had suggested to us the only Means of preventing our Ruin. His Merit had gained him the Acquaintance and Esteem of a great many Persons of Distinction, and especially of the Duke de *Ossuna*, who had a particular Regard for him: *Alonso* took the Liberty to write to him in very respectful Terms, and to intreat him to come and see him in Prison. The Duke came, and *Alonso* discover'd to him his whole History; beginning with the Murder of his own Father, and ending with the Death of Donna *Maria's*, without concealing the least Circumstance, and at the same time conjur'd the Duke to make a faithful Report of the whole Affair to his Majesty, in hopes that his Mercy, which is so universally acknowledged, would find something peculiar in his Case that might at least alleviate his Crime. The Success answer'd our Hopes; the Duke acted with so much Zeal in our behalf, that the King was touch'd, and ordered us to be set at Liberty; and when we waited upon his Majesty to make our Acknowledgments, he confirm'd the Deed by which the Father of *Maria* made over his Estate to Don *Alonso*, to whom his Majesty wish'd all Success in his married State. Af-

After Don *Porterra* had done speaking, we shew'd some Impatience to see Don *Alonso*, and Donna *Maria* his Wife. We spent the rest of Supper time in reflecting upon their History. I ask'd of the Marquis as I was going away, if he was not very much touched at what he had heard? He answer'd me, That he had heard that History with Pleasure, but what struck him most was, the Character of Donna *Maria's* Father, who had become all of a sudden a generous good Man, from a vile Assassin! This Reflection of the Marquis pleas'd me very much, because I found it was judicious. I told him, that he would not be astonish'd at this Contradiction, when he came to be better acquainted with the Heart of Man. Our Heart (added I) is a kind of Theatre, where all the Passions act in their several turns. It never remains in an indifferent condition betwixt Good and Evil, because naturally it is always forming Desires; it is differently solici- ted because of the difference of the Objects, and it always inclines to that which it loves best. Thus the Man who weakly yields to the first Impressions, is capable successively to run into an excess both of Good and Evil.

The only Remedy against this, is, to form solid Principles of Truth and Wisdom, which may always balance the irregular Byass of the Heart; it is precisely in this that Probity consists. A Man tho', to all Appearance, a Man of Honour, yet if he acts not upon a well-settled Principle, is always to be distrust'd, for sooner or later he becomes the Dupe of his own Heart. We entertain'd ourselves a long time with the Adventure of Don *Alonso*, and as I saw it touch'd the Marquis, I engag'd him to reduce it to writing, that he might be accusom'd to use his Pen more easily. I made him observe that it is a common Defect in Education of Persons of Distinction; that they cannot put one Period in Writing. Tho' it may be pardon'd, (said I) to be ignorant in the Sciences, it is inexcusable for

a Man not able to make himself understood in the common Exigencies of Life. One is almost under as frequent Necessities to write as to speak, and if he writes to a Man of Wit in a coarse unconnected Stile, he is sure to be laugh'd at for his Ignorance; besides, it is a very agreeable Amusement to reduce one's Thoughts into Writing, and a Man, who has a tolerable Taste in Reading and Writing, can never be at a Loss for Company in the most profound Solitude.

The Marquis did not forget next Day to put us in mind of our Visit to Don *Alonso Riquex*. Don *Porterra* waited upon us thither, and *Alonso*, who knew us again, was surprized to see us in Company with his Brother, who we told him, was our Landlord, and we showed a great deal of Joy at having this Opportunity to meet him again. He appeared as well satisfied as we, and the Conversation became very diverting, it having insensibly fallen upon the Adventure of his Marriage. Don *Porterra* took occasion to beg that we might be introduced to his Wife. He ordered her to be called that Instant, and we thought her worthy of all he had done for her; but as she did not understand our Tongue, we could not judge of her Wit. After having staid some Minutes with us, she withdrew, and *Alonso* invited us to Supper. We promised to come back as soon as ever the Comedy was over, which the Marquis waited impatiently to see. Don *Porterra* conducted us likewise to the Play, which was a piece of *Lope de Vega*; we did not understand a Word of it, but I judg'd by the Agitations of the Actors, that it was full of Sentiments. While I was intent on the Players, the Marquis was busy in examining the Spectators; his Face was towards the Amphitheatre, where all the Ladies were assembled without one Man among them. This probably was the Occasion of his meeting with some pieces of Gallantry, when he was coming out of the Play-house. Two young Ladies, very handsome

some and well dress'd, propos'd to take a Turn with him, in the *Prado*; he thank'd them, but without further ado they catch'd hold of one of his Hands, and were dragging him along. If he had been by himself, I believe he might have been prevailed upon, but at last we got rid of them.

A Moment after, an old Woman came up softly to him; she was dress'd in a long Cloak. Signor *Cavallero*, (said she in *spanish*) you are a sweet young Man, and you deserve a pretty Mistress, I can provide you in one who is not above Sixteen, and one whom I can answer for; follow me, and I will make you happy. The Marquis made Signs to her that he did not understand *Spanish*, and walk'd along with us. While Don *Porterra* was explaining the old Woman's Speech to us, we saw her return again with a Billet, which she presented to the Marquis. It was the Direction how to find her, and the Age of the young Girl whom she had mentioned. We rallied the Marquis upon these two Adventures. He appeared a little touch'd, and we went forward to Don *Alonso's* House, where we found a good deal of Company waiting for us.

He had invited the three *Spaniards* whom he had been with before in the *Prado*, thinking that we would be pleas'd with their Company, as they were Men of Learning. He had likewise found out other two with whom we were not acquainted, so that there were nine of us at Table. We had a very handsome Treat, to which we sat down with a Gravity that made me fear I should pass my Time very ill; but by degrees, the Brows of our *Spaniards* became to grow smoother, till at last they gave themselves entirely up to Mirth. There were in our Company two Merchants, one of which was newly come from *Peru*, who liv'd upon his Fortune without any Employment; a young Gentleman, who was a profess'd Wit; and a Procurator of the Council of the Indies, where Don *Alonso Riquex*

Riquex had been Advocate. I used French Words lest I should blunder if I chose Spanish.

These altogether formed a strong Possé of Citizens, who, without having all the polite Airs of a Court, wanted neither Sense, Wit, nor Acquaintance with Life.

The Knight, who was the Wit, signaliz'd himself a long time by an overbearing fluency o' Tongue, and a variety of notable Touches, of which he seem'd to have laid up a Magazine, he discharg'd them with such Copiousness and Rapidity. He decid'd upon Poetry, he settled the Reputations of all Authors, either from Experience or Hearsay. He was profuse in his Encomiums upon *Corneille* and *St. Evremont*. *Crebellon* he admir'd, and repeated large Scraps of that Author. I own, these three Authors (answer'd I) are very valuable, tho' we must still make some difference among them; but you don't mention *Racine*, *Moliere*, and *Boileau*, with a great many others, that France has as good Reason to boast of as those you have nam'd. *Boileau*, (answer'd he) by aiming at Correctness, becomes insipid and pedantic, *Racine* is a meer Driveller, fit for nothing but to melt Women, and to make Milkshops of Men, without inspiring one Sentiment of Virtue. *Moliere*, 'tis true, has Wit, and paints Mankind very well, but he has borrow'd his greatest Beauties from Spain. His *Tartuffe*, his *Ecole des Femmes*, and his *Festin de Pierre*, and even his *Misanthrope*, which among you passes for an Original, are all pilfer'd from *Lope de Vega*. The *Cavallero*, whose flux of Language was inexhaustible, gave us then a Dissertation upon *Roussseau*, whom he treated as the Prince of Lyrick Writers; he then touch'd upon *Houdart* and *la Motte*, to whom he said, Posterity wou'd be more just than the present times. He admir'd the Delicacy of *Fontanelle*; but, added he, his great Affectation of it, too often makes him fall into those Galimatias's with which you reproach us Spaniards. But by

by that Rule, answer'd I, you must own that our Preachers have a good deal of Superiority over yours. Undoubtedly they have, replied he; I look upon our Preachers as a parcel of School-Boys, who know nothing but to tack a String of frothy Phrases one to another, and who imagine they have attain'd to the Sublime when they are deliver'd of some monstrous Thought; they have no Order, no Taste, and no regular Invention. A single Sermon of your *Bourdeloue* or *Flecbier*, in my Opinion, is worth all the Productions of our *Spanish* Preachers. For this frank Acknowledgment, I pardon'd our Knight the Abuse he had given to *Racine*, tho' he is the Poet for whom I have always had the greatest Taste. I saw that the other Guests, who had not the least Notion of Learning, were all weary of these Harangues, so I enliven'd the Conversation by turning it upon general Subjects. I ask'd the Merchant, who had come from *Peru*, his News from *Lima*, and how he found in his Heart to leave so fine a Country. I put the like Questions to others according to their different Professions, and we thus pass'd the remaining part of the Night with a mutual Satisfaction. During the time in which I was most attentive at the moving Story that *Don Alonso Requex* was telling, the Marquis left the Parlour with *Don Porterra*; I thought nothing of it at that time, but I began to be uneasy, when after two Hours absence there was no Account of him. But as *Don Porterra* was along with him, I was satisfied by asking of *Alonso* if he knew where they were gone. He said he did not, but that I had nothing to fear, since the Marquis was in Company with his Brother. We pass'd sometime longer there in Conversation, till it was almost Night. At last, I was alarm'd at hearing nothing about the Marquis, and taking my leave of *Don Alonso*, I went straight home. I was heartily vex'd all Night, but towards break of Day, I heard them both slipping softly up to our Apartment.

ment. Don *Porterra* did not enter the Room because he thought I was asleep, I having gone to Bed as soon as I heard them coming up. The Marquis stole thro' my Room into his own, and I took no notice that I heard him. He ask'd of the Valet who undress'd him, whether or not I appear'd angry at his being abroad all Night, and the Fellow telling him that I was in a terrible Passion, he went to Bed without making the least Noise. I rose pretty late in the Day, and calling up the Valet who lay in the Marquis's Bed-Chamber, ask'd if his Master was yet come home. It is a pretty Story this (added I) that he should leave me for three Hours, to go a rambling thro' the Streets of *Madrid*; a fine Mark of Esteem for my Person! I was sure he heard me when I spoke thus; for he immediately arose and came to embrace me, begging my Pardon, and calling me his dear Papa. This was the Name he always gave me, when he wanted most to insinuate himself into my Favour. I told him (in a very serious Tone, and without looking on him) I am very much oblig'd to you, Sir, indeed, to throw me into such a mortal Uneasiness, by passing the Night I don't know where. Pray, Sir, when did you and I agree, that one of us might leave the other without his Knowledge? At least tell me what you have been doing abroad so long with Don *Porterra*. He answer'd, that he would keep nothing from me if I would promise to pardon him. So I will, (answer'd I) if you are sincere. He then told me, that while he was at Supper in Don *Alonso's* House, pulling out his Handkerchief, he had lighted on the Billet which the old Woman had given him when he came from the Comedy; that he show'd it privately to Don *Porterra*, and the *Spanish* Wine having put them both in a merry Mood, they were resolv'd to satisfy themselves with their own Eyes if the Person of the young Girl answer'd the Description

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scription of her, and that accordingly they set out both together.

This Story at first made me afraid: Well, Sir, (answer'd I) and what did you there? We had our Belly full of Mirth, replied the Marquis, and of good Wine; and the Girl assur'd me, that if I lov'd her in good earnest, I should find her the most loving thing in the whole World. She has made me promise that I shall see her to-morrow, and that after this I shall visit her regularly. I have promised all that she ask'd of me; but I am so disgusted at her Manners, and with the Plaister of Red and White two Inches thick upon her Face, that I have no great Stomach to be as good as my Word. And how did Don *Porterra* behave? said I. Why he drank heartily, and grated my Ears with a villainous Guitarr, replied the Marquis. I assure you, my dear Papa, (added he, embracing me) we did nothing more; are you not Friends with me now? I am pleas'd with your Sincerity (answer'd I) and I hope you will never take such a Frolick in your Head again; you know that I am not of a Humour to cross you, and that the Discretion I require of you is not of that austere rigid Kind, which is an Enemy to all Pleasure, but such, as you have own'd frequently, as is consistent with Religion and Honour. It wou'd be by no means to the Advantage of your Reputation, were it known that you pass'd two Hours in a Place too odious to name, and felt the least Inclination for a Woman of a vile Character. Diversions of that kind deserves to meet with all the Horror which a Man of Honour can express; for tho' they were not disagreeable to Religion, Honour expressly forbids them.

I left the Marquis to dress himself, and wen to invite Don *Porterra* to drink Chocolate with me, I was pretty smart upon him for the Liberty he had assum'd in proving the Marquis's Conductor the Night before. If I were not very well satisfied

fied (added I) with you in other Respects, I wou'd leave your House this Instant. He excus'd himself as well as he could, by saying that he cou'd not resist the Solicitations of the young Man; Besides, said he, the Courtisans of *Madrid* are not such as perhaps you imagine them to be; they don't debauch themselves for meer Lust, on the contrary, they make their Gallants pay so dear for their Favours, that we have seen many ruin'd by the Expences attending their Intrigues, and that too without gaining their Ends: They require Tenderness and Passion in Love, and as they understand all the Refinements of it, they take a Pleasure in making their Gallants pass thro' all Degrees of it. However that may be, (replied I) I can by no means approve of your Conduct last Night, and I beg you wou'd not give the Marquis any such Notions for the future.

Don *Porterra* took my Reprimand so well, that two Days after he propos'd we shou'd go all together to *Buen-retiro*, which is a Royal House near *Madrid*. He knew the Governor very well, or rather the Potter, for he was a very ordinary kind of a Man, however he gave us a very handsome Reception. His Name was Don *Inigo*: I don't know how he had happen'd to marry a *Frenchwoman*, but she was very pressing to salute us, with her two Daughters, when she understood that we were her Countrymen. I had desired Don *Porterra* to conceal who we were, and for that purpose we had taken neither Footman or Groom along with us. Don *Inigo*, his Wife, and his Daughter, forc'd us by their friendly Invitations to pass that Night in the Castle. They had the Disposal of the Rooms, and cou'd easily provide us in Beds. I know not if I ought to recount what happen'd to me that Night, as I write in a delicate Age, where nothing extraordinary is believ'd. But as I have no Views of Interest in what I write, I shall at least satisfy myself by a faithful Recital of it in this

Place. I lay in a large Hall, hung with Tapestry representing the ancient Kings of *Castile*. I had viewed them very attentively before I went to Bed, and had fallen asleep, after reflecting upon the Frailty of human Grandeur, of which scarce a Vestige remains in a few Ages. They only survive (said I to myself) in that Tapestry; these Monarchs, who cou'd make Nations tremble, are now inferiour even to me, because depriv'd of the Existence I enjoy. But how must I be forgot in an Age or two hence, since they with all their Pomp and all their Power are not exempted from Oblivion! While I was ruminating in this Manner I fell asleep. Then I thought I saw each of the Kings come out of the Tapestry, and approach my Bed. They then drew aside the Curtains to show me a Man, who lay in the middle of the Room upon a Black Cloth, with a Sceptre in his Hand, and a Crown upon his Head. When I attentively view'd this Personage, I knew him to be *Lewis* the XIVth. He is dead (said one of the Spectres) and shall be forgotten as one of us. When I rose in the Morning, I was pretty much damp'd by this melancholy Idea, and told my Dream to several. Eight Days after, we had an Account at *Madrid* of the Death of the King of *France*.

We staid at *Retiro* till Night, that we might have leisure to view the Gardens; but nothing came in the least up to the Magnificence of the Royal Houses in *France*. We were attended wherever we went by Don *Inigo's* Wife and his two Daughters. He told us, laughing, that his Wife had introduc'd the *French* Liberty into his Family, and had educated all her Daughters upon that Footing. These last were very well shap'd, a little upon the Brown, as most Women in that Country are, and their Eyes full of a sweet Vivacity. In the Afternoon we went into the Garden, to take the Advantage of a fresh Breeze, which diminish'd the excessive Heat. We were walking familiarly, without any Order

of Distinction, within a cover'd Alley, when I happen'd to see one of Don *Inigo's* Daughters draw close up to the Marquis, and very dextrously slip a Billet into his Pocket. The Marquis perceiving some body had touched his Pocket, thrust his Hand into it and took out the Billet, which I saw him put up again very cautiously. I likewise perceiv'd that he examin'd the Girl's Person pretty attentively, and that she took care always to turn her Face full upon him, that he might have a better Opportunity to see her. After our Walk was over, we thank'd Signior *Inigo*, and set out for *Madrid* again. We had scarce gone ten Paces when the Marquis stop'd under pretence of a natural Necessity, but when I look'd back, I saw him take the Billet out of his Pocket, and carefully read it. I took no Notice of what I had seen, and the Marquis came up to us with a very gay Air. We cross'd the *Prado*, where we run the Gantelope thro' whole Files of Courtesans, whose Impudence I cou'd never have believ'd was so great, had I not seen daily Proofs of it as oft as we went out to walk; at last, we reach'd home.

I was in some doubt if the Marquis wou'd make me the Confident of his Love, and we discourst with Don *Porterra* till we were called to Supper. After Supper, when we had retir'd to our own Apartments, the Marquis pulling the Billet out of his Pocket; Here, Sir, (said he, in the most natural Manner in the World) help me to decypher this Scrawl, which, if I am not mistaken, is another piece of Gallantry. Upon this, he told me the way how he came by it; and this Sincerity of his gave me one of the most lively Satisfaction I had ever felt. I open'd the Billet, and indeed the Writing was so bad that we were heartily puzzled before we cou'd make any thing of it.

The Name of the Damsel was Donna *Pradina*. She assur'd the Marquis, that she never had felt such a Pleasure as in the Sentiments with which he

had inspir'd her. She then in a pretty gentle Manner reproach'd him with coming into *Spain*, to deprive her of her Repose and Liberty; she then promis'd to be so tender, so constant, and so faithful a Lover, that she shou'd requite all the Affection he cou'd show for her. In the End of her Letter, she inform'd him, that she was very often at an Aunt's House not far from Don *Porterra's*.

I ask'd of the Marquis, what he thought of all this. I believe, (return'd he) the very same thing you do. All the Women in *Spain* are Fools, and (continued he) if they hold on at this rate, I shall have some Difficulty to escape their Clutches. Remarking that he pronounced the last Words with an Air of Complaisance; My dear Marquis, (answer'd I) it is a poor Conquest which you seem to boast of. You own that the *Spanish* Women are Fools for loving you. Where then lies the Merit of inspiring Love, that cannot be attended with Esteem on either Side, since these Women are taken only with your Person, which is advantageous enough, your chearful Air, and long Hair, and I don't know what? A Woman, who slight the Dictates of Virtue for the Allurements of Pleasure, is charm'd with the most inconsiderable Trifles. If it is allow'd for a Man of Sense to be at all pleas'd with being lov'd, it must proceed only from a Consciousness that he possesses some Qualifications that merit Esteem. I wou'd myself pardon your Affection for a Woman who loves you on account of your Wit, your Honour, your Religion, and the other Qualities which you should study to attain. It is impossible for her to love you for these, unless she at the same time possesses them herself; and if she does, she is an Object worthy of your Love, which will then be attended with Purity, Disinterestedness, and Tenderness, and I may add, with Constancy too; for no Passion can subsist longer than the Motives upon which it is found-ed; and Virtue alone knows no Decay.

Next

Next Morning we resum'd our Exercises. The Marquis had a very happy Memory. Geography employ'd him for some Time, and then I gave him some Taste for Chronology, as a Preparative to his studying History. I found he made himself Master of all these with a surprizing Facility, and was charm'd to see his Application to, and Love for Learning increase every Day. When he came to the *Greek* and *Roman* History, I had difficulty to restrain the Ardour he always show'd to be at his Book; his Valet telling me, that he spent a good part of the Night in reading. I was forc'd absolutely to forbid this, because it might prove prejudicial to his Health. I approve, (said I to him) your Love for Books, but I would not have a Man, who by Birth and Quality is mark'd out for Affairs of Importance, to make Study and Reading his Trade, as if he were a Graduate at an University: It is enough if he knows as much of both, as may serve to make him employ some time every Day with Profit and Pleasure.

About the beginning of *September*, we had the Curiosity to assist at a Ceremony, which drew to it all the Court, and part of the Inhabitants of *Madrid*. It was the Interment of a Religious Carmelite, natural Daughter to *C. I. D. F.* She went by the Name of Sister *Mariane de la Croix D——*, and was born at *Brussels* in the Year 1641. Coming to *Madrid* in the fifth Year of her Age, she was shut up in a Monastery of Barefooted Carmelites in that City, where she had led a very pious Life for seventy Years. All the *Grande*s assisted at her Funeral by order of the King, and the same Day his Majesty bestow'd the Quality of *Grande* upon all the Lady Abbesses in that Monastery, which is upon the Royal Foundation. We were inform'd, that the *C. I.* entertain'd a violent Passion for the Mother of this Sister *Mariane D——* who was a *Fleming* of the House of *V——* and but of ordinary Beauty, but that she

she had the Art of Captivating every one who came near her. The C. I. was not Proof against her Charms, but had a good deal of Difficulty to gain her Love. It is true, she was not quite so coy with the Count *de P*——, and kept up a long Intrigue with him; but when he left her, she fell into a profound Melancholy, which the C. I. knowing well how to take Advantage of, never fail'd to carry her to Entertainments and Parties of Pleasure, which he took care to form in order to dispel her Sadness. At last, his respectful Behaviour, his Perseverance, and perhaps the Lustre of his Quality and Titles prevailed upon Mademoiselle *de V*——; but the most extraordinary Circumstance was, That tho' she was courted by a Man of Figure and Fortune, she always rejected his lawful Addresses, in favour of the Constancy which she thought she ow'd to the C. I. while she liv'd with him at *Brussels* in quality of a Mistress. This Example is so very rare, that I cou'd not entirely pass it over in silence.

On the 11th of this Month, a Courier dispatched by the Prince *de Cellamare*, the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of *France*, arriv'd with the News of the Death of his Most Christian Majesty. Next Day an Order was publish'd for a general Mourning, and two Days after, half of the Inhabitants of *Madrid* were in Black. I never saw any one make so fine a Figure as the Marquis did in that Dress. I shall not repeat a great many little Adventures we met with among the Citizens, during the fifteen Days or three Weeks we went about like ordinary People. I thought I had done enough to give the Marquis a Notion of the different Ranks of Life, and that it was now time to shift the Scene.



MEMOIRS

Of the MARQUIS *de* —.

PART II. Book II.



Was inform'd that on the Day of *Sa. Francis*, the King was to hold a Chapel in that Saint's Church, to which he was to be attended by all the Grantees. We must be there likewise, (said I to the Marquis) and you are to remember that you have not to do now with *Inigo's* and *Alonso's*. It is true, the Springs of Passion are the same in a Court as in a City, but with this Difference, That in a Court they are more violent, and better conceal'd. You are there to distrust all Appearances, and to familiarize yourself to a Virtue, which you have yet had no occasion to practise; it is that of Prudence, and it will be of use to you at every Step you make. I leave you to yourself: I mean, you are not now to expect my Counsels shou'd regulate your Conduct; I shall only take upon me to hint to you wherein I think you act amiss, so that I now only attend you in quality of a Spectator, and sometimes of a Critic.

The Marquis enter'd the Church with a very noble

ble Air and a fine Mien, I was by his Side, and we were attended by three Footmen. We advanced to the Place where his Majesty was, but the great Crowd of Courtiers hinder'd us from being perceiv'd. As we had advanc'd a little beyond the Place appointed for those that were not known at Court, an Officer in waiting seem'd to look at us with some Emotion. I observ'd him, and soon saw the Fault which Ignorance had led us into, but I was so lucky as to repair it, by saying some complaisant Things to the Marquis *de Valdecannas*, who was next us, which made the Officer imagine we were of his Acquaintance. When the Ceremony was over, the Company made Way for the King, whom we then saw for the first Time; and as our Mournings were made in the *French* Fashion, he stop'd some time to look at us before he mov'd off. The Marquis made a profound Reverence to the King, who answer'd it with a very obliging Nod, speaking the following Words to the Marquis *de Bedmar* who was next him: *That Gentleman is French, I shou'd know him by his Air, tho' he wanted the Dress.* At that Instant, an old Lord, who follow'd the King, but cou'd not walk easily by reason of his great Age, stop'd when he came up to me, and ask'd me if we left *France* since the Death of the King? I answer'd, we had been in *Spain* above a Month. Then, (replied he) you probably are the Father of that young Gentleman, pointing to the Marquis. I answer'd, that I had not that Honour, but that *Monf.* the Marquis was a Man of Distinction, who was travelling in order to compleat his Education, and that I attended him thro' the Esteem and Friendship I had for him. He continued to ask us if we had any Acquaintance at the Court of *Madrid*? And upon our answering, That we never had been there before, he invited the Marquis, whom we had come up to by this time, to step into his Coach, and take the Air with him upon the *Calle-Major*, which is another kind of

of a Court in which the People of *Madrid* walk. The Marquis, seeing that the Person who invited him was an ordinary Man in a plain Black Suit, hesitated for some Time. You seem to be uneasy, Sir, said the *Spaniard*, I am Don *Joseph de Toledo*, Duke of *Monalto*, and I formerly travell'd into *France* for my Curiosity, in the same Manner as you now travel into *Spain*. Let us talk a little about your Country and mine. The Marquis gave him a very respectful Answer, and we step'd into his Coach which waited for him at the Door of the Church.

The Duke of *Monalto* look'd like a Man about Seventy, his Manners were simple, but there was a certain Expression of Goodness in them that render'd him amiable. His Memory was full of a vast Number of Adventures of the old Court, which he related with a great deal of Pleasure, and his Stories had an agreeable Turn, tho' he spoke the *French* but very indifferently. I shou'd swell these Memoirs with another Volume, if I related all that pass'd betwixt us in the long Conversations we have had together. He enquir'd of us about a great many Particulars of the Court of *France*, and then he took occasion to speak of the Princes who form'd it when he was there: He dwelt upon the Prince of *Conde*. He told us, that the first time he ever saw him was at *Brussels*, after the Siege of *Arras*, when Queen *Christina* of *Sweden* came into *Flanders*. He then drew the Picture of that Princess, and related to us the Particulars of the first Interview betwixt the Prince and her. She express'd a vast Impatience to see him, and said publickly, She was sorry that she cou'd not find a House in *Brussels* large enough to accommodate them both. That he was her Heroe, and the only Man in the World she admir'd. He was at that Time at the Siege of *Arras*, and she wrote him, That she wou'd repair thither, and wou'd not scruple to trail a Pike vnder him. And, indeed, (continued

ed the Duke *de Monalto*) she need not have made a great Change in her Dress to have made her appear like a Soldier. A Banjan, which was of the same Fashion with our Waistcoats, came down to her Knees, an Handkerchief was ty'd about her Neck like a Cravat, she wore a Black Wigg, tho' her Complexion was Fair, and was seldom seen without a Hat and Feathers. After the Defeat at *Arras*, the Arch-Duke visited her at *Anvers*, where she receiv'd him with such Respect and Honour as were even excessive, for she was not satisfied with waiting for him at the Foot of the Stair-Case, but she went thro' a large Court to meet him at the very Street-Door of the House where she was lodg'd. It was expected, that she wou'd have paid equal Honour to the Prince of *Conde*, whose Birth was inferior only to Crown'd Heads; but notwithstanding all the Impatience she shou'd to see him, she trifled about the Ceremonial of his Reception till the very Moment in which he was to visit her. The Prince understanding this, sent to know upon what Footing she was to receive him; but meeting with no satisfactory Answer, he was once resolv'd not to see her at all. However, as he was upon the Road, and advis'd not to come to an open Rupture with her, he fell upon the Expedient to visit her *Incognito*. He sent all the Gentlemen of his Train to make their Compliments to her, as if his Visit had been actually laid aside; and when her Apartments were full of People, he slip'd into her Room as if he had been one of his own Attendants. She did not know him till he was going away, and then she wou'd have attended him; but he told her, *All or nothing, Madam*, so went off in the same Manner he came in.

The Duke *de Monalto* own'd to us, that the *Spaniards* had play'd the Prince this Trick, and that *Pimentel* had made his Mistress, who was naturally inconstant, alter her Resolution at the Instigation of the Count *de Fuensaldagne*, with whom
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the Prince was upon very bad Terms. I shall not pretend to recount a thousand curious Anecdotes relating to the Prince's Conduct with the *Spaniards*, and theirs to him, which we were told by the Duke in this our first Conversation with him. The present Juncture of Affairs forbids me; but as I reduc'd them all to Writing, perhaps they may see the Light in more favourable Times. After our Airing was over, the Duke, whom we accompany'd to his Palace, did us the Honour to keep us to Supper. Whatever Respect I had for his Grace, I had certainly declin'd this Civility, had I foreseen the least part of the Misfortunes that it was to occasion to the Marquis and to me. I had no reason but to be satisfied with the Marquis's Conduct all this Time, but I was now to find he was young, and had Passions. I was surpris'd to see nine or ten Lords at Table, the eldest of which was not above Thirty. I love young Folks (said the Duke to me, when he saw that I observ'd them with some Marks of Surprize) these Gentlemen are either my Relations or my Friends, their agreeable Humour diverts me, and I treat them as well as I can. And indeed, the Entertainment was very splendid, and the Mirth very plentiful. The Marquis did not fail to make up some Acquaintances, in which I observ'd him pretty close, that I might learn which of the Company wou'd engage his Friendship, and I had no reason to be dissatisfied with his Choice. As the Company divided itself into Parties after Supper, each of which was employ'd either in Play or Discourse, I observ'd the Marquis draw up to two young Gentlemen, one about his own Age, the other a little older, but both of them of a very promising Aspect. I was left alone with the Duke, who spoke to me in these Terms. *Are not you surprized how the Company of a Man at my Years comes to be courted by young People? They love me because I make much of them, and mix with them in their Diversions. I hate Solitude, and am sensible*

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that at my Age we must put off the morose Airs we contract, and accommodate ourselves to others, if we ourselves expect to be born with. My House and Table are open to every one who does me the Honour to visit me. I begg'd the Duke to let me know the Names of the two Gentlemen who were talking with the Marquis. They are two Gentlemen (answer'd he) great by their Birth and Fortunes, but greater by their Merit. The Name of the one is Don Juan de Pastrino, the other is the Count de Mancenez. I had a Friendship for both their Fathers, and the Sons have the same for me. We receiv'd a thousand Marks of the Duke's Friendship while we were with him that Night, and at parting he begg'd we would be so good as not to be Strangers at his House.

The Marquis spoke to me of the Count de Mancenez, and Don Juan de Pastrino, as the two most agreeable Persons in the World, and as Men whose Friendship he coveted more than that of any other. He likewise told me, that they had express'd a great deal for him, and that they had promised to visit him at his own Lodgings the Day after. I answer'd him, that he did not seem to be mistaken in them, and that the Duke de Monalto had spoken very advantageously of them to me. They came next Day with a handsome Equipage, and we received them accordingly. After a Conversation of an Hour, which turn'd upon the Pleasures of Madrid, and upon the greatest Beauties about Court, Don Juan said to the Count de Mancenez (who spoke almost all the while) You don't name your Sister among the Beauties, she is one of the greatest in Madrid, tho' your Modesty has made you conceal the Mention of her. The Count pretending that he spoke too much to her Advantage, and Don Juan insisting, with some Heat, he did not, the Count, to finish the Dispute, propos'd, That we should be Judges who was in the Right, and that we shou'd directly go to his House. I was not against this youth-

youthful Frolick, only I told the Count, that not having seen any Ladies of the Court, we cou'd be but bad Judges of the Comparison betwixt his Sister and them. No matter, (replied Don Juan) you need only see Donna *Eliza de Mancenez*, and to be convinc'd that she is the most beautiful Woman of all that you either have or have not seen. The Ardour with which Don Juan spoke, made me think that he loved her, and I hinted so much to the Count, who owned it with a kind of a Smile. When we arrived at the Count's House, his Sister was with two of her Friends, who went into another Parlour when we came in, which we did without sending up our Names, being introduced by the Count himself, who was Master of the Family, and on whom his Sister depended. He explained the Occasion of our Visit to her in a pretty jesting Manner, and begg'd of her, that she would allow us the Liberty of viewing her at leisure, that we might be able to form a Judgment of her Beauty. She answer'd him with a good deal of Humour. Don Juan, who had not the Happiness to see her every Day, was inspir'd with Respect and Awe by her Presence, whilst the Marquis said a thousand pretty Things to her, by the Opportunity he had of conversing with her, and thus laid the Foundation of an Acquaintance. In the mean time, the Count *de Mancenez* step'd into the Parlour where the other two Ladies had gone, and in a Minute brought them both out to us by the Hand. Donna *Eliza* was indeed very beautiful, and Don Juan judged very justly of her, tho' with the Eyes of a Lover; but I cou'd not think her the most beautiful Person in *Madrid*, when I beheld one of the two Ladies who were in Company with her. You shall come, in spite of yourselves, (said the Count to them, forcing them along) I won't allow you to follow the *Spanish* Severity with so agreeable *Frenchmen*. At their coming into the Room we arose, and the Marquis, going to meet them, made them a hand-

some Compliment on the Liberty we had taken to interrupt them. They sat down with us, and as they had pretensions, as well as Donna *Eliza*, to be Beauties of the first Rank, Don *Juan's* Dispute was no more renewed; so we left it undecided. Beauties have for one another, almost the same Inclination and Favour as Wits: They enter into Friendship from Sentiments which naturally lead them to seek Persons like themselves. Donna *Eliza* was very intimate with Donna *Agnes de Pollafox*, and Donna *Diana de Velez*; these were the Names of the two *Spanish* Ladies. Donna *Diana* had struck me at the first Sight; I even then began to dread what afterwards happened, I mean, the Impression she might make upon the Heart of the Marquis. I was afraid that a first Love, inspired by a Person of her extraordinary Merit, might make a Person, so naturally susceptible of Passion as the Marquis, forget his Duty, and prove to me the Source of great Uneasiness. The longer I observ'd her, the more I thought her capable to inflame the Marquis, whose Heart and Inclinations I was well acquainted with. Her Eye was lively, yet sweet, and her Air open like his, her Smile was irresistibly charming, and the rest of her Person was such as the Ideas of Painters bestow on the *Loves* and *Graces*. What had we to do here (said I to myself) what an Age of Trouble will this unhappy Moment cost me? I was so swallowed up in this Reflection, that I was for some time insensible of what had pass'd in the Company. At last, I roused myself, and told the Marquis that we had too long interrupted the Ladies, and that it was but just, that we shou'd retire and leave them again at Liberty. Tho' he cou'd not dispense with walking along with me, yet I easily saw, by his Air, with what Reluctance he did it.

The Count de *Mancenez* and Don *Juan* did not leave us, so we went altogether to the Duke de *Monalto's*, who oblig'd us again to sup with him.

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The Marquis did not leave Count *de Mancenez* for a Moment, and I made no doubt but that *Donna Diana* was the only Subject of their Conversation. We parted very late, and he spoke not one Word to me after we came to our Lodgings, and perhaps had gone to Bed without opening his Mouth, had not I ask'd him, at last, the Occasion of his profound Thoughtfulness. He answer'd me, that his Head ach'd, but that he hop'd he shou'd find himself better after sleeping. I awaked him next Morning at Eight, that he might not entirely lose his usual Exercises. He arose, but instead of taking a Book, he walked for an Hour in his Chamber. When I went in to him, he seem'd a little troubled at seeing me. What is the Matter with you, Sir? (said I) you appear to be indispos'd. He answer'd me, that he was well. I see what it is then (said I) you are impatient for our Departure from *Madrid*, and therefore I am content to set out for *Lisbon* as soon as you please. We have been here now six Weeks, which is, indeed, long enough. Far from being impatient for our Departure (said he) I wish we cou'd pass the Winter here; we have scarce as yet appear'd at Court, and you have often told me, that that was the principal Design of our Travels. No, no, (answer'd I) we shall see the Court of *Lisbon*, which is pretty much like this: We shall there pass the Winter, and readily find an Opportunity to transport ourselves to *England* in the beginning of the Spring. He objected to me, that we expected Letters from *Paris*, that the Duke his Father, perhaps, wou'd not approve of our leaving *Spain* so soon, and that we ought, at least, to see some *Spanish* Lords to whom he had given us Letters. I told him, that I wou'd answer for all this, and that the Duke wou'd approve of my Conduct: In short, (said I) I am going to give Orders to have every thing ready for our Journey. I then never saw any Grief equal to that which appear'd in the Marquis's Face; he continued some

time without speaking a Word. I had a mind to push the Thing to the Extremity, and calling *Scoti*, order'd him to get our Equipage in Order, that we might depart within two Days after. But I tip't him the Wink, which he easily understood. He retired, assuring me that I should be obeyed. This was too much; the lovely Marquis threw himself at my Feet, and, with Eyes full of Tears, uttered some Words which I cou'd not distinctly hear. I made him rise immediately; I embraced him, and taking him by the Hand, made him sit down in an Elbow-Chair, and set myself by him. You love me no longer (said I) my dear Marquis, you have no longer any Confidence in me; why do you make your Uneasiness a Secret to me? Your Affliction has melted you even into Tears, and yet you conceal from me the Cause: This is far from the Return my unbounded Affection deserves. He wip'd away some Tears which fell from his Eyes, and affecting a more easy Air, he excus'd himself for having designed to conceal from me a Thing which, he said, he believed I would have easily observed. He acknowledged the violent Passion Donna *Diana* inspir'd him with; that he had in vain endeavour'd to oppose it, that he cou'd not have believed himself capable of such Weakness, but that in the Condition he was, I shou'd make him the most unhappy Man in the World, if I oblig'd him to leave *Madrid*, or did not allow him some time to see her.

Then (answer'd I) you now experience what you thought impossible, you are now the Slave of a Passion of which you once thought to be always the Master. Had you followed my Counsels, you wou'd have been upon your Guard against yourself, and the Desire of being wise alone would have supported you from the Danger, and saved you from all the Misfortunes to which your Passion now exposes you; but I perceive too well that you already feel them, and I am unwilling to increase them

them by any Reproaches. We must now, my dear Marquis, only think of having recourse to the Remedy. I don't tell you that Beauty is a contemptible Thing, or that an irregular Love is a criminal Passion, your Reason is not now at liberty to know this Truth. But what I ought to lay before your Eyes is, That your Honour, your Fortune, your Repose, and perhaps your Life too, depend upon the Resolution you take. You love Donna Diana! What do you pretend to by loving her? Do you think that the Duke your Father, all whose Hopes rest upon you, can consent to a Marriage so contrary to his Views? And if you are so imprudent as to determine yourself against his Consent, what can you hope from him but an eternal Indignation? Do you think that Donna Diana will ever love you so well, as to live with you upon the Footing of a Mistress? And tho' she were even so base, would not her Father and her Brothers take a sufficient Vengeance? Are you ignorant of the *Spanish* Delicacy in point of Honour? Nay, you yourself would be unwilling to seduce a Lady of her Condition, whom you once thought worthy of your Heart. No, no, Sir, your Passion can only be pernicious to yourself; and if you retain the least spark of Reason to reflect upon the Consequences, you ought to stifle it as easily as you allow'd it to grow.

I held my Peace for some time to wait his Answer, but he made none. I then rose up, and begg'd of him seriously to reflect upon my Advice, and left him alone in his Room, where he stayed till Dinner-time. When Dinner was serv'd up, I sent him Notice; he accordingly came, and, except some Words to his Servant, he did not speak the whole time of Dinner. He eat little, and then went to his Room. When the Hour came, in which we used to go to the City, I sent his Valet in to dress him. He sent back Word, that he found himself so much indispos'd that he cou'd
not

not go abroad. I immediately call'd his Valet, whose Name was *Deschampes*, and ask'd him what Orders he had receiv'd from his Master before Dinner? I then knew that the Marquis had ordered him to deliver a Letter to the Count *de Mancenez*. I returned to his Chamber about the middle of the Afternoon, and found him upon his Bed, and said to him in a friendly Tone; What! are you really indispos'd? You make me more uneasy by your Silence; and you wou'd do me a Favour at least to speak a few Words to me. He answer'd me only with a Sigh. I then sat down upon his Bed-side, and took hold of one of his Hands, that I might feel his Pulse. My Disease lies not there, (answer'd he, mournfully) while you ask me if I am indispos'd, you know too well where it lies. And is it possible, Sir, said I, that a Discourse of so serious a Nature, as we had together some time ago, can make no Impression upon you! What do you mean? He rose at these Words, and sat down upon the Side of the Bed, and begg'd me, with more Seriousness than I had ever seen him put on, that I wou'd hear him attentively. My Design, Sir, (said he to me) is not to marry *Donna Diana* against my Father's Inclination, or without his Consent; far less do I intend to make her a Mistress. How can you suspect that I can entertain Sentiments, of which you know I am incapable? I only beg you wou'd allow me liberty to see her, because I cannot live without that Satisfaction. If you ever lov'd, you no doubt acted like a Man of Honour; and what hinders me from doing the same?

You are, perhaps, afraid that my seeing her will inflame me the more; no, I cannot be inflam'd more than I am. I will see her, I will tell her that I love, and in effect I shall love her all my Life, but wait till I return to *Paris*, that I may obtain my Father's Consent to marry her. Allow me that innocent Satisfaction, or deprive me of Life,
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for to hope that I shall set out for *Lisbon* the Day after to-morrow, is giving me Death, which I wou'd procure by my Sword, if my Despair shou'd be too weak to kill me.

This Discourse from a young Man, scarce eighteen Years of Age, frightned me; besides, I lov'd him so tenderly, that his least Uneasiness gave me Pain; so I resolv'd to give him such an Answer as might sooth him. Don't fear, (said I to him laughing) that I shall contribute to your Death, for I will expose my own Life to save yours. If a Sight of Donna *Diana* is necessary to the Continuance of your Life, you shall see her; I even find your Intentions fair and reasonable, and had I known them sooner, I had not oppos'd them so long. But think, in the Name of Religion and Honour, that there are Weaknesses in Love unworthy of a Man of Honour, and the greater Merit Donna *Diana* has, the greater Care and Respect you ought to show for her Character. This Answer made the Marquis perfectly happy. He kiss'd my Hand a thousand Times, calling me all the while his dear *Papa*. He would then know when we were to go to the House of the Count *de Mancenez*, there to see Donna *Diana*, who commonly came thither after Dinner to spend some Time with Donna *Eliza*. I prevail'd with him to put that Visit off till to-morrow, when he wou'd be recover'd from the Agitation he was lately in. I then begg'd that he wou'd oblige me, in his Turn, by telling me where he had sent his Footman before Noon. This Request made him blush; however, after a Moment's Pause, he open'd a little Drawer, whence he took out the Copy of a Letter he had written that Morning. Before he read it, he own'd to me, that he had made the Count *de Mancenez* the Confident of his Passion, and that having no Prospect of seeing Donna *Diana* soon, he had begg'd the Count to deliver a Letter from him to her; that as he thought of seeing the Count that Night, he had resolv'd

to give it out of his own Hand to him ; but that after our little Quarrel, being in no Humour of going abroad, he had given it to his Footman. He then put the Copy of it into my Hand ; and I give it here to the Reader, having preserv'd it with many others. It is as follows :

I Claim no Merit, Madam, from admiring your Charms, and feeling their Power. What Heart is so savage, as to be able to see you without acknowledging your Beauty ? But, if one may be allowed to praise himself when he speaks to her he loves, I beg leave to assure you, Madam, that you will find few Hearts so sensible of the Value of yours ; or that know better how to entertain Sentiments worthy of you, than mine. I don't beg of Love to touch you quickly in my Favour ; an Age of Services and Affiduities were too little to purchase that Happiness : I only beg of him to make you sensible of the Vehemency and Sincerity of my Passion, because it is impossible but that sooner or later, you must be affected with it. Allow me in this Hope to repair every Day to the Count de Mancenez, and there with the utmost Respect to assure you that I would devote to you both my Life and Love.

The Marquis de Rosemont.

How ! (said I to the Marquis) this is the most compleat and passionate Gallantry. Is it Nature alone that has taught you so much ? You must have pick'd this up in some Romance. He assured me that it was entirely his own, and that he had never read any Romance but the two which I had bought at Bourdeaux, which were *Telemachus* and the *Princess of Cleves*. I advise you (said I) never to read any others. A Man of a severer Temper would deny you even the *Princess of Cleves*, notwithstanding the Advantage which one may draw from it, in forming his Stile ; for as the Subject is tender, the Advantages of forming a Stile can never

never be equivalent to the Danger of effeminating the Spirit. The same may be said of numbers of other Writings, that are reckoned good Performances: It is true, they give a Man a polite Turn, but seldom or never, without affecting his Morals. The Emotions of Hatred, Love, Pity, and Vengeance have all their several Turns in the Spirit of a Reader, who is interested in the Fate of the fictitious Characters, and becomes, from a Reader, a Party, nay Actor, of the same Weaknesses, whenever he falls in the like Circumstances with the Subjects of the Relation. Whatever Prejudices, (added I) are now-a-days entertained against Heroick Romances, such as *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *Grand Cyrus*, *Polixander*, &c. I shou'd much less scruple to put these into the Hands of young People, than the Stories and Novels drawn from common Life, in that manner of Writing so much in Vogue half a Century ago. When the natural Character of Man is drawn, his good Qualities are painted so as to throw a Shade upon his bad. Thus the Reader, instead of being inspired with a Hatred of Vice, is imposed upon by an Appearance of Virtue. In Heroick Romances, the Case is quite different; nothing is there called Virtue but what is essentially such. Tho' the Catastrophe commonly turns upon Love, the Sentiments are so noble, and the Action so grand, that a Reader finds nothing in them to justify his Weakness: Instead of that, he perceives himself elevated above his natural Character, by reading a Chain of Events proceeding from the most sublime Motives; and I wou'd less fear, that he should thereby become effeminate and debauched, as I shou'd dread his assuming a Character above the common level of Mankind, and his entertaining a Contempt for every one not endued with the sublime Qualities of an *Oroonates*, and an *Artamenes*.

The Marquis appeared the most contented Creature in the World all that Evening. His Impatience

ence to see Donna *Diana* made him think the Night long. Next Morning, I perceiv'd his Ardour for his Book a little cool'd, and did not fail to tell him, that if he would persuade me that his Love had nothing inconsistent with his Wisdom, he must suffer no Alteration to obtain in his Conduct and Duty. This was enough to make him redouble his Application. The Time appointed being come, we went directly to the Count de *Mancenez's* House, pretending to repay the Visit which the Count had made us some days before. We found him in Company with several Friends, who had din'd with him. As soon as the Marquis observ'd me engag'd in Conversation, I saw him take the Count aside to learn the Success of his Letter. The Count told him, that he had conveyed it to Donna *Diana* by an unknown Hand, lest she shou'd think her Delicacy engag'd not to come near his House again, if she knew that he was any way privy to the Marquis's Passion. He then told him, he could with ease perform him a secret piece of Service, for Donna *Diana* wou'd come as usual to pass an Hour with his Sister after Dinner, and that he would find means to introduce him to her, and to give him an Opportunity of conversing with her by herself. When the Marquis join'd the Company, I read the Satisfaction of his Soul in the Air of his Face. The Count was as good as his Word; he gave Orders to his Footman to inform him when Donna *Diana* came: And when he understood that she was in her Sister's Apartment, he walk'd off, making a Sign to the Marquis to follow him. I rose likewise, and the Count's Friends imagining that we had some particular Business, took their Leaves and went off.

We walk'd all together into the Ladies Parlour; and were five or six in Company. The Count told them, that he hop'd they wou'd not take it amiss if he introduc'd his best Friends to them; that he was glad to make *Frenchmen* sensible that *Spain* does

does not yield to *France* in the Merit of the Ladies. Then addressing himself to us, he told us, he was happy that he cou'd give us so good a Proof of this in making us acquainted with the most accomplish'd Ladies in *Madrid*. He then ordered Chairs to be brought, and to oblige the Marquis, he placed him, without any Affectation, next to Donna *Diana*. As for me, he maliciously set me at as great a Distance as he could. The Conversation turned on indifferent Things, and as there were some of the Ladies who did not understand *French*, we regretted the Diversity of Languages, which often robs us of the Plea'ure of understanding, and being understood. The Marquis made good use of his Time during our Conversation. He sometimes put in a Word to keep Decorum, but Donna *Diana* engag'd all his Attention. I could more than once observe her blush, and with downcast Eyes make a short Reply to what he said. As to the Marquis, I could, without hearing him, guess at his Discourse by his Motions, which were full of Passion. Two Hours spent in this Manner, with Donna *Diana*, appear'd too short. He blam'd me for coming away in too great a Hurry, and when we got out, complain'd of it bitterly; all which I endeavour'd to turn to Railery. I asked the Count *de Mancenez*, who came out with us, how we shou'd dispose of ourselves. He propos'd to make a Visit to Don *Antonio de Salcedo*, Governor of *Madrid*, Brother to the Prince's Governess. The Company there consisted of Persons of the first Rank, who received us with Pleasure. We found there, among others, the Count *de Charni*, and the Marquis *de Leyda*, who shewed us a thousand Civilities. We could easily have made ourselves known to them, by telling them our real Names, for they were not unacquainted with the Marquis's or mine; but I saw no Advantage in discovering ourselves, and I had resolv'd to wait the Return of the Duke *de St. Aignan*, the French

Ambassador, who had been some Weeks absent from *Madrid*. We designed to wait on him, and beg of him to introduce us to his Majesty at some particular Audience.

The Marquis *de Leyda* shewed us particulars marks of Respect. He told the Marquis, we ought to make no difference between him and a *Frenchman*; for that, notwithstanding his Attachment to the Crown of *Spain*, he had all the Inclinations of one, and that we wou'd do him a Pleasure in visiting him familiarly on that Footing. We promised him a Visit at his Hotel. When we left Don *Salcedo*, we engaged the Count *de Mancenez* to sup with us. We no sooner sat down to Table, than the Marquis began to talk of Donna *Diana*. Let us hear (said I) what Progress you have made. He frankly declared, he believed it was very small. She knows (added he) that I love her, my Letter and my Protections have convinced her of it; but she excuses herself in such a Manner, as leaves me very little Hope. She hears me without a Frown or any sign of Contempt; she has often told me, that she esteemed me, and that she would always see me with Pleasure; but she at the same time assures me, that nothing is able to alter her Resolution of never loving any thing passionately: But what compleats my Misfortune, (continued he) is, that she has often protested to me, that tho' I should even succeed so far as to make her love me, she should have command enough of herself never to let it appear. Do you know, (said I) what Effect that ought to have on you? It ought to inspire you with Sentiments like those of Donna *Diana*. She deserves to be loved, but love her without Passion; give her all your Esteem, and consider her only as a Friend; you will, by this means, save yourself abundance of Trouble, and your Heart will always have wherewith to be satisfied. He answer'd me, That he could not live, if he did not gain her Love,

Love, that he was sensible on that alone depended the Happiness of his Life.

The Count, who wish'd ardently to serve him, desir'd him not to despair. He told him that he learned from his Sister, that Donna *Diana* had thought him a very lovely Person the first Moment she saw him; that the Ladies having no Reserve with one another, she would no doubt continue to discover all her Sentiments to Donna *Eliza*, from whom he wou'd be at the pains to learn them, in order to make us acquainted with them. In the mean time, (said he to the Marquis) I'll give you frequent Opportunities of seeing her, and to-morrow, if you dine with me, I shall order Donna *Eliza* to invite her; you may come to me in the Morning as if it were by Chance, and I will beg of you to dine with me also. The Marquis was exceedingly pleas'd with this Offer: He cou'd not find Words strong enough to thank the Count, but vow'd an eternal Friendship to him. When I was alone, I made some Reflections on the Violence of the Marquis's Passion, and the Consequences of this Intrigue. I began to reproach myself for my Easiness; but after having examin'd Matters to the Bottom, I cou'd think it no Misfortune that the Heart of the Marquis shou'd be engag'd to a certain Degree. I was sure that Donna *Diana* was a Lady of Virtue and Merit. The Desire of pleasing her, (said I) can inspire the Marquis with nothing but Wisdom and Virtue. I observed too, that since he had been in Love, he was become more serious, and that, probably with a Design to make me favourable to his Passion, he had shewed more than ordinary Exactness in performing the little Tasks I prescribed him. I considered likewise that commonly now-a-Days the grossest Debauchery prevails among young Men of Quality; and that, even, supposing that virtuous Gallantry is not a Good, it is still a less Evil than the open Debauchery and Excess, almost inevitable to a young Man of Spirit, and fond of Pleasures.

Pleasures. To these Considerations, I added a Thought of a Man famous for his Wit and Writings. *Whether it be that Women are naturally softer and more polite than we; or whether it be that the Design of pleasing them brightens our Wit and Sentiments; 'tis certain, (says St. Evremont) that their Company is an excellent School for Men, and that nothing is more proper, not only to make them polite, and give them a good Taste of Things, but even to make them Men of Worth and Honour.*

All these Considerations determin'd me to leave the Marquis at full Liberty, but still to keep so strict an Eye over his Conduct, as to be ready to stop him should he go too far. The Hopes of dining with Donna Diana made him rise very early, which gave me an Opportunity to rally him. He seem'd very sensibly affected with the Pleasure he was going to receive, in living with Freedom, and as it were in the same Family, with her whom he loved. His Joy, however, was allayed by the Fear that she might not approve of the Count's Stratagem, and that her Resentment at seeing herself over-reach'd might make her still more insensible.

He ask'd what I thought? I answer'd, that, provided he did not abuse his Liberty, Donna Diana cou'd not find any thing offensive to her. So we went to the Count's House. He was alone, and had taken the Precaution of ordering his Servants to deny him to any but to us. What a Joy am I to give to my dear Marquis, said he, when he had embrac'd us! But if my Sister betrays Donna Diana, and I betray my Sister, in the name of Goodness (added he laughing) don't you betray me. The smallest Indiscretion will spoil all, and put us on bad Terms with Donna Diana. He then made us sit down, that he might tell us, his Sister had found Donna Diana's Heart with regard to the Marquis, and that, far from finding it hard, she found, by the Confession of that amiable Creature, she was
touch'd

touch'd with the most lively Tenderness; that she had express'd herself in Terms capable to throw a Lover into Raptures, but ——— The Marquis had not time to hear, to the End, a Discourse which put him beyond himself, but interrupted the Count *de Mancenez* to throw his Arms about his Neck, and to tell him a thousand Times, that he ow'd him his Life. Hear me to the End, reply'd the Count; Do you believe, that Donna *Diana* is to be pitied for her Sensibility of your Merit? Do you believe that, after her Confession in your Favour, she shed Tears from the Thought that her Tenderness for you might make her the most unhappy Person in the World? You are surprized at what I say, but I shall come to an Explanation of this Mystery, as I learn'd it of my Sister.

Donna *Diana* is just Seventeen Years of Age: Notwithstanding her Youth and her Charms, she has made a severe Trial of Misfortunes, and the Tranquillity you read in her Air and Look, is only the Effect of her Virtue and Reason. She was born at *Naples*: Her Father Don *Diego de Velez* commanded the *Spanish* Cavalry there, before the late Revolutions. Before he went into *Italy*, he lost his first Wife, by whom he had three Sons. While he was at *Naples* his Friends engag'd him to resume the Fetters of Wedlock; and as he was very rich, he consulted nothing but his Heart, which was fix'd upon a *Neapolitan* young Lady, who had a great deal of Beauty but no Fortune. He had no Children by her but Donna *Diana*. Don *Diego* declar'd himself loudly in Favour of the Duke of *Anjou*, and perform'd some remarkable Services for him in *Italy*. Donna *Pacilla* his Wife, not being able to follow him thro' all his Traverses, the Heart of Don *Diego* forgot the Charms of Love for those of War. He went back to *Spain* with *Philip* the Vth, without reflecting that he left a Wife and a Child at *Naples*, where they might continue a long time without receiving any Supplies from him.

him. In effect, the Poverty to which they were soon reduc'd, and the Grief of seeing themselves abandon'd, made them lead a very joyless Life. In vain did Donna *Pacilla* write Letters upon Letters to her Spouse, but whether that he was insensible or inconstant, he did not do them the Favour to answer one of them, and by that, they found themselves reduc'd to the extremity of Despair and Misery. They then resolv'd to go to *Madrid*, and accordingly set out, after acquainting Don *Diego* of their Resolution by a Letter. Donna *Diana* was then but about eight or nine Years of Age, and was already remarkable for her Beauty. She and her Mother went on board a Vessel which carried the Countess *d'Orosuna* to *Spain*. This Lady, having lost her Husband at *Naples*, was going to pass the remainder of her Life at an Estate he had within twelve or fifteen Leagues of *Madrid*. She no sooner saw Donna *Pacilla* and her Daughter than she desired to be acquainted with them, and having learned from themselves this melancholy History, she offer'd them a Retreat at her House, till their Affairs were settled. Donna *Pacilla* thankfully accepted her Offer, and the Countess treated her with so much Goodness, that they forgot their Errand into *Spain*, and pass'd some Years with their Benefactress.

In the mean time, Don *Diego* hearing nothing of his Wife's arrival, nor any thing about her, concluded she must be dead; and engag'd in a third Marriage. I don't know how the News of this came to the Ears of Donna *Pacilla*, who thought herself oblig'd both in Honour and Religion to prevent the Consummation of the criminal Nuptials. She consulted the Countess upon it, who advis'd her to proceed gently at first, that she might shun the Noise of a public and a violent Opposition. They concluded that the Countess shou'd write to Don *Diego*, whom she had known at *Naples*, begging that he wou'd come to her Estate upon an

Affair

Affair of the utmost Consequence. Don *Diego* soon came; it was with great Difficulty that he could at first believe that his Wife and Daughter were alive, but when he saw them his Trouble was excessive. He resolved however to act like a Man who knows how to dissimble; he embraced his Wife in a feigned Transport, reproaching her with letting him remain so long in Ignorance of the Place where she was, and excused his leaving *Italy* by the Necessity of his Affairs, assuring her, that he retained the same tender Sentiments for her he ever had. As for what regarded his new Marriage, he excused himself by the Notion he had that she was dead, and the bad State of his Affairs, having lost a Part of his Estate by his Adherence to King *Philip*. He protested to her, that whatever Advantages he had propos'd by marrying a young Lady who was Heiress to a considerable Estate, he wou'd immediately renounce them, thinking himself rich enough in recovering his true Wife; but as I have to do with a powerful Family, I must manage so (added he) as not to come to a Rupture with them by any hasty Step. You may retire with my Daughter to one of my Estates, where you shall be serv'd according to your Quality; I will wait upon you thither myself, and then labour to break these Engagements into which my Imprudence led me, that I may be again in a Condition to own you for my Wife.

Donna *Pacilla* was timorous, and far from distrusting the Sincerity of her Husband; she was ravish'd at finding him behave so much in the Character of a Husband; so she resolved implicitly to obey him. The Countess in vain begg'd of her not to leave her House, but she was deaf to her, and follow'd Don *Diego* to one of his Estates near *Valladolid*, where he left her to return to *Madrid*, after renewing his Protestations, and accompanying them with a thousand Oaths. He wrote to her every Week for two Months, in Terms so full of
Tender-

Tenderness, that they encreased her Hopes; but her Credulity cost her dear. She fell sick all of a sudden; she found at first, that she was mortally so, and cou'd not help hinting to her Daughter, while she was dying, that she did not think her Death was Natural. As soon as Don *Diego* heard of his Wife's Death, he immediately set out and brought his Daughter to *Madrid*. She has been here these five or six Months (added the Count) and has contracted a Friendship with my Sister, who looks upon her as the most valuable Friend she has. I never see her without admiring her, and had infallibly lov'd her, had not I perceiv'd that her Heart entertain'd another Passion. All who know her, find her Wisdom equal to her Beauty: She has rejected the Solicitations of numbers of Lovers who have courted her for Marriage; not that Don *Diego* has forbid her to think of Marriage, but the sad Death of Donna *Pacilla*, her past Misfortunes, her present Situation, without any Fortune, her being at the Mercy of a Stepmother, whom she has no reason to love, and her living among Brothers and Sisters of different Marriages, joined to her natural Sweetness, and to the Inclination she has for a quiet Life, have made her form a Design of leaving the World, and embrace a religious Profession. She explained herself upon this Head to her Father, who willingly gave his Consent, and that lovely Creature is preparing to bury all her Charms in the Gloom of Solitude. This (said the Count, addressing himself to the Marquis) is what she told my Sister yesterday, after the Acknowledgement she made of her Sentiments in your Favour. She said she was become unhappy in being acquainted with you, and that she wou'd make haste to embrace a religious Life and never see you more. But I am persuaded Love will get the better, and be able to bring her back to you; at least, you may depend upon dining with her to-morrow.

I observed the Marquis during all this Discourse, and I do not know to what I can compare him. He was like a Person who had just awaked out of a melancholy Dream. His Eyes were open, but he seemed to see nothing; he run over the least Circumstances of the Story he had heard; he successively represented to himself Donna Diana in Poverty at Naples, at the House of the Countess de Orisuna in Spain, or near her dying Mother, and fearing to meet with her Fate at the Estate of Don Diego: He followed her to her Father's House at Madrid, and in the mean time he was in such an extasy at the Idea of her Heart being touched in Favour of him, after resisting the Solicitations of so many Lovers, that he was greatly afflicted at the Resolution she had taken of retiring from the World, and trembled lest she should put in execution her Design never to see him more. At last, he arose, saying these Words to the Count, My dear Count, I know not with what View you have told me the Misfortunes of Donna Diana, but I own to you, all that you have told me, only serves to make her more amiable in my Eyes. I then put in my Word, and begg'd that he would hear me a Moment; I can speak freely to you in presence of the Count, as he is so much your Friend. Your Passion appear'd to me to deserve some Indulgence, both because I was before ignorant of the Misfortunes of Donna Diana and her Designs, but I will not conceal from you, that I begin to look upon her with another Eye. We are here engaged in one of the most serious Affairs in the World. You say that you love, and that you desire a return of Passion, but you never reflect that it must be at the Expence of her Happiness, as her Fortune will thereby be distressed more than ever. What will become of her, if she should find so much Pleasure in you, as to lose her Taste for a religious Life? What can you do for her on your Part? I will not touch this Point any further;

ther; but remember, Sir, (added I in a firm Tone) that I shall never suffer you to gratify a foolish Passion, and thereby to confound the wise Projects of a virtuous young Lady, and perhaps to plunge her into new Misfortunes. She judges rightly of the Situation which her Fortune is in, and that she has no other Choice left but that of a Cloister. If you love her, do not treat her as an Enemy, by opposing her Happiness, it is yet time to remedy the Evil: Take my Advice, renounce the Satisfaction of dining with her to Day, and that you may not lose the Pleasure of the Marquis's Company, let us beg the Favour of him to dine along with us.

It would be difficult to represent the State into which my Discourse put the poor Marquis. He look'd upon me for some time with Eyes, where the most lively Grief was painted. You want my Death then, (said he, crossing his Arms) yes you do, I see it well, for to treat me with so much Harshness is to take my Life away effectually. Well Sir, (continued he) it is easy to please you, drag me from this House, take from me the Means of seeing Donna *Diana*, nay, deprive me of her Love; but I vow I shall not survive the Loss of her twenty four Hours. But why should I be driven to Despair, what have I done to offend you? Yes, I love Donna *Diana*, and I would be loved again, but not at the Expence of her Fortune, her Honour, or her Religion. If her Design is absolutely to bury herself in a Cloister, how can my Love prevent her? Or will any Affection she has for me hinder her, if it is as you say, that I cannot do any thing for her? I here ingenuously declare to you my Design, and Heaven is my Witness I have no other: When once I am happy enough to be beloved, I will discover my Birth to Donna *Diana*, together with the Obedience I owe to my Father; I will promise her an inviolable Fidelity, and, if I can, I will make myself Master of her Heart,
till

till such time as I shall obtain from my Father his Consent to make us both mutually happy. If I am so unhappy as to meet with a Denyal from my Father, I will give her back her Vows, and laying aside all Thoughts of marrying her, I will be content with loving her all my Life. She will then be at liberty to take the Habit; and as for me, I will follow the Course that Heaven shall point out. What do you find in this Project, that is inconsistent either with Honour or Reason? You may, if you please, be witness to all my Interviews with her, that you may be assured I have no Design which I need either conceal from you, or be ashamed to own to the World.

The Marquis held his Peace after this long Harangue, and I could not help laughing at the Manner in which he tack'd it together, telling him at the same time (by way of jest) that I admir'd his amorous Eloquence. The Count took his Part, to persuade me that he was in the Right. At last, with some seeming Difficulty, I yielded on condition, That the Marquis should never see Donna Diana but in my Company, and that he should from time to time give me a sincere Account of the Situation of his Heart. Thus we spent the Time in rallying, till the arrival of Donna Diana, who enter'd the House without perceiving us. All the Graces seem'd to conspire to render her amiable, and the Marquis begg'd me in a Transport to consider her Mien and her Air: Yes, said I,

*Illam, quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit.
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.*

He was charm'd with the Delicacy of these two Verses of *Tibullus*, and immediately learned them by Heart. After the two Ladies had been together for some time, the Count took us by the Hand, and introducing us to them, told them, as they were his Friends, he wanted to have them likewise the
Friends

Friends of his Friends, or, as the *Spaniards* call it, *Las amigas de los amigos*; telling them at the same time, that he had none so dear to him as we were, and as he was so lucky to have us at his House that Day, he designed that we should all dine in Company. Donna *Diana* blushed, and the Count's Sister answered, that she had too great a Value for us to make any Scruple in that. A few Minutes after, we all sat down to Table, and it will not be hard to guess to whom the Marquis sat next; Love pointing out his Seat. At our first down-sitting the Marquis discovered a Bashfulness that surprized me; and the Count throwing out some hints upon that Head, he only answered with a Sigh. Donna *Diana*, who till now had spoken as little as he, seeing that the Count's Raillery was as applicable to her as to the Marquis, said, When one eats heartily, they may be very well excused from speaking much. Right, answered the Count, but I think the Marquis eats little, and talks less; perhaps he sits by a pretty Lady, who puts him in mind of some *French* Beauty, and his Heart is a great Way beyond the *Pyreneans*.

The Marquis seeing himself so briskly plied, was obliged to answer, which he did with a serious and an afflicted Air, complaining of the Count. I have told you more than once, (says he) that I never was in Love in *France*, and you know very well that I left it to come to *Spain*; wherefore if I have any Love, it is for no Object on the other Side of the *Pyreneans*. But why do you laugh, Monsieur le Count, I know your Heart is as little at ease as mine; you speak like a happy Lover, you even eat, and cannot comprehend how an irresolute, timorous, and respectful Love can take away either the Speech or the Stomach. Alas! since I envy your Happiness, I hope you will at least pity my Misfortune. No doubt, I would condole with you (replied the Count) if I knew where your Disease lay; but you cannot easily persuade me
the

that a Man so amiable as you can suffer much in Love. How happy should I be (replied the Marquis) wou'd the Person for whom I sigh, view me with your Eyes, and entertain so favourable an Idea of me! Here Donna *Eliza* interrupted him, begging him to remember that he was at Table, and to suspend his Love Discourses till at least Dinner was over. The Conversation then fell upon other Subjects, and the Count propos'd we shou'd take a Turn in the Garden. I offer'd my Hand to his Sister, and the Marquis led out Donna *Diana*. We walk'd at a little distance, but so as I cou'd hear the first Protestations of the Marquis's Passion. I then took occasion to ask Donna *Eliza*, if she did not perceive that the Marquis adored her Friend? She answer'd me (with a Smile) That it wou'd be hard not to perceive it. I have done all I can (said I) to deliver Donna *Diana* from his Importunities, but you know how violent Love is when it seizes the Heart of a young Man; besides it must be owned, that Donna *Diana* is perfectly charming, and worthy of the most sincere Passion. You know answer'd Donna *Eliza*, but half of her Merit: She knows that the Marquis loves her, and her Wisdom renders her more reserved; but if you knew her thoroughly, as I do, you wou'd look upon her as the first Person of her Sex. I am vexed to Death when I think of the cruel Resolution she has taken to retire from the World, and I believe there is nothing but what I cou'd do for the Marquis, in case he were so fortunate as to prevent her from executing that Resolution. What! (answer'd I, in a seeming surprize) has she a mind to retire from the World? Let us speak without Disguise (said Donna *Eliza*) you are no Stranger to this, I told my Brother yesterday, and I am sure he wou'd not conceal it from you. I have too great a Regard for the Marquis, for me to conceal any thing from him that concerns him; and do you think that by your dining here to-

day I don't see very well what your Design is? But I will contribute to it with all my Heart, not only from the Esteem I have for the Marquis *de Rosmont*, but because I am persuaded, that it requires a Merit equal to his, to divert Donna *Diana* from her Resolution.

After some other Discourse, we perceiv'd that our two young Lovers had got at some distance, and were retir'd to a Summer-house at the farther end of the Garden. Donna *Eliza* made a Sign to me to follow her, and both of us advancing softly, we plac'd ourselves each at the side of a Window looking into the Summer-house, where we cou'd easily hear what pass'd betwixt them. I understood by the Marquis, that he had brought his dear Mistress to confess some part of the Sentiments she entertain'd for him, tho' without encouraging him to expect any more but to be tenderly lov'd. Being fix'd in her Design of retiring from the World, she rejected all the Proposals he made in order to divert that Resolution, and assur'd the Marquis, that he was to hope for no farther Declaration from her than she had already made, and that she even look'd upon that as a piece of Weakness. He was at her Feet, with one Knee on the Ground. What, (we heard him say to her) will you at seventeen Years of Age, adored by the most faithful Lover in the World, and crown'd with all the Blessings Nature can bestow; will you retire to Solitude, and deprive yourself of all the Pleasures that Love promises you? The Death, which so cruel a Resolution will give me, is what I don't value, nor do I so much as pretend to inspire you with any Compassion for my Pains; I only beg you wou'd pity yourself. I know well how much it will cost me, answer'd she, for after my owning to you, that I love you, I need not conceal my Fears, lest my Tenderness for you shou'd be my Punishment: But I was not born to be happy, my Heart has been long accusom'd to suffer,

suffer, it can only now know a Change of Pain, and be the Victim of Love, having been before the Prey of Grief. But, why (answer'd the Marquis, in a Tone of Despair) did you inform me that I was dear to you, since you are resolved to grant nothing to my Love? How barbarous is it in you to oppress, to tear, to ruin me utterly! Is this the Part of a Lover? Have I, who adore you, and wou'd die to save you from the slightest Pain, deserved this? How freely cou'd I lose my Life in so glorious a Cause! ——— Well (interrupted she) then take occasion to hate me, your Hatred will contribute more to my Quiet than your Love; never view me but in a Light that may make me disagreeable in your Eyes; consider me as ungrateful to your Pains, and unequal to your Quality, as a Maid without Fortune, without Hopes, a Stranger in *Spain*, and forlorn even within the House of my own Father. You may add to this, that my Heart has been a Prey to Grief from my tenderest Years; and alas! how ill suits that with Love! After it has experienc'd the Severities of Fortune, how can it prove the Tenderness of Passion? No, look upon me as insensible, as one who imposes upon you, when I tell you, I think you amiable; cure yourself of your Passion, and let me fly to Solitude, there to conceal my Love, my Grief, and my Misfortune. She pronounced these Words in so touching a Manner, that Donna *Eliza* cou'd not prevent her Tears from falling. As for my share, I waited with some impatience for the Marquis's Answer. It was some time before he spoke, as if he had been considering on what he ought to say. At last, he answer'd in a Tone of Voice more composed than I cou'd have expected: If you are serious (said he) when you advise me to hate you, or to forbear loving you, you must, Madam, have a weak Idea of my Passion, and I am very unhappy in succeeding so ill in the Picture I have made of it; but my Despair shall explain

what I feel, and you shall find that it is answerable to my Love. Then hear patiently the Proposition I make to destroy the Obstacles which you oppose to our mutual Tenderness. Some of them you draw from your past Sufferings, and from the melancholy Situation of your Heart. Ah! my dear *Diana*, it is but too true, that you do not love me. If you had the least Share of those Sentiments which you flatter me you entertain for me, you would perceive some Change in your Heart, and Grief would not there hold out long against Love. When you love me, I shall fear nothing from your Grief. As for the other Obstacle you mentioned, which is, that you are destitute of Fortune and Support; I wish to Heaven that I were as well assured of your Affection for me, as I am sure that Obstacle can be removed. I shall now, my Charmer, discover what I have concealed ever since I left *France*. I am the only Son of the Duke *de* ——— whose Name you have no doubt heard of; my Father loves me, and bears one of the most distinguished Ranks in that Kingdom: As he is very rich, I can offer you a Fortune sufficient to supply the Defect of yours. What a Joy wou'd it give me, cou'd I render you happy both in Fortune and in Love!

As soon as the Marquis had named his Father, Donna *Eliza* appeared surprized. As she had heard of his illustrious Family, she reproached me with preventing her Brother and her from treating the Marquis with the Respect due to him, by concealing from them his true Quality. She spoke but two Words, and tho' she spoke them very low, they were overheard by Donna *Diana*, who immediately came out, and complained, with a Blush, of our having as it were betrayed her. The Marquis himself appeared a little out of Countenance. Donna *Eliza* took them both by the Hand, and after making some Compliments to the Marquis upon what she had heard, she told them, that since the Fault was committed, and since we had overheard every thing,

thing, there was no occasion any longer to conceal their Affairs from us. The Marquis agreed to this. Donna *Diana* held out for some time, and seemed to regret every thing she had spoken, that either was too passionate, or too obliging. What, Madam, (said the young Lover, interrupting her) can you repent having made me in one Moment the happiest Man alive? Have I not paid too much already for that happy Moment, by your endeavouring to destroy the Hopes with which that dear Confession inspir'd me? I desire Donna *Elixa*, and Mons. *de Renoncour*, to bear witness of your Cruelty, and of my Reasons. If you honour me with any Sentiments in my Favour, as they have overheard us, let them judge betwixt us; or rather, be you the sole Judge of my Fate, and, at least, do me the Favour as to let me know whether the last Words I spoke, when we were interrupted, have made any Impression upon your Heart. We all four enter'd into the Summer-house, and when we had seated ourselves, Donna *Diana*, after some musing, began thus:

I don't pretend to disown (said she) that the fine Qualities of the Marquis have made me conceive a very great Esteem for him; to whatever State I am reduc'd by Heaven, I shall always preserve it, and think it an Honour to me, that I have merited his Affection. But as to my Resolution to retire from the World, and to controul all the Sentiments of my Heart, I own to you, Sir, (addressing herself to the Marquis) that the Discovery I have made of your Birth and Quality confirms me in that Resolution. I know well that this is far from what you expect, but I beg you wou'd hear out my Reasons. I believ'd, till now, that I was incapable of Love; the false Tranquillity, that always appear'd in my Temper and Countenance, did not prevent my entertaining in my Mind a continual Sentiment of Grief, occasioned by the Accidents of an unhappy Life, the violent Death

of my Mother, and the present State of my own Fortune. Let me bury myself in Solitude, (would I say to myself, that is the only Course that is now left me; I was not formed for Society. Such were my Resolves, and I was upon the Point of executing them when I first saw you: They are not yet changed, but I know not whence it is, that my Heart entertains Sentiments, to which it ought to have been a Stranger. I have not even been able to disguise them from you! How feeble are we render'd by Love! However, I own that it was you alone that could touch me, and in whatever Manner Heaven shall dispose of me, I perceive that you will be always dear to my Heart. But, notwithstanding this Acknowledgement, which shews so much Weakness, I have still Strength enough to tell you, that my first Reasons make more Impression upon me than all my Tenderness. I am sensible how much I forfeit by losing you, but I am persuaded that my future Repose demands this Sacrifice. You thought that you would remove my Difficulties by discovering to me your high Birth, and the great Fortune of which you can make me Mistress; but these are the very Motives that seal my Resolution. I am incapable of flattering myself, and I well know, that a little Beauty, and some other feeble Attractions about me, can never make up my Defects in point of Fortune. The only Son of the Duke de ——— was not born for *Diana de Velez*; and tho' your Father should be willing to wink at this Inequality, which I believe is scarce possible, I well know what Glory, and even Love, requires of me; I shall not disturb the Course of your Fortune, nor shall I be a Hindrance to those great Alliances that wait on your Birth and Quality. Fare-well, Sir, (continued she, rising from her Seat, and endeavouring to conceal some Tears that dropped from her Eyes) never see me more, for it never can contribute to your Happiness, to increase my Pains, and to hasten the Moment of my Retreat. The

The Marquis threw himself at her Knees to stop her, and Donna *Eliza* likewise did her endeavour to engage her to hear some Words: She wou'd hear nothing, but went out of the Summer-house, and walk'd towards the Apartments. Donna *Eliza* having spoken some Words, that might serve to comfort the Marquis, was oblig'd to follow her; but immediately sent the Count to us, he having walk'd off on purpose to leave his Friend at more Liberty. He easily discovered by the Marquis's pensive and disconsolate Air, that he had been cruelly treated by Love, and begg'd of him to impart his Pains to him. The Marquis told him, with a Sigh, what had pass'd; he bitterly complained of Donna *Diana's* Resolution, he aggravated her Cruelty, call'd her insensible and inhuman; but after he had wasted all his Sighs and Reproaches, he own'd that she was the most amiable Creature that ever was form'd by Heaven; and that he had never met with one so fair, so witty, and so charming, even in the very Moment while she was inflicting her Severities, and giving him Despair. I silently observ'd all his Agitations, and was not ill pleased that he shou'd meet with this troublesome Rebuff, that being abandon'd entirely to his own Heart, I might have the better Chance to disgust him with Love, by representing its Torments, of which he had sufficient Proof. This, perhaps, is the surest Remedy against this fatal Passion. When we view it at a distance, it appears too fair, and too flattering, presenting nothing but what excites Desire, and encourages Hope; but when we come to have experience of it, and to ballance its Pleasures with its Disappointments and Torments, we find so little upon the side of Joy, that we are frequently deceived in the fallacious Opinion we entertained. The Count, who loved the Marquis as one does a Mistress, propos'd all the Means he could think of, that might procure either Success or a Remedy for his

his Love; but seeing that he wou'd hear of nothing that might tend to cure him, he applied all his endeavours to another Point, which was that of Comfort. The first thing he offer'd to do for his Satisfaction was, to bring us to a Closet that join'd the Room in which Donna Diana and his Sister were, and overhear their Discourse, that they might by that judge of the real Situation Donna Diana's Heart was in. This Offer was eagerly embraced, and we went all together up to the Apartment by a private Stair-case. The Door which open'd from the Chamber into the Closet, was of Glass, cover'd with a Curtain. After we had taken care to darken the Window of the Closet, that she might not perceive us, we enter'd it, and plac'd ourselves so behind the Door, that by putting aside the Curtain we cou'd perceive the least Motions of the two Ladies. Donna Diana supported her Head with her Hand, her Elbow leaning on a Table, and had a Handkerchief in the same Hand, with which she endeavour'd to wipe away some Tears that drop'd from her Eyes. Donna Eliza sat by her, holding her other Hand clasp'd within hers. This was a moving Sight, and no doubt it appear'd so to the Marquis. The first Voice we cou'd hear distinctly, was that of Donna Eliza. I know of a Method (says she) which may make you easy for some time; admit of the Marquis's Tenderness, and indulge your own till such time as he leaves Spain to go back to his Father. If his Passion is sincere, as it appears to be, he will not fail to use all possible Means to marry you: If he succeeds, you will be happy; but if his Father proves inflexible, you have at least the Happiness to have pass'd some time in Hope, and still you will be at liberty to execute the Resolution you have already taken. That is a fine Chimera you flatter me with, (replied Donna Diana) to persuade me that a Person of the Duke de ———'s Quality will ever consent that I should

should be his Daughter-in-law; an unfortunate Creature like me, who can have no other Merit in his Eyes but my own Tenderness, and the Passion of a young Man of eighteen Years of age. How can so foolish a Hope as this contribute to my Tranquillity? And have not I told you, that even his Consent will be in vain? I am not made like most Women, for I would not owe my Fortune to my Love. The Marquis must sacrifice his Fortune to me, and tho' it is the greatest Mark of Tenderness he can give me, I shall never be happy in enjoying a good Fortune which costs him so dear. But (replies Donna *Eliza*) will you be the first Woman whose Fortune a Lover has made? Don't we see such Things happen every Day? Besides, where is the vast Distance betwixt your Quality and that of the Marquis? If you want Fortune, you have Birth; and must the Charms of the Youth and Beauty you possess go for nothing? You wou'd have the Advantage of the Marquis, shou'd you to all these Accomplishments of Body and Mind join those of a Fortune. Ought he not to pay somewhat for being belov'd by you? Believe me, a rich Lover shou'd be very well satisfied if his Riches help him to the Possession of an amiable Woman; and if he is a Man of Honour, he will be sensible that what he bestows is of less Value than what he receives. No, no, (replied Donna *Diana* with a Sigh) your Reasons will never persuade me, I foresee too well the Consequences of following the Dictates of my own Inclination, which I am determin'd to vanquish however dear it costs me; and since it is decreed that I must be unhappy, it is better for me to do this Violence upon myself, than to expose myself to Pains that may afterwards prove incurable. I can't conceive where these Pains lie, says Donna *Eliza*. You cannot conceive them (said the tender *Diana*) Is it probable that the Passion of a sprightly young Man like the Marquis will be constant? I am willing

willing to believe that his Passion is sincere at present, because possibly it is the first time he has ever had reason to be in Love. Granting that he shall marry me even with his Father's Consent; Will not his Passion soon decay? Will he not soon perceive that he has done too much for me, and perhaps treat me with Indifference and Contempt? Then I, who am conscious to what a pitch I love, I, whose Passion increases every Moment I see him, must die with Grief, and have no other Remedy for my Despair but Death.

When she had finished these Words, the Marquis cou'd not contain himself any longer, he hastily opened the Door of the Closet, and without minding that he might disoblige his Mistress or Donna *Eliza* by taking the Liberty to overhear them, he threw himself at their Knees, and begg'd that they would patiently attend to what he had to say. I shou'd be at a loss to recount his Discourse, tho' I took care every Night, while we were upon our Travels, to mark down the most interested Circumstances that pass'd that Day. Never did Love express itself with such a Grace and Eloquence, nor in a more tender and affecting Manner. Donna *Diana* cou'd not resist it, she cou'd not even hinder herself from taking hold of his Hand, and of keeping it within hers for upwards of half an Hour. At last, the Peace was made up, and they agreed to live with one another eternally. The Marquis promis'd to send off his *Valet de Chambre* to *Paris*, in order to procure the Consent of the Duke his Father. He assured his Mistress that his Father loved him too tenderly to refuse him his Consent, especially if he knew that his Life depended upon it. He likewise engag'd me to promise, that I wou'd send a Letter along with his, bearing witness of Donna *Diana's* Merit. I cou'd not refuse him this Satisfaction, as I knew in what Terms to write: so we stay'd an Hour with the Count *de Mancenez*. We agreed with Donna *Diana* to see her every After-

Afternoon at his House, where she was to come earlier for the future, that we might pass some time with her before the arrival of the Ladies, who commonly visited Donna *Eliza* after Dinner.

The Marquis was so well satisfied with his good Fortune, and so impatient to send off *Le Brun* to *Paris*, that he was for going home directly, and finishing his Dispatches that very Night. I put him in mind that we had promised to pay a Visit to the Marquis *de Leydu*, and that it was now time to go; he consented to this, but unwillingly. We did not find the Marquis at home; but as we were going home we saw the Duke *de St Aignan* coming in his Coach from the Country. When he saw us he did us the Honour to salute us, which made me resolve immediately to go and pay him our Compliments. He received us with a great deal of Civility, and the Marquis's Intrigue was the only Reason why we did not discover ourselves to him; I thought it was better to do it when the Mind of the Marquis shou'd be more at ease. From thence we went to visit Don *Juan de Pastrino*, being a Visit in his Debt. I observ'd an Air of Constraint about him in the Reception he gave us; I could not at that time guess the Reason of it, but we knew it but too well some time after. The last Visit we paid that Afternoon, was to the Duke *de Monalto*, who kept us to Supper, and entertain'd us with a thousand different Subjects, with which I don't design to swell these Memoirs.

I was oblig'd to yield to the Instances of the Marquis when we return'd to Don *Porterra's*; he was positive that he wou'd write to the Duke his Father before he went to Bed. I wrote likewise, and we order'd *Le Brun* to prepare to set out for *Paris* next Day. My Letters contain'd only an Account of what had happen'd to us since we came to *Spain*. I inform'd him of the Marquis's Passion, its Rise, Circumstances, Excess, and how fruitless my Endeavours to prevent it had been; I did not conceal

conceal the bad Situation of Donna *Diana's* Affairs, but made such a Picture of her Perfections as satisfied the Marquis; and indeed it was impossible to praise that agreeable young Lady too much, and difficult to praise her enough. I ended my Letter with begging the Duke to let us know his Pleasure. I believe (added I) that considering the Condition the Marquis is in, he must be at least treated with Indulgence, and permitted to hope; for I don't think that he can be reclaim'd by Severity. *Time, Absence, and your Goodness will contribute to his Cure.* I did not read these last Lines to the young Lover, whose Heart was entirely discovered in his Letter, which was short, but of a Vivacity agreeable to his Character. Perhaps the Reader will not be displeased to see a Copy of it here.

“ Any other Son in my Situation wou'd have
 “ Reason to dread the Severity of a Father, but I
 “ know well how much I may hope from the In-
 “ dulgence of mine; and if the Respect and Af-
 “ fection I have for him is unbounded, it is ow-
 “ ing to himself, as his Tenderness and Goodness
 “ for me are the same. Would so amiable a Fa-
 “ ther wish for the Death of so respectful a Son?
 “ Yes, Sir, my Life depends upon one Word un-
 “ der your Hand! I love with a Passion greater
 “ than ever Man lov'd. Monsieur *de Renoncour* will
 “ inform you, that Heaven never formed a Crea-
 “ ture more charming than her I love. I throw
 “ my Heart at your Feet, and conjure you to
 “ approve of my Passion. If you do not hear me,
 “ to what Despair shall I not be reduced? The
 “ first Post that comes from this, will bring you
 “ an Account of my Death. I will open the Let-
 “ ter with which you shall honour me, with a
 “ trembling Hand; if I be so unfortunate as to
 “ find it contrary to my Hopes, I shall, by pierce-
 “ ing my own Heart, prove to you with what
 “ Submission and Respect I am, &c.

I told him, (laughing, after he had read his Letter to me) That there was a little Folly in his Passion, and that People in so good Health as he enjoyed, did not speak of putting themselves to Death at every other turn. What do you mean, (replied he) I am no longer myself! Life is no Pleasure to me, but that I may live for Donna Diana. The Force of Love is never known till the Moment that it is felt. And you, my dear Papa (added he) Have not I heard you say that in the Abbey de ———, you would have given yourself a thousand Deaths, after the Death of your Spouse, if your Friends had not held your Hands? And how can I pretend to be wiser than you? You are malicious (answer'd I) to produce my Weakness that you may authorize your own; I did not believe that you would have remember'd what I told three Months ago to the Duke your Father, and I can easily see, that it is upon that you ground your presuming upon my Indulgence. You must know, however, that there is a great difference between just Regret for the Loss of a Wife, and Despair for not obtaining a Mistress. The one may be very pardonable, when the other is inexcusable. All Excess is Vice; and if any thing can excuse it, it is the Innocence of the Cause. An Affection like yours will cease to be innocent, as soon as it ceases to be confined within the Bounds of Reason. This is the Way (added I) how you are to judge of my past and your present excess of Passion. Mine may be in some measure excused by the Nature of my Affection, which was entirely justifiable; but yours plainly proves your Passion to be criminal, because Love produces no Excesses while its Causes are innocent.



MEMOIRS

Of the MARQUIS de ———.

BOOK VIII.



THE Departure of *Le Brun* made the Marquis very calm, as I hoped to be myself, at least till his Return: For some time, we continued our Morning Exercises with a great deal of Regularity and Application. We commonly went immediately after Dinner to the Count de Mancenez's House, where we pass'd an Hour or two with Donna *Diana* and Donna *Eliza*. Whenever Company came in, we left them without letting ourselves be seen, and we spent the rest of the Day in Parties of Walking and Pleasure. We had the Honour, in the Retinue of the French Ambassador, to salute the King, and some time after, to kiss the Queen's Hand, in Company with other Gentlemen and Ladies of the Court, on her Majesty's Birth-Day. The Mourning was laid aside for that Day, and the Court pass'd it in Rejoicings. The Marquis de *Leyda*, the Duke de *Monalto*,

Mona'to, Don Antonio de Valle, Lieutenant-General and Governor of *Saragossa*, and the Marquis de *Grimaldo* himself, with many other Noblemen, loaded us with a great deal of Civility and Marks of Friendship, tho' they were only acquainted with the Marquis on the Footing of a Gentleman of Distinction. In one Word, we were beginning to be very well satisfied with *Madrid* and the *Spanish* Court, when a fantastical Adventure plunged us into a thousand Difficulties. I am oblig'd to trace the Thing a little back.

Some Days after the Departure of *Le Brun*, we went about Seven o' Clock in the Evening to the Duke de *St. Aignan's*, where we spent the Afternoon in Play. We were met in the Street by a young Man, whose Cloaths were but very indifferent, who knew the Marquis, and saluted him by his true Name. The Marquis, when he look'd upon him, remember'd that he had seen him at the College, where they had been School-Fellows. *Brissant*, said he, What are you doing at *Madrid* in so wretched a Plight? He answer'd, That we saw but one part of his Misery; that he was there without a Sixpence in his Pocket, and that he had come to *Madrid* in hopes of finding some French Gentleman who wou'd take him into his Service, and carry him back to *France*. The Marquis having no Body but *Descamps* to wait upon him as a *Valet de Chambre* in absence of *Le Brun*, told me who this *Brissant* was, and begged of me to take him into our Service; to which I willingly consented: So we directly returned home on his Account, and put him into one of *Le Brun's* Suits, till such time as we could provide him in new Cloaths. He eat like a Man who had been famish'd, and after he had recovered himself from his Fatigue, he came into the Chamber where we were supping. The Marquis in the mean time had told me, that tho' *Brissant* was five or six Years older than him, they had spent five Years

together in the same Class, that he was always distinguished for his Genius, and as he was thought to be born of a very good Family, it was surprizing to see him in so bad a Plight. I guess'd by his Figure, when I saw him in better Order, that he had had Education, and did not want for Genius. He was well shaped, his Complexion very much Sun-burnt, his Air was delicate, but with a great deal of Impudence in it. *Brissant*, says the Marquis to him, I appoint you my *Valet de Chambre* till *Le Brun* returns; but I want first to know by what Adventure we have met with you here in so pitiful a Condition? *Brissant* obeyed, and gave us his History in the following Terms.

A roving Inclination, and a Desire to see neighbouring Countries, made me leave *Paris* about seven or eight Months ago. Understanding that the Marquis *de Durazzo*, Envoy extraordinary from the Republick of *Genoa*, had obtained his Audience of Leave at *Versailles*, I thought that was a lucky Opportunity, and stole a thousand Crowns from my Father, to defray the Expences of my Voyage. I next equipped myself very handsomely, and waited upon the Marquis *de Durazzo*, begging him, that he would be so good as to allow me the Honour of going in his Retinue to *Genoa*. The Marquis, taking me for a young Gentleman that desired to see the World, consented, and accordingly I set out along with him. I had hired a Servant at *Paris*, whom I met with as I was coming from the Marquis *de Durazzo's* House. He told me, that he understood that I designed to travel into *Italy*, and he had come to offer me his Service. The Fellow had a very good Appearance, his Name was *Andredi*, and he was an *Italian*. He understood Fortification, and drew very well. But tho' he might have got a very good Livelihood by his Qualifications, I found afterwards, that he was obliged to leave *Paris* that he might escape the Hands of Justice. He acted the Man of Honour and

and Probity so naturally, that one would never have taken him for a Rogue. After we were come to *Genoa*, being willing to keep up the Airs of Quality with which I set out, my Purse was soon drained. *Andredi*, who had more Experience than I, perceiving that I was become melancholy, easily guess'd at the Cause, and hinted as much to me. I was not unacquainted with his Address, nor dissatisfied with the Affection he expressed; so I resolved to own the whole Truth.

He ask'd me if I had any Money at all left. About fifty Crowns (answer'd I) but I owe more. Your Debt (replied he) is but a Trifle; let us leave *Genoa*, there is no occasion for you to give your Creditors notice of your Departure. *Malta* is besieged by the *Turks*, and the Knights repair to it from all Quarters. Let us take advantage of these Commotions, and endeavour to make a Bubble of some one or other. I told him, that being without Money, I had not Impudence enough to keep Company with Men of Quality, who would soon see through our Design. Whereupon he said, that if he were not afraid of displeasing me, he would make another Proposal, which he thought would do very well. I pressed him to discover it; and he told me, that if I would put the Money that still remained to me, in his Hands, and lend him my Cloaths, which fitted him very well, he would conduct me to *Malta* without any Danger, and put me in a Way of living there without any Difficulty. After some Hesitation, Necessity obliged me to accept of this Proposal; so we changed Ranks, and from the Master I became the Servant. *Andredi* managed our Flight so dextrously, that we got on Board the Ship without being discovered, and landed safe at *Malta*. They were then just expecting to be attacked by the *Turks*, which made them keep a very strict Guard. We were examin'd upon the Reasons of our coming to *Malta*, and *Andredi* demanded that we should be

conducted to the Grand Master, whose Name was *Don Perallos de Roccafoul*. I admir'd the Assurance with which he declar'd that he was an Engineer; and that, having acquir'd some Reputation in that Art, he came to offer his Service to the Order, which he heard was threatned by the *Turks*. The Great Master thanked him for his good Will, and talked to him about Fortification. Finding that he understood it very well, he gave Orders that we should be treated with Distinction. Some Knights were named to shew us the new Works that were raising round the City, especially the *La Valette*, which they had been at great Pains to fortify. *Andredi* talked upon every Thing he saw with so great Capacity, that he gained the Admiration of all who heard him; he pointed out some Places that were weak, and gave excellent Instructions for fortifying them. Every Body own'd, he did considerable Service, and it was promised him, he should have no Reason to be dissatisfied with the Generosity of the Order. We formed betwixt us a thousand flattering Projects, founded upon the Esteem of the Great Master and the Knights. One Evening when *Andredi* came to our Lodging, I perceiv'd such an Air of Dejection about him, that it frightned me. We are ruined (said he) we must quit *Malta* this instant; I have just now seen a Knight whom I once serv'd as his *Valet de Chambre*, and robbed him of his Watch and Money; if he knows me, I am undone. His Discourse made me turn pale, and we left the City that Night, to go in search of some Ship that was ready to sail. We met one very luckily, which was to carry some Merchandize to *Napoli di Romania*, and we were admitted as Passengers for a Trifle. *Andredi* perceived on the Voyage, that the Captain of the Ship was a brutal Fellow, and that the Crew was much dissatisfied with his Severity. Upon this, he formed a Design that was worthy of himself; which was to gain
over

over the Mariners to declare him Master of the Vessel. He succeeded easier than he expected, for as soon as he was sure of the Mariners, he stabb'd the Captain in broad Day, and threw his Body into the Sea. We came ashore at a little Town not much frequented, upon the Coast of the *Morea*, and the Cargoe was divided with great Exactness. *Andredi* then propos'd to the Sailors, that he should put to Sea again, and turn Pirate; to which they all agreed. He made us steer our Course to *Ragusa*, where he himself was born, in order there to sell our Merchandizes, and to purchase a Vessel of a considerable Force. All this was done very successfully. We then began to lead the most unhappy Life in the World. As *Andredi* knew the Coasts, we made Descents in the Night-time, to the Number of four and twenty, well armed and desperate. We next knock'd at the Door of some House, which seem'd the handsomest of any upon the Spot. *Andredi* appeared by himself, and always found means to get admittance. We then seiz'd upon nothing but Money, either coined or in Plate. As soon as a House was pillaged, *Andredi* left three Men in it, in order to hinder any Noise or Resistance, while we went and did the same with five or six other Houses. Thus in a Month, we gained more than 30,000 *l.* without reckoning a vast Quantity of Spoons, Forks, Knives, Cups, and other Silver Plate. One day as we had landed in order to take in some fresh Water, we perceiv'd from the height of the Coast a very handsome Castle, which stood in a remote Place; *Andredi* immediately order'd us not to advance. There is a Prey (said he) destin'd for us, let us go on Board till Night. He then dispatched two of our Company without Arms, who were to take a View of the Avenues into the Castle; they return'd with the necessary Informations, and we waited till Night. All of us then went ashore, we were about thirty in all, and

and without any Noise arriv'd at the Gate of the Castle. *Andredi* knock'd, but notwithstanding all his Address he could not get them to open the Door. The Porter was positive not to open to any one after Night fell; so we resolv'd to force it open, which was done in an instant: But the Noise awak'd the Master of the House, his three Sons, and five or six Domesticks, who having time to arm themselves, came to oppose us. They defended themselves very bravely, and killed two of our Men. But at last, Rage made us attack them so desperately, that we cut every one of their Throats. This was the first time that *Andredi* made us shed any Blood. We then went thro' all the Chambers without any Opposition, and we found a strong Box, the Plate, and a great deal of Plunder. As we were preparing to depart, *Andredi* told us, Gentlemen (said he) it is now a little late, and we shall be very safe tho' we stay here all Night; take my Advice, and let us search the Kitchen and Cellars for somewhat to make merry with. Upon this, some went to the Kitchen, and I went with *Andredi* and four others to the Cellar, the Door of which we were oblig'd to force open because we had not the Key. As soon as we enter'd, we heard some terrible Shrieks, which oblig'd us to betake ourselves again to our Swords. The Cries redoubled, and all our Companions hearing us, came to join us with their Arms. In short, after we had advanced a little, we saw three Women half naked, who threw themselves upon their Knees before us, begging their Lives; which the Robbers promis'd them, and rais'd them from the Ground. This was the Daughter of the Master of the House whom we had killed, her Chambermaid, and another Maid. They had been frightned at the Noise when we first broke into the House, and had retired into the Cellar, believing themselves to be there in the most Safety; but we caus'd them to go up Stairs along with us. *Andredi* left
the

the Chambermaid and the other Maid to the Sailors, but finding the Lady handsome, he kept her for his Wife. He caused them to take all their Cloaths along with them, and they were all carried off with the rest of the Plunder, after we had been two or three Hours at Table. To add to this Barbarity, some of our Comerades, who were half drunk, as they were going away, set fire to the Castle in all the Places where the Flame could be most easily communicated. We then went back to the Sea-Coast, and going immediately on Board, we soon lost sight of Land.

I own to you, (continued *Brissant*) that this Adventure struck me with Horror; and I began to reflect upon the kind of Life in which I had been engaged. *Andredi* appeared an execrable Wretch in my Eyes, and our Companions so many Devils, to whom the most cruel Punishment would have been too merciful. From thenceforth, I resolved to leave them, and cast about for the Means of doing it. I could easily have escaped myself, but I was willing to deliver the young Lady, whom they had carried off from the Castle, out of the Hands of these Ruffians. *Andredi* appeared passionately in Love with her, and wanted to marry her solemnly; that is to say, to exchange Vows with her in presence of all the Crew: For you may easily judge we had no Priests among us. His Design in this, was to procure himself Respect from the rest of the Pirates, and to cut off the Hopes which any of them might entertain of having the young Lady for himself. The Day was appointed for the Ceremony; we were to land in some place of Safety, and there to solemnize the Marriage with an extravagance of Joy. The Melancholy of the poor young Lady gave me a sensible Concern, and I found means to snatch a Moment to whisper to her without being perceived. Madam, (said I) I have only two Words to say, and hear them attentively: I am resolved to quit the Company of
these

these Ruffians: If you incline to fly with me, mind well what I do, and I will give you the Signal when it is time to follow me. My Youth, and my Manner, which perhaps was softer than those of the other Barbarians, convinced her of my Sincerity: And she answered me (joining her Hands together) that she would then look upon me as her God and her Saviour. We were at that time in the open Sea, and in fair Weather, which made me much doubt of the Success of my Design; but Heaven, who had a mind to save the Honour of the Lady, was pleased that the Wind should throw us in a few Hours upon the Isle of *Corfica*, above the Town of *Bastia*, where there was a fine Landing-Place. We agreed to go ashore, and *Andredi* himself was the first who proposed that we should spend the Night in a little Wood, which was about a hundred Paces distant from the Sea. We then brought Victuals ashore to that Place, which we found so charming, that next Day was appointed for the Marriage. The Rejoicings began that very Evening, and during the time that I was encouraging my Companions to drink, I took care to keep myself sober. They all fell asleep pretty early in the Night, and the Lady was put into a Bed, which was fitted up for her by *Andredi's* Orders, who told her in a gallant Manner, that next Night he hoped to share it with her, for he had suffered a great deal from his Passion these two Days past. His Manners were not always those of a Pirate, for, excepting some little Familiarities which she was obliged to bear with, he treated her with a great deal of Regard. I slipped softly in to her, as soon as I thought my Companions were asleep, and took her by the Hand, which did not at all alarm her, because she waited for me. She rose without making any Noise; and we struck up the Wood towards the Country, for fear of being discovered by the Centinel, whose Post was not above thirty or
forty

forty Paces distant. The Wood was not very thick, and in about a quarter of an Hour we luckily got clear of it. I was always encouraging her to make as much haste as she could. We then held to the Left along the Sea-Coast, because I heard some of the Crew say, that *Bastia* lay within four or five Leagues towards that Quarter. But we had scarce walk'd one, when the Lady, who had born up till now with a great deal of Courage, told me, that it was impossible for her to walk a Step farther. You must do what you can (answered I) for we are yet expos'd to be pursu'd, and it will be very unsafe for us to halt here. Alas, (replied she) then deprive me of Life, for I am not able to walk one Step further! She then sat down upon the Ground, and trembled so as to inspire Compassion. I observed, notwithstanding the Darknes, that she wanted Shoes. *Andredi* had ordered them to be taken away when she went to Bed, and the fear of making a Noise had prevented her from looking for them when she arose. I told her, that certainly she must suffer a great deal by walking in such a Condition through so many troublesome Paths. She assured me that she found an inexpressible Pain, and that she believed her Feet were all over Blood. At last, as it was dangerous to stay there, I propos'd that I should take her upon my Shoulders; and accordingly I carried her in that Manner for about a League, and then I began to lose my Strength. I then ask'd her if she was able to relieve me a little by walking. Upon her answering me that she would do her best, I lent her my Shoes, and walked bare-footed myself, supporting her with my Hand below her Arm. When Day began to break, we perceiv'd some Houses which seem'd to form a Village; and we walk'd towards it that we might meet with some Succour. But it was too late for my poor Companion, who fell down all at once; and when I was raising her up to take her upon my

my Shoulders, she told me that she was dying, and that she despair'd of being able to proceed any farther. What Madam! (said I) will you despair now, when we have not above 500 Paces to walk? Courage! I will rather lose my Life than abandon you. I am dying (answer'd she with a feeble Voice.) How cruel is my Fate! Alas! what have I committed that Heaven should treat me with so much Rigor! Oh my God! have pity on my Soul. I took her by the Hand, and she grasped mine, as if it had been to thank me for my Services, but expired the next Moment. I was so touched, and so weakned, that I thought to breathe my last likewise. But the Freshness of the Morning, and some moments Repose which I took, having recovered me a little, I loaded myself with the dead Body, and carried it to the Village, where I gave some Money to the Curate to have it interred. Tho' I had not been able to carry off my Part of the Plunder, which was aboard the Ship lock'd up in the common strong Box, I had taken care to secure twenty Ducates, which had done me great Service. They told me in the Village, that I was but three Leagues from *Bastia*. Upon this, I hired a Mule from a Peasant, who conducted me thither about ten of the Clock in the Morning. This City is the Capital of *Corfica*, and receives a Governor from the Republick of *Genoa*, to which it is subject.

I reposed myself there for some Days, till a Vessel should offer. The first that set sail was a Ship belonging to *Majorca*, freighted for *Palma*. I accepted of this Opportunity, lest I should be obliged to wait longer. I was very well pleased to see *Spain*, being sure to have soon an Opportunity of repassing into *France*. We had a quick and a happy Voyage; but as we were sailing a little inadvertently, we fell in with a Squadron commanded by the *Chevalier d'Asfeld*, who had left *Barcelona* that he might reduce this City to the Obedience of King *Philip*, against whom it held out in favour of the Arch

Arch-Duke of *Austria*. Our Ship was seiz'd upon, and we were forc'd to go along with the Fleet. The Chevalier d' *Asfield* design'd at first to make a Descent upon the Harbour on the Side of *Palma*, where the Rebels were; but the Wind chopping about, he held to the North. The Count *Lescherenne*, who was Marshal de Camp, was ordered to take a View of the Coasts, and of the Heights, and upon the Report which he made, that the Enemies did not appear, the Troops began to debark about five a Clock at Night, and about ten or eleven they all landed without any Opposition. The Bay was called *Calaferrara*, and I was allowed to make the Descent in quality of a *French* Passenger.

I inlisted myself in a Regiment of Marines; we marched towards *Alcudia* (continues *Brissant*, who was willing to continue his warlike Adventures) This is a pretty strong City, lying on the East-side of the Island, about seven Leagues distant from *Palma*. The Chevalier d' *Asfield* sail'd before, with the Detachment in which I was, while the rest of his Troops followed him with all diligence. When he appeared the Inhabitants forced the Governor and the Garrison, consisting of about three or four hundred Men, to surrender at Discretion, with two and fifty Pieces of Cannon, and a great deal of Ammunition and Provisions. We then marched to the Capital, which made no Resistance. My Lord *Forbes* and a *German* Officer came out to treat of the Terms of surrendering, but they were so unreasonable on their Side, that they were rejected. The Artillery, that had been brought ashore at the Bay of *Porras*, was ordered to advance. When every thing was disposed for an Attack, Don *Rubi* a *Spanish* Colonel, who commanded in the Place, offered to capitulate. Before any Answer could be given them, a Body of Troops from the City attacked the *French* Brigade of *Beauvoisse*, but it was vigorously repulsed with some Loss. The Cheva-

lier d'Asfeld sent a Trumpet to summon them to surrender, under the Pain of their being all put to the Sword. In the Evening Don Rubi sent out an Officer with some Articles of Capitulation, which he insisted upon, and were granted by the Chevalier. The Garrison, consisting of about fifteen hundred Germans, were to be transported to Sardinia, and we found about 200 Pieces of Artillery in the Place.

The War being ended almost as soon as begun, I left the Regiment of Marines, but with very little Money in my Pocket. I offered my Service to a Spanish Officer, who was going to Cadix, and promised me very good Wages; but not being able to touch a Sixpence of his Money for two or three Months that I was with him at Cadix, I resolved to come to Madrid, where you have been so good as to receive me.

You may easily judge by the Character which he drew of himself, that Brissant soon became the Marquis's Confident. He was employed in all his Commissions, and nothing pleased him but what came thro' his Hands. It is customary in Spain for the Lovers to give their Mistresses Serenades in the Night-time in the Streets; those of Madrid resound with Guitars and such like Instruments. The Marquis thinking himself obliged to conform to the Spanish Taste, perform'd this piece of Gallantry to Donna Diana. If he had spoke of it to me, perhaps I should have been complaisant enough to have granted him this Satisfaction; but he was afraid that I would be against it, and Brissant alone was honoured with his Confidence. He lay instead of Le Brun, in the Closet adjoining to the Marquis's Chamber. They went every Evening out together when I was asleep, and pass'd two or three Hours in the Streets of Madrid with a Company of Musicians. When they came back, they took such Precautions, that neither Don Porterra nor I suspected any thing of the Matter.

Donna

Donna *Diana* herself was ignorant from whence the Musick came; for that wise young Lady, who was so full of Tenderness for her young Lover, would have disapproved of such an Extravagance, which both exposed him to Dangers, and might be prejudicial to his Health. One Night, after he had serenaded Donna *Diana* under her Window for a long time, the Marquis took it in his Head to treat his good Friend Donna *Eliza* with the same Diversion. I have already observ'd, that Don *Juan de Pastrino* was in Love with her, and perhaps being inform'd that we pass'd some Hours every Day at the Count *de Mancenez's* House, our Visits had made him jealous. I have entertain'd this Thought since that Time, reflecting upon the Coldness of our Reception when we paid him a Visit. Whatever was in this, he happen'd to be in the same Street where Donna *Eliza* liv'd, when the Marquis came to serenade her. And Jealousy getting the better of his Reason, he and another of his Friends fell upon the Musicians that were with the Marquis. The Marquis and *Brissant*, who by good Fortune had a Sword, and could handle it very dextrously, opposed him, and the two *Spaniards* behav'd very bravely. Don *Juan* gave the Marquis a home Thrust, but at the same time receiv'd one himself, which laid him dead on the Ground. *Brissant* parry'd with the other, who seeing his Friend without Motion, run off, and the Musicians, who had retir'd for Fear, came back: The Marquis supported himself for some time on his Feet, but his Strength soon fail'd him, and he fell to the Ground senseless.

The Reader may judge what my Surprise was when he was brought to me in that Condition. I believed at first that he was dead, and being hastily awaked by those who brought him home, Astonishment and Grief put me into one of the most frightful Situations that ever I experienced in my Life. Is he dead? (said I to *Brissant*, with a

Look that made him tremble.) Alas ! (answered he with Tears in his Eyes) I don't know, but I believe not. Villain, (said I, endeavouring to throw myself upon him) this Moment shall be your last; but I was stop'd. Don *Porterra*, who had been awaked with the Noise, arose from Bed, and poured some Drops of *Elixir* into the Marquis's Nostrils, which made him shew Signs of Life, but his Wound still bled, tho' they had taken care to bind it up with some pieces of his Shirt which they had torn. At last, by the Means of our Care, and the strong Spirits we applied, he recovered his Senses. He opened his Eyes, and seeing me, he stretch'd out his Hand, but without being able to speak: I embraced him tenderly, and begged of him to take Courage. The Surgeons came in a little after, and gave me some Comfort, by assuring me that his Wounds were not mortal, tho' very deep. I caused myself to be blooded immediately, and putting on my Night-gown, I seated myself on the Marquis's Bed-side.

After he was entirely come to himself, he begged that I would pardon all that had pass'd, and that I would not treat *Brissant* ill; He has saved my Life (said he) and is no way in the Fault. I granted all that he desired, that I might make him easy. He likewise begged the Favour that I would inform his dear *Donna Diana*, and the Count *de Mancenez* about him: I promised to do that, as soon as Day appeared. Upon this he fell asleep, and I ordered *Brissant* to be called, who durst not appear, and was packing up to march off; however, he came at last. *Brissant* (said I) if I did you Justice, I should shut you up in a Cage for the rest of your Days; you are the Cause of the Misfortune that has happened, and your base Advice has led the Marquis astray; if you don't inform me faithfully of all that you and he have been about since you came to *Madrid*, and of what happened last Night, I give you my Word

I

I will treat you in such a Manner as shall make you wise all the rest of your Life. He began with protesting by a thousand Oaths, that he had no other Hand in the Marquis's Conduct than what his Duty obliged him to, and that he had endeavoured as much as he could to divert him from going abroad that Night. He then told me, in a Manner which I was satisfied was sincere, the History of the Serenades, and the Quarrel that happened on Donna *Eliza's* Account, together with the Death of Don *Juan de Pastrino*. I made him explain every Circumstance of the last Misfortune, and when I understood that Don *Juan* was not by himself, and that his Friend had escaped without any Wound, I began to be afraid lest the Marquis was known, and that the Affair might be attended with very troublesome Consequences; whereupon I consulted with Don *Porterra*, who knew the Customs of *Spain* better than me. He answered me in a Manner which made me still more afraid. I then resolved to find out the Duke de *Monalto*, upon whose Friendship I depended a great deal. I caused him to be awak'd, tho' it was not above four in the Morning, and I laid my Perplexity before him. He was extremely surpriz'd when he heard of Don *Juan de Pastrino's* Death; but when he knew in what manner it had happened, he own'd that he had been justly punished. But, (said he to me) his Family is distinguished, and will find powerful Protectors; it will be very inconvenient should the Marquis be arrested in his present Condition, and if he does not retire it will be difficult to prevent his being discovered. I offer him a Retreat at my House, if you think he can be remov'd hither without being perceiv'd; but if you know of any Place more secure, I advise you to retire to that. He then promis'd me all his own and all his Friend's Credit to stop the Pursuit of Justice. After I had thank'd him, I return'd home.

I had first resolv'd to convey the Marquis in a Litter to the House of the Count de _____, who was *Marshal de Camp*, Governor of _____, and the Grandson of my Grandfather, as I was of his. Tho' I had not seen him since I came to *Spain*, I made no doubt but that we should be very well receiv'd, and that we should find a Place of Safety upon his Estate. But when I enter'd the Marquis's Chamber, I found he was too weak to undergo the fatigue of a Journey of 20 Leagues. I trusted in Don *Porterra*, and communicated to him my Difficulty. He told me he had already foreseen it, and that, without going very far, we might be very safe at *Buen Retiro*, with Signior Don *Inigo*; That they could not disturb us there without an exprefs Warrant from the King, and that it would be easy for us to prevent them by the Interest of our Friends: Besides, perhaps it may never be known where we are, because we may depend upon the Discretion of Don *Inigo*. Let us go then (said I) immediately. He then wrote a short Note to Signior *Inigo* to acquaint him of our coming. In the mean time, I sent for a Litter, into which I put the Marquis, and we arriv'd at *Buen Retiro*, being guided by Don *Porterra*, who knew all the bye Roads.

The good *Inigo* receiv'd us with great Careffes, and at the Moment he receiv'd Don *Porterra*'s Letter, he had taken care to put his Wife, his two Daughters, and his Maid out of the Way, so that none but he and his Valet, if he had a mind, might be in the Secret. But I reflected, that it was impossible that we should remain there concealed for any Time from four Women, and that if they should, contrary to our Intentions, discover our Situation, they would believe themselves less oblig'd to Silence than if we had acquainted them with it of our own Accord. I told *Inigo* that there was no occasion to make any Mystery of our Affairs to them, and that it was sufficient if he would

would answer for their Discretion. The Marquis was then put into a retir'd Chamber within the Grand Apartments, so that it would have been difficult to have found him out without perfectly knowing the Place. I left none with him but *Scoti*, and return'd with Don *Porterra* to the City. I next took care to send for the ablest of the Surgeons who had first dress'd his Wound, and engaged him by a large Present to go to *Buen Retiro*, and to keep himself concealed there in an Apartment, until such time as the Marquis should be perfectly cured. The Surgeon immediately set out, having furnished himself with what was necessary. I then went to prepossess in our Favour such of our Friends as were most powerful and most capable to do us Service; but I was stopp'd by the Count *de Mancenez*, who came in. Seeing me alone, he asked where his dear Marquis was. He is (said I) in a bad enough State, and I believe you are not ignorant of his Misfortune. I know (answered he) no more than all *Madrid* does as well as I, and I come hither to help him to defend himself, or to advise him to keep himself concealed. It is a very serious Affair, (added he) and I believe it will be proper for him to discover his Birth to stop the Violence of a Prosecution. The Relations of *Pastrino* solicit all the Tribunals; it is true, that your Friends and mine serve you with Zeal, but the King will never put a stop to the Course of Justice, except for some very strong Reason, such as that of the Knowledge of the Marquis's Name. I represented to the Count, that it was more inconvenient now than ever, to discover ourselves. Tho' these kind of Adventures (said I) have nothing in them that is look'd upon as dishonourable, yet I should be sorry if the Marquis were obliged to his Quality for extricating himself out of an Intrigue. Let us be satisfied with employing our Friends, and if you love me, employ all yours.

yours. He is in a Place of Safety, and his Wound is what gives me the greatest Concern. The Count, who did not know of his being wounded, was greatly surprized; he press'd me to let him know the Place of the Marquis's Retreat, that he might go and visit him. I begged him to employ the rest of the Day in soliciting his Friends, as I would do mine; and I assured him that we should go together and pass that Night with the Marquis, if he would do us the Honour of a Visit.

I went straight to the Duke *de Monalto*, and might have well excused myself from going any farther, for that Nobleman, who was full of Friendship and Esteem for us, immediately assured me that we might be easy, and that our Affair was made up. He then spoke of the Abbe N ———, who had a great deal to say to the King, and who loved the *French*; perhaps he thinks he owes this piece of Service to the Memory of the Duke *de* ———, He has prepossess'd his Majesty so much in your Favour, by giving an exact Representation of the Quarrel, that a great many Lords, who were Relations of Don *Pastrino* having gone to Court to beg for Justice, his Majesty told them plainly, that he deserved his Fate; and that it was his Royal Intention, that Strangers should walk the Streets of *Madrid* without Danger. I did not fail to visit the Marquis *de Leyda*, the Marquis *de Grimaldo*, and some other Persons of Distinction, who assured me, that they would do whatever lay in their Power to serve the Marquis and me. When I returned home in the Evening, I understood that twelve Guards were come to seize the Person of the Marquis; but I only laugh'd at this, and look'd upon it as an idle piece of Ceremony.

The Count *de Mancenez* came back to me soon after. I went into his Coach, which we ordered to drive to the *Prado*, where we dismissed the Equipage, that we might walk by ourselves on Foot to *Buen Retiro*. The Presence of the Count compleat-
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ed the Marquis's Joy, with whom we found *Inigo's* Wife and his two Daughters. The little Donna *Padrina* of whom I had already occasion to speak, was very well pleased to be with the Marquis; but when we came in, they retired, and the Count and I supped upon the Marquis's Bedside. The Conversation of course fell upon his dear Donna *Diana*, whose Absence afflicted him more than his Wound. He asked of the Count, if she had shewed any Sign of Compassion when she had heard of the Danger he had been in. She gave herself so much up to Despair (said the Count) that if I had not given her some Comfort after I had seen *Monf. de Renoncour*, I do not know how far her Grief might have carried her. However, as she was yet ignorant that you were wounded, I us'd a thousand Precautions in informing her of that Circumstance; at last, I persuaded her that your Wound was but slight, and that you would be in a Condition to see her in a few Days. I hope I shall (interrupted the Marquis;) yet two Days are two Ages to me. However, I shall write to her to-morrow, and shall beg of my Dear Papa to deliver my Letter himself. I promised him that I would, and he then ask'd if Donna *Eliza* was not much incens'd at him, and much afflicted for the Death of her Lover. She is as much afflicted as I, (replied the Count) that is to say, she regrets a young Man who, had it not been for his furious Jealousy, had Wit and Merit; but as she never was very fond of him, her Grief is not excessive; and she still continues to be your Friend.

While we were conversing with that endearing Familiarity which forms the Charm of Friendship, *Inigo* came to us in an Amazement, and told us that we were betrayed, for that two Lords of the Court were at the Gate, and demanded to speak with me; that he knew them to be the Duke *de Monalto* and the Abbe *N*———, and that, doubtless,

less, they were come with an Order from the King to arrest us. I fell a laughing when I heard him name the Duke *de Monalto*, and I begg'd of the good *Inigo* to compose himself: I then went down Stairs to meet our two Guests, not doubting but they were come to pay a friendly Visit to the Marquis. The Duke did me the Honour to embrace me, and told me that he had come to inform himself about my Patient's Health, of whom he had given so advantageous a Character to the Abbe N——, as gave him a Curiosity to come along with him in the same Coach. I have no Body besides, (added he in a low Voice) but my Coach-man and a Valet, who are both very trusty Fellows. I gave him all the Marks of Acknowledgement that were in my Power for so extraordinary a Favour, and they both walk'd into the Marquis's Chamber, where the Duke was charm'd to find the Count *de Mancenez*; so we enter'd into a very friendly and polite Conversation.

The Abbe N—— appeared to be about Fifty Years of Age, of a middling Stature, his Complexion was pale, and his Person very homely; but his Eyes were full of Spirit and Fire. He deliver'd himself very gracefully, and the Turn of his Expression had something in it very engaging, which made his Discourse always to be attended to with Pleasure. He told us a great many agreeable Stories of his Familiarity with *M. L. D. D.* It is no Secret that that he was born at *Pl——*, of a very mean Extraction, his Father, if I be not mistaken, being an Ostler. The *D. D.* had a Taste for his pleasant Humour, and loved him so much that he called him no otherwise than his *Dear Abbe*. He carried him along with him in his Retinue during the War in *Italy*, and brought him from thence to *Spain*. The Duke had an *Italian* Mistress who followed him in Man's Cloaths, which disguised her so well, that no Body knew her Sex, except the few who were intimately acquainted

quainted with the Duke, of which Number was the Abbe de N——, who being of a naturally gay Disposition, used sometimes to toy with her. The Duke perceived him one Day buttoning up her Waistcoat with too much Freedom; Faith! Abbe (says he) it is comical enough you should divert my Mistress when I am absent; well! with all my Heart, suppose me to be so, and let me see how you wou'd behave. The Abbe was a good deal confounded at this, and did not know whether he was to take it in jest or earnest. His Perplexity diverted the Duke, who taking him by the Hand, Abbe (said he) if you will not do it in my Presence, take care not to do it when I am absent, for if I know it, we shall not be very good Friends.

When the Abbe was leaving us, he gave us fresh Assurances that the Marquis's Affair should have no farther Consequences, and that we might depend upon his Care to make every thing easy. However, (said he) don't go to *Madrid* but with great Caution, and be upon your Guard against the Genius of the *Spaniards*, who sometimes revenge themselves with their own Hands. If you have nothing that is very pressing to detain you, I would advise you to leave *Spain*. The Marquis thanked him in the best Manner he could, and shewed a very grateful Sense of his Civilities. I thought the Advice was very good, and we should have saved ourselves an infinite deal of Trouble had we followed it. But how cou'd I get the Marquis, who minded nothing but his Passion, to relish it? I returned next Morning to *Madrid* with the Count de Mancenez, and I found a Letter from *Paris* lying for me at Don Porterra's House. They had been dispatched before *Le Brun* left *France*, and they only gave an Account of the Duke de ———, and all my Family's being well. In the Afternoon, I went to the Count's House, in hopes to see Donna Diana there, and to present

sent her with the Marquis's Letter. She was not yet arrived, but I begged of Donna *Eliza* to deliver it, and I set out on Foot to *Buen Retiro*. While I was passing by the *Prado*, finding myself a little fatigu'd, I sat down upon a Bench to rest myself: I was scarce seated, when two Ladies of Pleasure came up to me, and plac'd themselves one on each side of me. They spoke some Words to me in *Spanish*, but when they found I made no Answer, they ask'd me in *French*, If I spoke *French*. I answered drily, Yes; and as my Mind was entirely employed in melancholy Reflections, I did not speak a Word more. Far from being put out of Countenance by this, they began a very sprightly gallant Conversation, and the most comical Circumstance was, that being seated betwixt the two, I was obliged to hear every Word they said to one another. After I had sat for about a quarter of an Hour, I rose, and was forced to laugh in spite of my self. The Ladies kept me fast by the Cloaths, and ask'd if I would give them any thing, at least for their Conversation; Having found their Humour agreeable enough, I gave them a few Ryals.

My Mind was far from being easy, and I perceiv'd Forebodings, which presag'd some Misfortune that was to happen to me. I walk'd by my self upwards of an Hour in the Neighbourhood of *Buen Retiro*, and the Darkness of the Night, which now drew on, increased the melancholy Cast of my Mind. What Reflections did I not make! Great God! (said I) thou hast punished me for having left my Solitude. I then recalled to my Mind the agreeable Tranquillity I enjoy'd in the Abbey de———, the Innocence of the Life I had led there, my simple quiet Diversions; and compared all these with the Hurry and Agitation in which I had liv'd almost ever since I left *France*. I consider'd that the Marquis was far from being out of Danger, and that tho' he were recover'd,
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yet the Passion and Resentment of the *Pastrino* Family expos'd me to new Alarms; and that the Marquis's Vivacity was to me of itself an inexhaustible Source of Trouble and Pain. Was it for me, (said I to my self) to take upon me the Care of a young Man of eighteen Years, whose little Irregularities and Passions I ought to have foreseen? I have left my Daughter upon his Account, and I find that he is become as dear to me as she is; and that Affection binds me as strongly to him as Honour. Why did I forge for myself new Chains, after so often experiencing that those I have already forg'd have been always unhappy to myself, and that all my Engagements have always tended to my Misfortune and Loss? Am I sure that the Marquis will retain a Sense of what I do for him? Perhaps, notwithstanding the Tenderness and Civility of my Manners, he looks upon me as his Tyrant. Are young People pleased with any thing that does not sooth their Inclinations? If so, what are the Fruits of my Pains? To torment myself uselessly, to prepare by my Labours and Fatigues a painful and a languishing old Age for myself, and perhaps to hasten my Death. Alas! Death is not what terrifies me, but the Reflection of my having ow'd my Misfortunes to my coming abroad in the World, at a Time when I ought to have been dead to it and all its Follies. Such were my Reflections while I was walking thro' the Avenues of Trees that surround the Castle; all my former Troubles reviv'd at the Idea of the Misfortunes that were yet to come, and I found my Spirits so low when I return'd to *Inigo's* House, that I was oblig'd to call for a Glass of Wine to support them. I then walk'd into the Marquis's Room, where the Surgeon told me, plainly, that the Marquis's Wound was worse than before, and that he did not know what could be the Cause of that Alteration. I ask'd of *Scotti* who had been close with him, if any thing extraordinary

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ordinary had happened. He told me, that Don *Porterra* had brought him a Letter in the Evening, which seemed to discompose him a good deal. Upon this, I drew near to his Bed, and finding him in a Slumber, I perceiv'd the end of a Paper which appeared without the Cloaths, and I drew it out softly in order to read it. It appeared to be a Letter from Donna *Diana*, of which the following is a Copy.

“ I am afraid, my dear Marquis, that there is
 “ some Storm ready to break against us: Besides
 “ your Absence and your Wound, which have al-
 “ ready given me the most cruel Uneasiness, I
 “ have just receiv'd News which have given me
 “ a more real Cause of being alarmed. Don *Juan*
 “ *de Alavastri*, *Pastrino's* Uncle, visited my Father
 “ this Morning: I know not how he came to
 “ be informed of our Sentiments, but he has not only
 “ told him that we love one another, but has ad-
 “ ded a thousand Calumnies, whose dismal Effects
 “ I shall ere long feel. My Father immediately called
 “ for me, and reproach'd me in very severe Terms
 “ for my Tenderness, and for consenting to a De-
 “ sign you had formed in order to carry me a-
 “ way; and because I had acquainted him with
 “ my Inclination to retire from the World, be-
 “ fore I knew you, he has declared that I must
 “ resume that Design, and that he will leave me
 “ no other Choice but that of a Convent. I
 “ wou'd obey him, my dear Marquis, without mur-
 “ muring, did I not know what I owe to you,
 “ and what Grief my Loss must occasion to you.
 “ Why cannot I bear by myself all the Weight
 “ of the Misfortunes that threatens us! Why can-
 “ not I, at the Expence of my Life, give you
 “ back that Tranquillity, of which your too ten-
 “ der Love for me has deprived you! I have
 “ always foreseen that my Passion one day would
 “ be my Punishment; and the Hope that I had
 “ to

“ to see a happy Event of our Loves, was so
 “ weak, and opposed by so many well-grounded
 “ Fears, that I dare not accuse Heaven of have-
 “ ing deceiv’d me. But I did not at all foresee
 “ that your Pains would yet render me more unhap-
 “ py than my own. However, do not unreasonably
 “ afflict your self ; and hasten your Cure as much
 “ as you can. I will make use of this same Method
 “ to inform you of my Fate ; whatever it is, I
 “ promise you an eternal Fidelity.

I put the Letter in the same place in which I found it, and I sat down on the Marquis’s Bed-side till he should awake, which he did about Midnight. When he saw me, he presented me the Letter, giving at the same time a deep Sigh. I read it again, and without giving him Time to speak, I said to him (with an Air of Tranquillity, which I had taken care to put on) Well, Sir, I see nothing to afflict you much, your Affairs are in as good a Situation as ever ; Donna Diana still loves you, and tho’ she should enter into a Convent, she cannot take the Habit before *Le Brun* returns from *France*. If your Father sends you a favourable Answer, you may depend upon it, that neither her Father nor she will have any objection to your being immediately happy. Do you believe so ? replied he mournfully. Yes, (answered I) the Thing speaks itself ; you have nothing to do but endeavour your Recovery, instead of retarding, as you do, the Effects of the Remedies, by afflicting yourself needlessly.

The Marquis continued to make some Objections with respect to the Malice of *Alavastros* ; but I answered him in such a Manner, as made him perfectly easy. Next Morning about eight of the Clock, the Count *de Mancenez* desired to speak with me in private at the Gate. I did not care for being seen by the Marquis (said he to me) before I should talk to you a little. I bring him

News which will kill him with Grief. Donna Diana was carried off this Morning, as her Father was carrying her to a Convent. The Ravishers drop'd some Words that insinuated as if they acted by the Marquis's Orders, so that Don Diego de Velez is in great Rage against him, and is using all his endeavours to have him arrested; he knows likewise that you are here; the Relations of Pastrino prompt him to Vengeance, and it is thro' their Means that he is acquainted with the Place of your Retreat, they having sent Spies out on all Sides to discover you. I embraced the Count a thousand times, and begg'd him to give us Proofs of his Generosity and Friendship at so delicate a Juncture. I have foreseen every Thing (answer'd he); the Marquis without losing a Moment may get into my Coach and we will convey him to a Place of Safety. But, (replied I) the Motion will perhaps kill him: He then assur'd me, that within half a League of *Buen Retiro*, we should meet with a Litter, which he had order'd to be ready there, before he left the Town. The only Difficulty that now remain'd was, to let the Marquis understand that there was a Necessity he should retire, without acquainting him with the true Reason. The Count undertook to manage this Point, and entering into his Chamber; My dear Marquis (said he) I understand that your Wound is turn'd worse, and indeed I am not at all surprized at it, for I neglected to inform the Surgeon that the Air of *Buen Retiro* is mortal to all Wounds. You must remove from hence, if you will take my Advice, and that too instantly. The Marquis consented to every Thing; so he, the Count, and I, went into the Coach, together with the Surgeon, and we sent our Footmen back to *Madrid* in order to deceive the Spies. In less than half an Hour we came up to the Litter, and I advis'd the Count to send back his Coach, tho' he told us we had two Leagues to walk. He then ordered

dered his Coachman to return at Night with one of his Footmen and Horses to carry Provisions for us, and I gave the same Orders to *Scoti*.

We walked as hard as we could, and I discoursed with the Count walking by the Side of the Litter. I told him what Donna *Diana* had written to the Marquis in the Evening, and after a great many Reflections, both of us concluded, that the Ravisher was the same *Alavastros* who had falsely accused the Marquis of designing the Piece of Villainny. A Calumniator (said I) is capable of the blackest Crimes. I was the more confirmed in this Thought, when he told me, that the Mother of Don *Pastrino*, who was the Sister of *Alavastros*, was naturally of a violent Humour, and that the Death of her eldest Son had reduced her to an excess of Fury. She was a Widow, and her nearest Relation was her Brother. I then judged that seeing herself out of all hopes of being revenged by the ordinary Methods, she had solicited him to attempt the Villainy; and that, being informed by their Spies of the Marquis's Love, he had formed a Design of carrying away Donna *Diana*, in order to throw a Suspicion upon the young Lover, and induce his Majesty to suffer him to be arrested, hoping thereby to renew the Prosecution, and to ruin him on both Hands. In effect, Don *Diego de Velez*, that very Day, obtained an Order from the King for seizing the Marquis's Person at *Buen Retiro*; but not going thither till the Afternoon, he missed him.

We were very safe at *Ivisella*, which is a little Castle belonging to the Count, situated at the Entry of a long Meadow, on one Side of which there was a very thick Wood. The Place seemed to be formed by Nature for an Asylum, and the Neighbourhood was entirely uninhabited; the Keeper of the Castle was an honest Man, who lived there with his Wife and two Sons by selling the Crop of Hay that grew in the Meadow. The Estate

itself was capable of being improved into a very pleasant Place, but the Count having a Country House nearer to the City, came seldom to *Ivissella*, and there were but few of the Chambers of it furnished, tho' those that were for the Count's own Use were fitted up very handsomely. Our Footmen arrived in the Evening, with every thing that was necessary to make us pass the Time agreeably: They told us that the Rape made a great deal of Noise at *Madrid*, that the Marquis was loudly blamed, and that the Officers had been at *Buen Retiro* to seize his Person. I likewise understood that these Circumstances had made very ill Impressions upon some of our best Friends; so I resolved to go and wait upon them next Day, while the Count remain'd with his Friend.

I went first to visit the Duke de *Monalto*, who was persuaded, with the rest of the City, that the Marquis was guilty. Notwithstanding his Civilities I easily discovered that this Opinion had a good deal cooled him, and when I began to talk with him upon the principal Subject of my Visit, he could not help interrupting me, Indeed it is too much to kill a Man, and to ravish a Lady of Figure, and all that, in three or four Days time: Ah, Mr. *Renoncour*, indeed it is too much. I did not plead very long; I complained of his Credulity, which suffered him to be imposed upon in believing so villainous a Rumour, and I protested to him, that we were innocent: I begg'd of him to consider that the Marquis was not in a Condition to attempt a Rape, nor I either in at Age or in a Situation to permit him; nor had either the one or other of us so much Interest in *Spain*, as to engage a Set of Men who would go thro' so execrable a Design. In short, (said I) it is but too true, that the Marquis is yet stretched upon a Bed, in a Condition that gives me still great Reason to fear. I come to interest you in our Favour, and for that effect it will not be enough to stop an unjust

just and a groundless Prosecution, but if you would deserve our eternal Acknowledgements, you must assist us in recovering *Donna Diana*, or at least in discovering the Place where she is, for I don't believe that the Marquis can live if she is not found, and he is as yet ignorant that she is lost. Upon this, I gave the Duke an exact Account of the Marquis's Amour with *Donna Diana*, and did not even conceal my Reasons for suspecting that *Alavastros* had a Hand in the Rape. If that (answered the Duke) be the Case, the best Way will be to go to *Don Diego de Velez*, and to let him know he is mistaken in his Pursuit. There is no Time to be lost, go immediately yourself. I for my part will go, not to stop the Prosecution, which will drop of itself, but to undeceive the Court, which is prepossessed against you and the Marquis. I left him, to go to *Don Diego de Velez*. This Visit did not fail to give me some Emotion, and notwithstanding the Ease with which I used to express myself, while I was going to his House, I was in some Difficulty how I should address him.

Finding him by himself, I immediately discovered to him who I was: The Step I take, Sir, (said I) on the part of the Marquis *de Rochemont* will convince you more of his Sincerity than any studied Discourse. He is reduced to Despair, on account of the Notion you entertain of him; you accuse him of a Crime of which, if you knew his Innocence, you would regret your having once suspected him. I protest to you, Sir, that he is not only innocent, contrary to what his Enemies suggest, but your Loss afflicts him as much as it does you; he would have hazarded his Life to have defended *Donna Diana* from her Ravishers. If you doubt of what I say, require of me the strongest Proofs that can serve to convince you, and I am ready to give them.

He heard me attentively, and I knew not what Judgment to form by his Looks, which appeared

to me at the same time melancholy, furious, and attentive. At last, he answered me, that the Artifice was too gross; that he himself was with his Daughter when she was carried off, and that he had heard the Name of the Marquis several times pronounced by the Ravishers. It is just in that very Thing (replied I) the Malice of our Enemies consists: But it is a Malice so improbable, that it is surprizing that it should make any Impression upon you: For I would ask of you, Sir, if it be probable that People employed by the Marquis should have discovered his Name? They had all the Reasons in the World to conceal it, both upon their own account and upon his. But I know, (answered he) that the Marquis loves my Daughter, and I was inform'd of his Design even before it was executed. They who have told you (replied I) that the Marquis loved Donna Diana, have not indeed deceived you in that Point; but they made this a Handle for trumping up a vile and villainous Calumny. I know who they are as well as you. They burn with Desire of Revenge, and on that Account, were it on no other, you ought to suspect the Truth of their Accusation. But would you have another Proof, to which I am persuaded you can object nothing? Here it is, (said I, producing Donna Diana's Letter, which I had taken care to get from the Marquis) I may shew you this Letter since you are acquainted with the Sentiments it contains. He took the Letter, and knowing it to be his Daughter's Writing, he could not help dropping some Tears, and tenderly saying; Alas! my dear Child, I now begin to find that you were dearer to me than I myself was aware of, or perhaps than you imagin'd. He then began to read the Letter, and appeared surprized. But (said he) whom do you suspect for the Ravishers? I answer'd, that I could not be so certain of that, as to inform him positively; but that I had very good Reasons for suspect-

suspecting *Alavastros* himself. I then put him in mind of Don *Pastrino's* Death, of the Light in which the King had viewed that Affair, so as to deprive Don *Alavastros* of all Hopes of being reveng'd. Since that time (continued I) he has been always active and industrious to discover the Place of our Retreat, probably with a Design to satisfy his Rage. He has solicited all his Friends against us, and has dispatched Spies and armed Men to watch for us in the Fields. Lastly, I imparted to Don *Diego* all the Conjectures that had suggested to me as I was walking to *Ivifella*, and I endeavoured to make him of my own Opinion, that it was the Effects of *Alavastros's* Vengeance. If he has serv'd me so villainously, (answer'd he, with a furious Air) I will stab him with a thousand Deaths. Upon this, he called for his three Sons, who had all a very good Mein, and appeared to be Men of Resolution; the Old Man repeated every thing that I had told him. When he had done speaking, I added a great many Reasons to what he had said; such as the Danger in which the Marquis was, in from his Wound, his Youth, his Dependance upon me, and to conclude, (said I to him) in order to convince you of his Innocence, I swear to you, that tho' I am here in the Name of the Marquis, to clear him from the imputation of Guilt, that he is yet ignorant of Donna *Diana's* being carried away, and shall continue so till he is perfectly cured. He loves her with so much Tenderness and Respect, that this News joined to his own Misfortune would infallibly kill him. I talk freely to you of his Sentiments (added I) because he is of such Birth and Quality, as his Alliance will do Honour to the Family of any Grandee in *Spain*.

The Father and the three Sons look'd upon one another without speaking. At last, the Father told me, That tho' he was much inclined to believe what I said, he could not stop the Pursuit
he.

he had set on Foot, till he had seen some more convincing Proofs. That all he could promise was not to push it too hard, and that in the mean time he would endeavour to get some Light from Don *Alavastros* himself. He begg'd I would join with him to get all the Intelligence we could; and he concluded by swearing to me, that if he found *Alavastros* the Villain he suspected, he would punish him in a Manner that would frighten all *Spain*, and his three Sons joined him with the same Protestation.

The youngest very much resembled Donna *Diana*, tho' he was born of a former Marriage, and I found him the warmest in her Interest; his Name was Don *Pedro de Lera*, he was about twenty three or twenty four Years of Age, and he promised his Father that he would before Night know if *Alavastros* was guilty, and what had become of his Sister.

They waited upon me with a great deal of Civility to the Street-Door; and I immediately went to the Count *de Mancenez's* House, that I might meet with Donna *Eliza*. This Lady appeared very much afflicted with Donna *Diana's* being carried off. I informed her of the Situation of our Affairs, and begged of her to contribute a little to the Tranquillity of the Marquis. I am afraid (said I to her) that if he has no Account of Donna *Diana*, that he may afflict himself so much as to endanger his Recovery; we must make him believe that her Father has put her into a Convent, and that not being at Liberty to write, she had begged you, when she and you parted, to inform the Marquis, that he need be under no Apprehensions with respect to her, and that she hoped to see him after he was cured. Donna *Eliza* promised to do whatever I desired her. We agreed that she should send a Letter to *Iwisella* by her own Footman, that it might appear the less to be a concerted Affair. I next visited all the Persons

sons with whom we were acquainted, that I might undeceive them of the false Opinion they had conceived from the publick Report. I perceived that the Duke *de Monalto* had already done a great deal, and that he had served us like a true Friend. Tho' I was much fatigu'd with my Journey, I returned in the Evening to *Ivifella* with Don *Porterra*, who would needs accompany me. The News I brought, gave great Pleasure to the Count *de Mancenez*: That amiable Nobleman told me, that since I had begun so successfully, he would leave me to finish our Affairs at *Madrid*; that for his share, he would take care of the Marquis, and that he would not leave him one Moment till such time as he was perfectly recovered. Next Day, Donna *Eliza*'s Footman arrived, and his Mistress, who had a great deal of Wit, had instructed him very exactly how to behave. He desired (with a very importunate Air) to speak with the Marquis, because he would trust his Letter into no Hands but his. We hereupon all repair'd to his Chamber, expressing great Curiosity to know the Subject of so pressing a Message. The Marquis having read the Letter, gave it to the Count, saying, that he was under infinite Obligations to Donna *Eliza*. We all read it, and it was turn'd in the most agreeable, and the most proper Manner for making a Lover easy. You have Reason (said I) to be satisfied you have no more to mind now, but a speedy Cure for your Wound.

The End of the first Volume.

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